

THE DRAMA OF Saint Helena

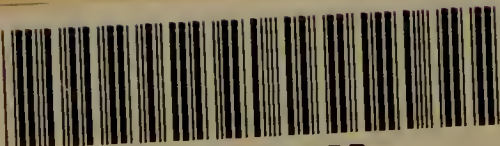


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THE
DRAMA OF SAINT HELENA



NAPOLEON'S FUNERAL CORTÈGE.

May 9th, 1821.

[Frontispiece.]

[From an old Print.]

THE DRAMA OF SAINT HELENA

BY

PAUL FRÉMEAUX

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY

ALFRED RIEU, B.A. Cantab.

AND THE AUTHOR

*This work was crowned by the French Academy in their
Session of the 13th of May, 1909*

LONDON: ANDREW MELROSE

3 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1910

(2)
BEP (Napoleon)



DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR
TO HIS BROTHER
NESTOR FRÉMEAUX

TO THE ENGLISH READER

ON the appearance of the French edition of this work, *Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur*, a professor of Oxford University, then unknown to me, did me the honour of writing me a complimentary letter in which he inquired whether I intended to publish a translation of my book in England. "National prejudice," he observed, "is rather strong here, and, unfortunately for you, there is reason to fear that people are not yet prepared to hear the whole truth about Saint Helena."

My confidence in the justice of the British public is greater than that of my amiable correspondent.

In my opinion that public no longer nourishes any hatred against Napoleon. I feel convinced even that at the present day the Emperor arouses as much sympathy and admiration in England as in France. This is proved by the fact that everything written about him—and Heaven knows how much that is!—meets with a welcome hardly less eager in London than in Paris.

The English possess to a greater degree than any other nation the courage of admitting their faults.

They may for a time allow themselves to be blinded by insular prejudice, but a moment comes when they feel the need of making atonement to the adversaries whom they have disparaged. So it was with Joan of Arc ; so it will be, so it already is, with Napoleon.

Not that I intend to draw any comparison between these two historical characters. The warrior maid of Orleans was so noble, so irreproachable, that nowadays one cannot help wondering how, even in her lifetime, she could have had enemies. Though she fought for a particular country, in a sense she belongs to all ; she may be vindicated, loved, venerated by every one and everywhere, for surely she appears to the whole of humanity as an ideal personification of patriotism. Napoleon, on the other hand, waged war from motives, and with an end, less pure : in the spirit of conquest, and through love of domination. He is open to the reproach of excessive ambition. But still, whatever his shortcomings, the man was great, one of the greatest that the world has ever seen—great, not only on the field of battle, but also in the peaceful sphere of government and legislation. Moreover, at Saint Helena, vanquished, and brought low, he had fallen on evil days. These considerations are, I think, sufficient to lead the English people to agree with me and a higher authority, Lord Rosebery, that the treatment meted out to him during his captivity was not the one that was proper.

At Rochefort, Napoleon had entrusted, not

delivered, himself to the British nation. No doubt his situation then was desperate: Admiral Hotham's squadron, by shutting off the sea, made it difficult for him to flee to America, as he had for a moment intended; on land, one army alone remained to him, that of the Loire, a paltry force, which perhaps he could not even have reached; Louis xviii., and another implacable enemy, the Prussian marshal, Blücher, who spoke of having him shot, were watching his every movement. To embark on board the *Bellerophon*, conditionally or unconditionally, was on the whole his wisest course. It is none the less true that, in the negotiations on this point between him and Captain Maitland, there was something unfair, a lack of frankness, in the officer's attitude. The Captain knew full well, through his private instructions, that Napoleon would not obtain in England the asylum he sought, that he would be regarded there in quite another light than that of a guest; he should have declared this formally, without reserve, but he restricted himself to evasive and ambiguous replies.

Granted, however, that the sovereign, whom it was thought necessary to banish to the middle of the Southern Atlantic, was beyond all dispute a prisoner, why was this prisoner, who is more royal in our eyes than any other king of his time, denied the title of Emperor; and why was he accorded only the designation of "General" if not out of mean revenge, and with the object of effecting his humiliation?

Why, on an island that boasted no palaces, indeed, but contained, in Plantation House, a mansion more or less suitable, was he lodged at Longwood, a dwelling badly situated, wretchedly built, and miserably furnished? The objection is raised that the East India Company, to which Saint Helena belonged, had stipulated, in its act of temporary cession to the British Government, that Plantation should continue to be the Governor's residence. Could any one believe that the Company did not make this stipulation at the actual request and instigation of the British Government?

Why, again, in so small a land, and in so safe an ocean-prison, was not the glorious captive allowed every possible liberty? Like a convict, he was only permitted to send or receive open letters; all manner of obstacles impeded his melancholy walks; his English doctors, O'Meara and Stokoe, who, seeing him dying of sickness and tedium, showed him a little solicitude and sympathy, were subjected to persecutions. Napoleon, it is urged, needed the strictest surveillance: he had already escaped from Elba; he would also have escaped from Saint Helena. What folly! Elba is merely separated from France, where Napoleon reappeared in 1815, by a narrow arm of the sea, and France was then expecting the Emperor's return; oceans intervene between Saint Helena and the rest of the world; and Napoleon well knew that, once away from the island, he could have landed only on hostile or indifferent shores.

Am I, as I have been styled, an Anglophobe, because I hold these opinions? If so, Lord Rosebery is open to the same charge; and if it is not permissible for a Frenchman to take the side of Napoleon against Lord Bathurst and Hudson Lowe in a historical controversy, without incurring the reproach of Anglophobia, would I not be justified in replying that English writers who take the other side, that of Lord Bathurst and of Hudson Lowe, are Gallophobes?

The accusation is ridiculous. After my own country, there is none I love as well as England, where I have lived and where I possess numerous acquaintances. Had I not for twenty years and more been drawn to sympathise with her by my sentiments, I should, since the *entente cordiale*, be impelled to do so by my reason; because, from motives on which it would be idle to expatiate, I consider it absurd, and even criminal, for a Frenchman to pose as an enemy of the friendly nation.

I have just alluded to the *entente cordiale*. This happy compact is sufficiently strong to enable historians of either race to discuss without friction things of the past, as freely as they desire. I have availed myself of this freedom; let no one mistake it for hatred.

I may, however, appear somewhat harsh towards a certain Mr. Seaton, whose name will be found in various pages of this volume. But I must explain that Mr. Seaton was himself extremely rude to me,

and I am led by some indications to believe that he, and a few others besides, intend to be so still.

In December, 1908, the following notice appeared in the bibliography of the *Athenæum* :—

“M. Paul Frémeaux, who a few years ago published *Napoléon Prisonnier*, has now given to the world a similar lucubration, *Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur* (Paris, Flammarion). As might be expected from the former work, it is a commentary of the Anglophobe type. In a bellicose preface, M. Frémeaux invokes blessings on Lord Rosebery and curses on Mr. R. C. Seaton.¹ But there is no great interest in an attempt to furbish up anew the rusty weapons of a bygone age, especially those of O'Meara. The writer has, however, enough honesty to admit facts which tell against his main theses, that Napoleon was the victim of deliberate persecution by Sir Hudson Lowe, and that his life was shortened by privations at Longwood. Thus he has to allow that from November 1819 to November 1820, Napoleon enjoyed fairly good health. It is noteworthy that this was a time of failing appetite, which raises the question whether his consumption of richly-cooked foods had not been excessive.

“M. Frémeaux labours hard to prove that liver disease was in part the cause of the ex-Emperor's

¹ The “bellicose preface” is the Introduction which follows. Compare my “curses” on Mr. Seaton with his insults, which are given, pages 311, 312, and 313.

death. Here, again, he has to allow that the majority of the doctors present at the post-mortem examination declared the liver to be in a normal state. He, however, passes over in silence the contemporary letter of Montholon to his countess, declaring that the disease could not have been avoided even if Napoleon had remained in Europe."

The *Athenæum*, I am told, is a pedantic old review, like senile people, rather hard to please and addicted to scolding; it is continually finding fault, it appears, with unfortunate authors, and does not spare the rod, to the great delight of the schoolmasters who form the most important section of its subscribers. No wonder, then, it has dealt severely with me! Still, I am a little surprised that even such a periodical should make use of acrimonious terms and controversial methods familiar, I would have thought, to Mr. Seaton alone, and that in imitation of a friend of his—the author of a book on the Emperor which a few English readers were sufficiently simple to accept as *The Life of Napoleon I.*¹—it should indulge in so fanciful an allegation as the greed of a man who is universally acknowledged always to have been abstemious.

The *Athenæum* is good enough to concede me a modicum of honesty in the exposition of my ideas; much as I regret it, I must perforce disallow this review all honesty in its criticisms. It is well aware

¹ See p. 315, a note on that book.

that I do not "labour hard to prove that liver disease was in part the cause of the ex-Emperor's death." In *Napoléon Prisonnier*, whilst acknowledging that cancer alone brought about his decease, I ventured the opinion, it is true, that the Emperor's health might well have been impaired by hepatitis also. But it is possible to suffer from a complaint without succumbing to it; and, moreover, in the present work I have been so scrupulous as to abandon the opinion in question, although several doctors whom I consulted assured me that I might adhere to it. I actually say, in pages 247, 249 and 266 of *Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur*, and pages 218, 220 and 236 of this translation, that O'Meara and Stokoe were mistaken in diagnosing hepatitis in their illustrious patient. Again, in page 282 of *Les Derniers Jours de l'Empereur*, and page 252 of this translation, I say: "It is well known at the present day that Napoleon was mistaken as to the nature of his malady, and suffered from a cancer to which very likely he would have been a victim, and finally have succumbed, in any other spot. But that does not in the least excuse the signal dishonesty of his gaolers. In spite of their denials, hepatitis—as quotations have shown—appeared to be of common occurrence at Saint Helena. The Emperor, who had but too many reasons for doubting the much-vaunted salubrity, could well believe himself attacked by it." He was the more justified in this belief, since, at the post-mortem examination, the perforated part of his stomach was seen

to adhere to the liver, and the contact of an ulcer could not fail to render more or less sensitive the latter organ, however healthy it is supposed to have been.

If I did not mention Count de Montholon's letter to his countess, I refrained from doing so because it was quite useless to quote it, since, as I have just shown, I myself admit all that letter admits. In so short a book as this it is impossible to relate everything. But my adversaries may rest assured that I am keeping numerous points in reserve, and that I shall have an answer ready for all their attacks. To give them a single example, should they consider inadequate the evidence—weighty enough, one might think—which I hereafter adduce for the frequency of hepatitis at Saint Helena between 1815 and 1821, I will bring to light an unpublished document so conclusive that *even they* will be compelled to recognise its value, and to own themselves beaten.

THE AUTHOR.

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THE DRAMA OF SAINT HELENA

INTRODUCTION.

PEOPLE do not as a rule care to read introductions, and the present one may be neglected should it be thought desirable to do so : the explanations contained in it are useful, but not indispensable to the comprehension of what is to follow, and I shall avail myself of the opportunity afforded me to reply to criticisms raised by a preceding volume.

Under the title *Napoléon Prisonnier*, I have already published the memoirs of Dr. Stokoe, an English surgeon, for some days medical attendant to the Emperor in exile. The title appears somewhat imposing, compared to the slightness of the memoirs in question. But it seemed to me justified, because no facts, perhaps, in the history of Saint Helena show as clearly as those reported by Dr. Stokoe what was the treatment inflicted on the vanquished of Waterloo : the inexcusable, the almost incredible rigour of his captivity. To such an extent, indeed, was the ex-sovereign a prisoner, that he was no longer even free

to choose his own doctor ; he had no longer even the right to imagine himself ill and to demand medical care, since to style him "the patient," in a health-report, constituted a fraud, and brought a surgeon of the British Navy before a court-martial. When, his very entrails gnawed by that devouring vulture, cancer, the modern Prometheus, on his rock, allowed at times a groan to escape him, Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, sneered, the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, merely shrugged his shoulders, and both, foolishly or deliberately sceptical, treated the dolorous utterance as a political farce.

The little book in which I produced a witness of this vile action was well received in France, but badly in England. According to some London journalists, Stokoe's memoirs are historically worthless, and did not deserve to see the light. I have just ventured to express a contrary opinion. According to others, they were worthy of publication, but I should have refrained from adding commentaries. Anticipating this objection, I made, at the beginning of *Napoléon Prisonnier*, the following reply, which I still persist in repeating: "I was dealing with a too unskilful narrator. Sometimes, extraordinarily diffuse, he loses the thread of his story in a maze of lengthy digressions and abounds in vain repetitions ; sometimes—an inverse and even more serious defect—he treats briefly of facts which, to be thoroughly grasped, necessitate further development and preliminary explanations. In many places, the doctor is only

intelligible with the aid of his correspondence and a highly interesting document—the judgment condemning him at Saint Helena, on the grounds that he had expressed anxiety with regard to the Emperor's health and predicted his approaching end." I naturally concluded, therefore, that a textual publication of the original would have required notes so abundant as to drown the text, and constant references to the bottom of the pages which would have wearied, annoyed, and discouraged the reader.

Several English critics further reproached me with having dared to sustain the thesis, contrary to the observations made at the post-mortem examination, that Napoleon did not die of cancer. Let them read me carefully : I merely suggested that, besides cancer, the Emperor might have suffered, although in a lesser degree, from a complaint diagnosed by Stokoe—hepatitis.

In England, again, people also reproached me with having given the impression that Saint Helena was an unhealthy island. All I said was that certain places in Saint Helena, afflicted by mist and excessive dampness, could not possibly be healthy. Longwood, to which Napoleon was removed, is such a place, and, beyond doubt, one of the worst.

After the newspapers and the reviews, a certain Mr. Seaton took me to task in a book. I must conclude this subject by a few lines addressed to him.

The defence of Hudson Lowe is such an ungrateful task that, in the course of nearly a century,

it has only tempted two historians: two historians who, moreover, as will presently be seen, only form one. The first, William Forsyth, published, in 1853, an apology of the Governor of Saint Helena in three big volumes. The second, Mr. R. C. Seaton, gave a summary of this apology, in 1898, in a little octavo book in which he wisely refrained from inserting anything individual. His sole ambition appears to have been then to supply the British public with a lighter Forsyth, a kind of pocket Forsyth. Later, in 1903, Mr. Seaton thought fit to revive his manual, still without introducing any original details or ideas, but making a somewhat extravagant attack on Lord Rosebery, and—the honour was indeed unexpected—on myself, in addition.

Although Lord Rosebery spoke most indulgently of his talents in *The Last Phase*, he cannot forgive him that work, and especially the hope therein expressed, that the history of Saint Helena might be erased from that of England. He therefore informs the historian-statesman that the success of his book is due entirely to the author's prominent position; he describes it as poor and amateurish, ill documented, ill composed, and ill written. In short, he declares it fastidious, and brands it with the following amusing reproach: "It is lively and agreeable reading for the first time. . . . To read it a second time is not so easy. . . ." Such, of course, is not the case with Mr. Seaton, who is evidently persuaded that innumerable people all over the world devote their days and nights

and sacrifice their eyesight to repeated perusal of his prose.

The Earl of Rosebery so far surpasses his assailant in every way, that he disdained answering him. Even in a new edition of *The Last Phase*, published in 1904, the noble Lord, like the sun of Monsieur de Pompignan, continued to show the obscure blasphemer his undisturbed good-will.¹ Not being myself one of the great, I lack such magnanimity, and pay attention to the individual. Perhaps my attention is misplaced.

I shall only notice the least of his amenities. He accuses me of ignorance. Ignorant of matters relating to Saint Helena! Should I, in this respect, resemble that collector of clocks, who used to examine so many that his mind was confused and he no longer knew the correct time? For nearly ten years I have been gathering together and studying all the publications concerning Napoleon's captivity. My knowledge of the subject is, I venture to believe, considerable enough. Let Mr. Seaton only give up his ready

¹ An allusion to the following verses by Lefranc de Pompignan, a French poet of the eighteenth century :—

“Le Nil a vu sur ses rivages
De noirs habitants des déserts
Insulter par leurs cris sauvages
L'astre éclatant de l'univers.
Cris impuissants ! Fureurs bizarres !
Tandis que ces monstres barbares
Poussaient d'insolentes clameurs,
Le dieu, poursuivant sa carrière,
Versait des torrents de lumière
Sur ses obscurs blasphémateurs.”

insults and vague generalities, and we shall discuss at leisure, some day, questions that interest me as greatly as they interested the late Forsyth.

To tell the Emperor's end, I was obliged to search the archives, but, above all, I made use of the collection of printed works to which I have just alluded. Some of these works are of great, others of slight importance; some still extremely well known, others almost forgotten. I have disdained none of them, always taking care, however, to weigh all the evidence and to verify all information. The bibliography of Saint Helena is far from being as simple or poor as is imagined by the learned Mr. Seaton, whose curiosity is quickly satisfied by the three volumes of Forsyth and a score of supplementary books. It comprises hundreds of varied publications, of which the most important are undoubtedly the notes in journal form and the miscellaneous papers of the Emperor's companions, such as Las Cases or Gourgaud; of Englishmen, such as Hudson Lowe or O'Meara; and the reports of the Marquis de Montchenu, of Baron Sturmer and of Count Balmain, the delegates of Louis XVIII., of Austria and of Russia in the drama of banishment. But besides the celebrated historiographers of the captivity, there are obscure and modest narrators from whom we may yet learn much. For instance, in a pamphlet printed at Chateauroux in 1877, now extremely rare, a servant of General Bertrand, called Bouges, adds somewhat to our knowledge of private

life at Longwood. At times, very technical works, of which the titles do not indeed suggest Saint Helena, afford the surprise of containing pages dealing with the island. Thus we find *L'Art de la Cuisine Française au XIX^e Siècle*, by Antoine Carême, in which Napoleon's last cook, Chandelier, informs his illustrious colleague and ourselves about the Emperor's fare, diet and privations in exile. And thus, again, we find books of travel, apparently, at a first glance, merely concerning the Cape, India, Australia or China. Sailing the high seas, between 1815 and 1821, the author—merchant, government official, soldier or sailor by profession—touched at the narrow shore where a conqueror was wasting away. He expressed a wish to see the former master of Europe. Occasionally the audience he solicited was granted, and, like Captain Basil Hall, he relates his visit to Longwood at length. Generally he could only revolve round the enticing dwelling with curious gaze, but, even then, is very often able to furnish us with some interesting detail.

Scattered bits of information are not to be neglected. When patiently gleaned, they finally form a sheaf, and create a whole, of which the value is equal to, if not greater than, that of many memoirs.

Well satisfied, therefore, when I could discover a useful line here and there, I also consulted the historical records of the regiments in whose keeping the imperial prisoner was placed, ran through newspapers, reviews, letters, and catalogues of autographs.

Further and lastly, it has always seemed necessary to me to include in the bibliography of the Captivity a numerous category of publications, to which little attention has been bestowed : I mean the publications relating to Saint Helena itself, to its features, its orography, its climate, its flora and fauna. Hitherto historians have not overtaxed themselves by describing the island which Napoleon inhabited for nearly six years. To those who are indignant at the Emperor's deportation there, it is a horrible, unhealthy rock ; to those who defend the acts and plead the good intentions of the British Government, it is an agreeable and healthy spot. They tell us nothing more, or if so, their descriptions are, as a rule, so colourless, so entirely commonplace, as to apply equally well to a hundred other little ocean-territories. Yet who can show a captive's sufferings without describing his prison : who attempt to imagine the great exile's state of mind and depict his sorrows without placing him again on a soil precisely different from most soils, under a sky of a very particular appearance ? Nowhere is the reconstruction of the environment so essential. Napoleon, at the active periods of his life, when fighting battles, negotiating, administering, decreeing, legislating, is too much engrossed by men to pay heed to Nature, and remains, as we may suppose, unconscious of his surroundings. Moreover, he passes swiftly everywhere. But at Saint Helena, inactive and sedentary, the empty hours of his

misfortune dispose him to contemplation. Does he behold with indifferent eyes the bald gum-trees that encircle his habitation, the basaltic peaks that overtop it, and the ocean almost always widowed of sails—the ocean, his head gaoler,—roaring and spreading afar at the foot of Longwood plateau?

I have given a prominent place in this Essay to the scenery of the island of exile.

As for the actual facts of my narrative, among the extremely varied publications which I have consulted, two were especially useful to me: a book and a pamphlet. The book is by Dr. Henry, like Stokoe, an English surgeon; the pamphlet also by a surgeon, Dr. Arnott. The chronicles of Saint Helena owe much to physicians. Hardly had Napoleon left Europe when William Warden broke the silence ordered about his name by publishing his *Letters*. They were followed by the celebrated works of O'Meara. Every one knows Antommarchi's *Diary*. Counting Stokoe, and adding Henry and Arnott, we see that six of the memorialists of the Captivity belonged to a profession usually little concerned with supplying contributions to history. Nor is it surprising. Warriors and statesmen, chiefly, have chronicled the Emperor's days of power and glory; physicians relate the days of his suffering and approaching death; it is only natural.

For a reason that will be understood later, I shall speak at some length of Dr. Henry.

His memoirs take the shape of an autobiography,

and only partially deal with Saint Helena. We learn from them that the author was born in 1791, at Donegal, a little town in the north of Ireland. The nephew of a medical officer, he wished to become an army surgeon, pursued the requisite studies at Dublin, passed his examinations at London, and, considered competent "to cut up scientifically the King's lieges," was sent to Portugal about the middle of 1811.

The moment was propitious. Wellington's army was leaving the lines of Torres Vedras. After tactics of retreat and defence, it was to experience a victorious advance, to drive back the French out of the Peninsula, to cross the Pyrenees behind them and only stop on reaching Toulouse, at the peace of 1814.

The assistant-surgeon, Henry, witnessed the taking of Badajoz, the battles of Arapiles, of Vittoria, of Orthez, and of Aire.

One trait of his character immediately appears in his account of the campaign. A native of that non-Celtic part of Ireland, Ulster, the population of which prides itself upon its Anglo-Saxon origin, he is intensely English, more English than an Englishman of England. He treats foreign peoples with great contempt and little sympathy, and no matter how unfair the dealings of the British with other, even friendly, nations, his indulgence is never wanting. When his fellow-countrymen offer hams, made of Frenchmen salted and smoked, to their

allies the Portuguese, in exchange for bottles of rum, Henry indeed blames them out of respect for the human race, but one feels that at bottom he deems the joke a venial one, and that he laughs at it. When Wellington's troops deliver Badajoz, the inhabitants celebrate the joyful event by illuminating the streets; but their surprise is great at seeing the liberators fire on their lanterns, invade their houses, break their furniture, rob them of their money, violate the women, kill those that resist or protest, and, finally, staving in the casks in the cellars, wallow for twelve hours in alcohol and mire. "It ought not to be concealed, however," Henry coolly remarks, "that the Spaniards had chiefly their own imbecility, cowardice and treachery to thank for their sufferings at Badajoz. Chiefly on the cowardly Governor, Jose de Imaz, who surrendered with his garrison of 8000 men, when he was told that help was at hand, rests the moral responsibility of all the ills that followed after the occupation of the city."

In dealing with the French, his criticisms are, as one may imagine, even more severe. When, infuriated by cruel guerillas, they plunder, violate, and massacre like the English, he finds no excuse for them. And if he does not deny their courage, he at any rate considers them ridiculous under circumstances where other people would more readily perceive tragedy and grandeur. For instance, after an engagement at Barrioplano, he attends to the

wounded, two convoys of whom the ambulance corps brings in and installs on the ground-floor of a house. Henry proceeds there armed with his operating knives and his saw. On his arrival he is surprised to hear the sound of a violent dispute. By an unhappy chance compatriots serving under different flags had just been brought together again: officers of Soult's army, and other French officers of Wellington's army, royalists enlisted in the *Chasseurs Britanniques*. "Traitors, cowardly slaves of England!" roared the former. "Brigands of Bonaparte! *Sans culottes!*" yelled the latter. The entry of the surgeon come to probe their painful wounds, to amputate some, to trepan others, failed to silence them; his exhortations were unable to calm them. Many, mutilated beyond recovery, were to die on the following day, but so great was their offended patriotism, so great their political hatred, that they yet had strength to raise themselves on their improvised litters and threaten each other with stumps of arms, to curse each other with fractured jaws. It must have been a moving sight! What impression does it make on Henry? What reflections are aroused by this conflict between an exasperated, but extremely noble sentiment, and the mad fury of a passion, odious, no doubt, but common to all nations? Henry remarks that "it was altogether a most laughable scene *most genuinely French.*"

This narrowness of vision, this shallow jingoism, accompany him everywhere. After the Peninsular

War he goes to India, on a campaign of which I need not speak here; and finally to Saint Helena, where, as in Spain, he looks at everything from an exclusively English point of view. In Napoleon disarmed, in the vanquished genius, scoffed at by the conqueror and tortured by disease, he sees nothing more than the enemy of England; with prejudiced eye, he watches his attitude, his last gestures and his death.

Henry's contribution of a hundred pages to the history of the Captivity is none the less interesting. The assistant-surgeon gives a remarkably complete account of a visit to Longwood paid by the officers of the 66th, the regiment to which he belonged, and also certain details with regard to the post-mortem examination of the Emperor, not to be found elsewhere. A familiar guest at the house of Hudson Lowe, he adds a few traits to the Governor's portrait. With rapid strokes of the pencil he sketches two or three less important figures. Better still, he describes, though very briefly, the dull life of Saint Helena, tells the impression produced by the isolated aspects of the island on Napoleon's guardians. And the boredom of the gaolers helps us to imagine the sad days of the great prisoner.

Henry has served my purpose in a double manner. He has supplied me with information; and, at the same time, he plays, throughout this volume, the part of a character whose frequent presence will perhaps sufficiently retain the reader's

attention during the occasional absence of the principal personage, Napoleon. I have begun my narrative at his arrival at Saint Helena, in July, 1817. His changes of place in the island have given me the opportunity of attempting to describe it, while his anecdotes and sketches enabled me to present a wide series of events and general pictures, and his defence of Hudson Lowe to discuss the Governor's acts, the behaviour of the British Cabinet, and the eulogies of Forsyth and Seaton.

Very different from Henry's book, which, in a varied and succinct shape, comprises four years of the Captivity, is Dr. Arnott's pamphlet, which I also mentioned as having been of special utility to me. It only deals with the last five weeks of Napoleon's life, during which this English surgeon, called to Longwood, attended the Emperor in consultation with Antommarchi. Strictly speaking, it is merely a sequence of thirty-five bulletins noting day by day the state of the patient, his treatment, diet, intestinal pains, fever, vomitings, and excretions. In Forsyth's judgment, it is better to draw a veil over the realistic details of an illustrious end. I do not agree with that opinion. I think that one must not be afraid of describing how the greatest of all warriors died nobly in bed—a death less glorious perhaps, but harder far than that on the field of battle. I have consulted Arnott for the medical particulars of my sixth chapter. Here and there I have curtailed his narrative. Not that I feared that

to insist on the distresses of Napoleon's supreme agony, or even the result of a remedy, could in any way belittle the Emperor, but in order to avoid the monotony of certain repetitions. With the aid of all the documents, I have, on the other hand, lengthened the physician's account by adding to it the words and gestures of the dying Cæsar. His greatness, it will be seen, remained in the midst of his sufferings and in spite of the sanies of his last moments.

Arnott's pamphlet, of which only a few copies were printed, in 1822, is almost undiscoverable. It is not so rare to happen upon Henry's book; Mr. Seaton has it in his library and quotes from it occasionally. Very few students of Napoleon's life, however, know a work published at Quebec, in 1839, under the somewhat enigmatic title: *Trifles from my Portfolio*, a work of which another edition was issued in London, in 1843, under the superior title: *Events of a Military Life*, but which concerns India—I think I have mentioned the fact—and Canada, where Henry terminated his career and rose to a high rank, even more than the Peninsular War and Saint Helena.

I have now fully explained the way in which my narrative has been composed; I have said how numerous and varied are my sources. The reader will find here much that is new to him, much, indeed, so little known, that I might almost say it has never been published.

P. F.

CHAPTER I.

THE ISLAND OF EXILE.

ON the 2nd of April, 1817, the first battalion of the 66th Regiment of British infantry, stationed in the valley of the Ganges, embarked at Calcutta for Saint Helena on the transport, the *Dorah*. Among the officers figured the assistant-surgeon, Walter Henry. The coincidence of military transfers was thus to bring this young doctor, who kept a diary, before a spectacle well worth noting : the end of Napoleon.

Henry knew nothing about the spot towards which his ship was bearing him, save that the vessels of the East India Company, returning to England from Asia, occasionally called at the island to replenish their supply of clear water and fresh provisions. His imagination, therefore, evoked visions of springs, orchards, plentiful kitchen-gardens, and meadows covered with cattle. He pictured Saint Helena as one of those oases of the sea "dotted, here and there, in the midst of immense tracts of ocean for beneficent purposes by the hand of Nature." Half-way, a call at Mauritius enabled him to visit its woods wreathed with creepers and the pleasant sites described in *Paul et Virginie*. A little later, from

the open sea, he caught a glimpse of Bourbon, its luxuriant ravines, the *Piton des Neiges*, and the pretty capital with trellised houses, situated on a beach whitened by surf. Saint Helena was surely, like Mauritius and Bourbon, a tropical garden refreshed by limpid streams, where fan-palms in flower and carpets of fine grass were to be seen at the edge of the strand, while in the background of the landscape rose beautiful noble mountains.

But on the morning of July 5th, when three weeks had elapsed since the *Dorak* had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, the watch again shouted: "Land ahoy!" And Henry, running from his cabin on to the deck, perceived "the ugliest and most dismal rock conceivable, of rugged and splintered surface, rising like an enormous black wart from the face of the deep." It was Saint Helena.

Close to, the uncouth islet assumed another shape.

To reach the anchorage, for a long time the ship hugged the coast. Everywhere it soared, in perpendicular layers of basalt, to giddy heights, resembling a wall ruined in places at the top; the sea, below, foamed about the crumbling boulders. The sombre, jagged rampart, the battlements of which were surmounted here and there by huge natural pilasters like towers, suggested a Gothic castle—a gigantic castle, disdaining the narrow, precise limits of rivers, and aspiring to command the vague, the infinitely wide road, where the trade-winds drive the vessels in that part of the Atlantic.

Promontories, following each other at almost regular intervals, gave the illusion of bastions. Now and then, at their summits, cannons glistened, masts hoisted signals. It was evident from these signs that the island-fortress was guarded. But how could men live there? Saint Helena appeared to be as inhospitable as it was formidable. In two or three places the cliff yawned a moment: the eye, searching the gaps through the best glasses, could discover only sterile blocks. No trace of vegetation: not a single shrub or tuft of grass!

The brows of all on board the *Dorah* had grown dark, when the transport, sailing beyond a projection hollowed by casemates, entered an opening in the coast—a narrow bay further defended by a parallel counterfort, armed also, and crowned with embrasures. But in the background, on a short strip of beach, a score of green trees gave a bright note of colour.

Behind the trees, rising above a mean church with a square tower, stretched a street of whitewashed English-looking houses, without verandahs or any of the picturesque architectural features of colonial dwellings. Before the travellers' eyes was Jamestown, a township of fifteen hundred souls, the port and unique community of Saint Helena.

"Jamestown is seated in a cleft between two steep mountains, as if it was placed at the bottom of an enormous V; and their nearly perpendicular sides, fourteen or fifteen feet high, are studded with huge rocks jutting out frightfully, and threatening destruction



JAMESTOWN (1816).

From an old Engraving.]

to the houses and everything at the bottom. In fact, there is great danger, and accidents do occur occasionally from a small stone becoming casually detached at the top and setting more formidable ones in motion in the course of its descent."

Henry only made a short stay in this not very reassuring spot. Hardly had the troops conveyed by the *Dorah* disembarked, when they received orders to make for Deadwood, on the opposite coast, close to Longwood, where Napoleon resided.

They were obliged to cross the entire northern part of the island from west to east.

On leaving Jamestown, the road immediately climbs one of the rugged partitions which enclose that place. Although narrow, it was practicable for carriages. Hewn with great difficulty out of the mountain-side, its construction had formerly cost the lives of innumerable slaves. On the left of the highway, the ochre-coloured rock reverberated the tropical heat, rendered by this further aggravation unbearably fierce even to men coming from India. On the right, a parapet made of uncemented sandstone bordered the abyss. Looking over this negligent barrier, the ascending traveller could, at first, see the dwindling riband of receding houses ; then, only the bottom of a gorge where hardly anything grew, where high stones rose in close proximity as in a cemetery, by the side of other recumbent stones, among heaps of pebbles that had streamed down from the slopes.

Meanwhile the gloomy vale widened out a little,

and suddenly, on a patch of rising ground in the middle, a habitation appeared. It was called The Briars, and belonged to a merchant named Balcombe; Napoleon had stayed there, on his arrival in the island, from October 18th to December 10th, 1815, until his actual residence, Longwood, was ready to receive him.

He occupied a pavilion, consisting of a single room and a garret, fifty paces from a cottage which formed the principal construction. A poor lodging indeed! Yet the Emperor did not dislike living there; and, when one thoroughly considers the history of his life from Waterloo to the 5th of May, 1821, it is probably in this retreat that he spent the least unhappy weeks of his last six years.

After the discouragement of defeat, the despondency and hesitancy of the Elysée and Malmaison, and, especially, after the anguished uncertainty of Rochefort, he felt true relief at seeing his lot settled. He resigned himself to the hardships inflicted by the English, realising how much they would add to his greatness, found a task to accomplish in exile, and said to the Frenchmen who followed him: "We shall write our memoirs." Perhaps at that moment he still cherished vague hopes, quickly to be abandoned. He believed, at all events, in the possibility of political surprises enabling him to regain his liberty.

Following a fatiguing crossing, and three months' confinement on board the *Bellerophon* and the

Northumberland, two ships that only afforded narrow accommodation, The Briars must have appeared to him, by contrast, as a place of rest and an almost comfortable dwelling. Moreover, he was fascinated by the strangeness of the site: a very green hillock situated in the centre of a desolate amphitheatre, a kind of suspended garden, overlooked in its turn by a loftier rocky enclosure which shut in the horizon on every side except towards Jamestown and the sea, half a league away.

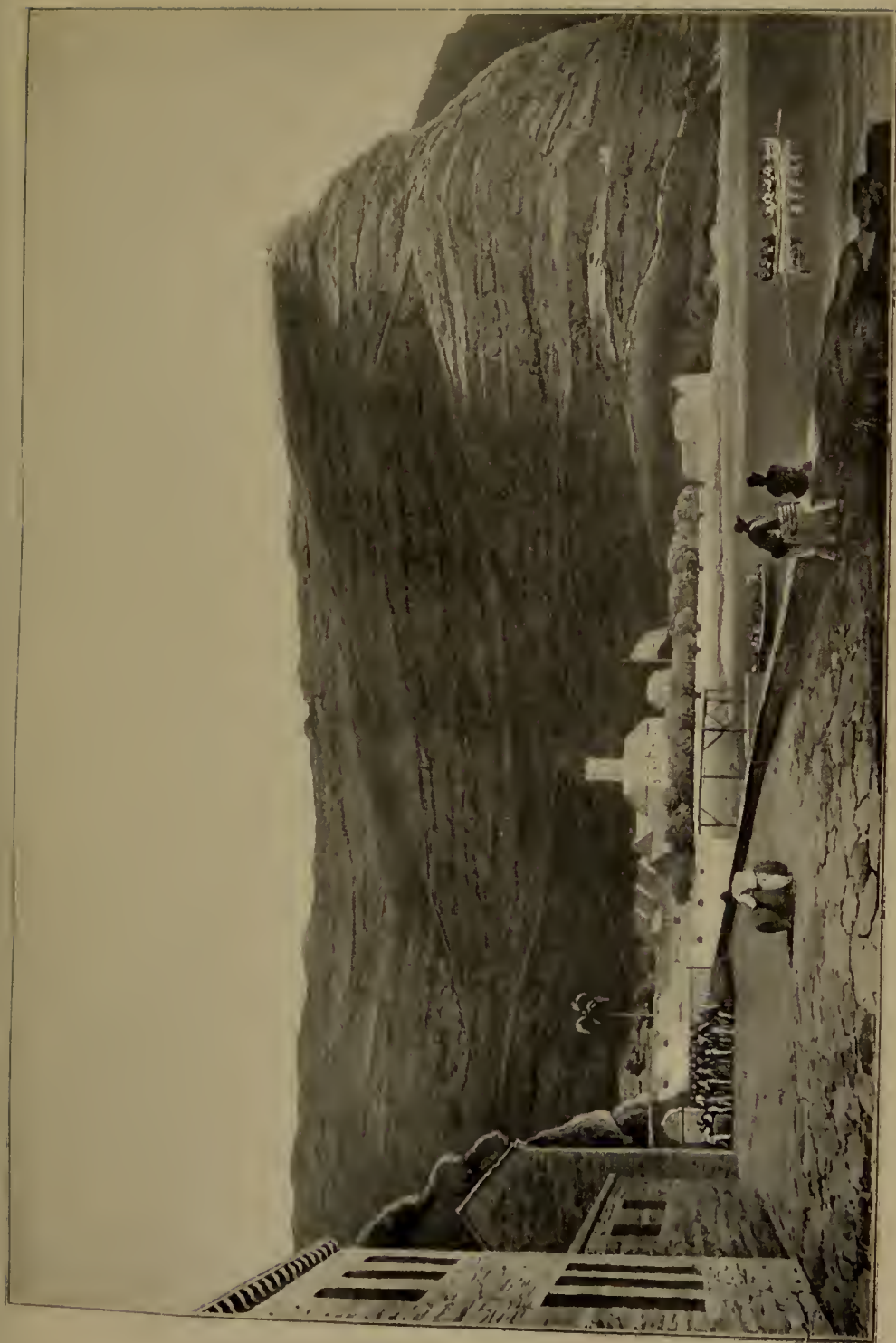
Facing the buildings, was an avenue of Banian fig-trees. On the bushy, intertwining branches of their multiple trunks, turtle-doves cooed, attracted by the scarlet fruit. Huge lacos, magnificent pomegranates, and clusters of myrtles shaded the rest of the terrace; white roses and wild geraniums in profusion brightened the cactus hedge.

Behind the pavilion, again, extended an orchard, a long, steep, and narrow strip of ground, planted with vines, lemon-trees, orange-trees, guavas with their transparent leaves, mangoes with their bunches of red flowers. This corner of The Briars fronted the bare, circular wall of the mountain. There, the sound of a cascade alone broke the silence and disturbed the solitude. The waterfall rushing forth from a cleft in the natural arena, hurled itself sheer from a height of two hundred feet, but, too feeble for so formidable a leap, volatilised into spray before reaching the bottom. And the sun painted the

vaporous fringe of the scarf the seven colours of the rainbow.

The Emperor liked this cool neighbourhood. In the heat of the day he used to come and listen to the torrent's voice under an arbour furnished with a rustic table and bench. Sometimes Betsy Balcombe, the younger daughter of the house, a frolicsome maiden of fourteen, joined him there. He accepted her company and tolerated her excessive licence. "I never met with any one," she wrote later, "who bore childish liberties so well as Napoleon. He seemed to enter into every sort of mirth or fun with the glee of a child, and though I have often tried his patience severely, I never knew him lose his temper or fall back upon his rank or age to shield himself from the consequences of his own familiarity, or of his indulgence to me."

If Betsy had only confined herself to importunities! But this extremely pretty, fair-haired little girl, with cat-like eyes, had her mischievous moods. When she came upon the Emperor working in the summer-house, she used to throw confusion among his papers, or else, snatching them up, she would run away, shouting: "I shall find out all your secrets." She would let the Newfoundland dog, Tompipes, into the orchard, and incite him to dive into a pond full of goldfish; then slyly lead him to Napoleon who was busy writing. The drenched creature shaking himself, suddenly besprinkled the Emperor,



THE LANDING OF NAPOLEON AT JAMESTOWN.

and the guilty minx burst out laughing when she saw the damage done to the fine green coat, the white breeches, the silk stockings and the pumps with gold buckles of her unfortunate big friend. Worse still ! One day, as he was sealing his letters, she pushed his elbow and caused some drops of burning wax to fall on his fingers : "It was very painful and raised a large blister," she relates candidly ; "but he was so very good-humoured about it, that I told him I was quite sorry for what I had done."

People were greatly surprised, in 1843, when Betsy Balcombe published her *Recollections*, to find the Emperor—according to general notions, always stern, unapproachable, prompt to fly into a passion,—so capable, at times, of gentleness, condescension, and patience. Other memoirs, appearing since, in their turn, revealed the simplicity of manner and all the tenderness of Napoleon towards his son : how, ordering the King of Rome to be brought to his study at the Tuileries, he would rock him in his arms, cover him with kisses, and roll on the carpet with him ; how, when seated at his writing-table, he would hold him on his knees, and—without ever showing the slightest ill-humour, as Baron de Meneval testifies—allow him to displace a hundred times on his maps the coloured pins by means of which he prepared and marked his masterly combinations. He used to display the same tolerance, the same good-nature, as a historian has shown,

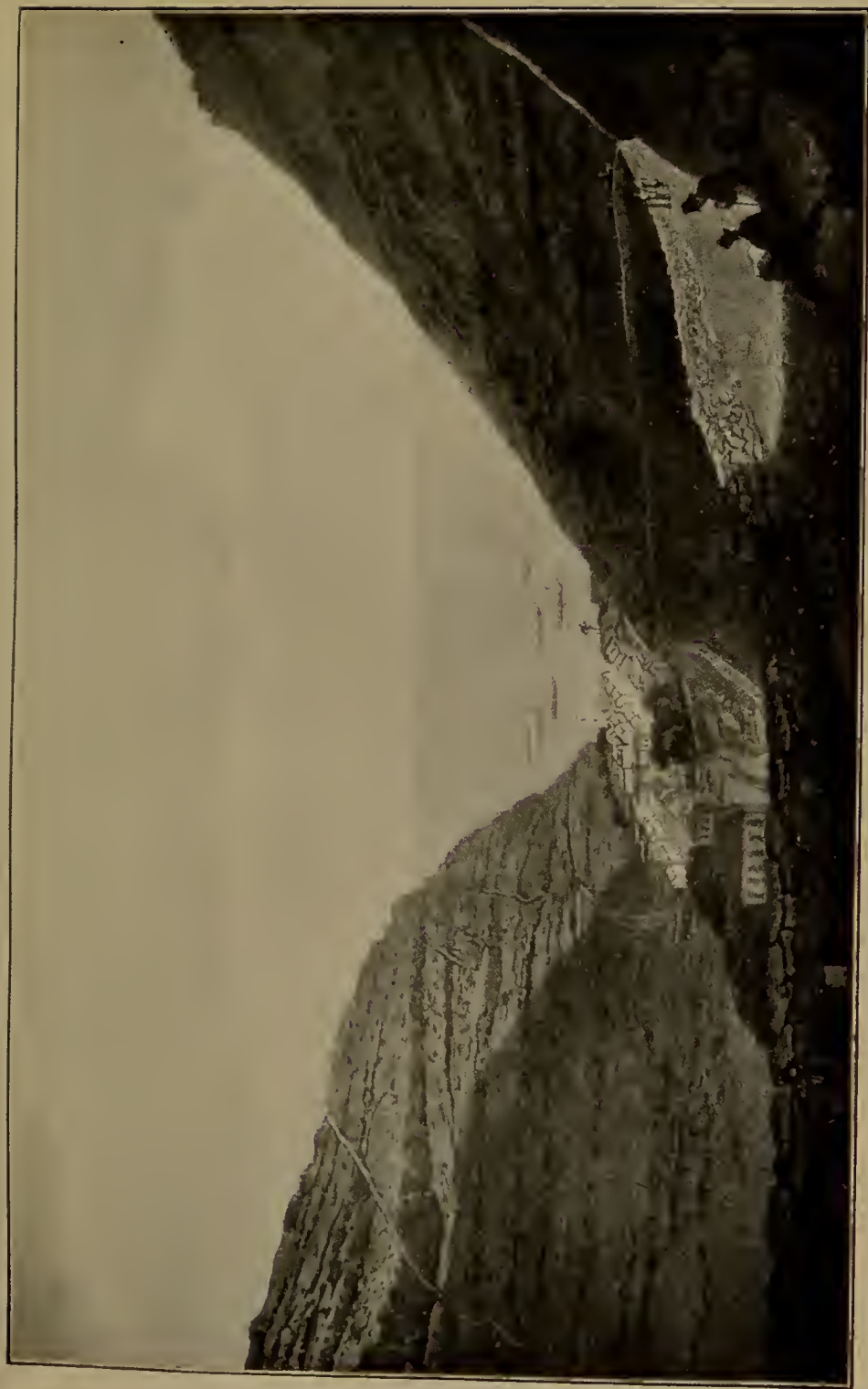
with nephews and nieces, with little folks who were nothing to him, so fond was he of children.

At The Briars, Betsy, in spite of, and perhaps on account of, her faults, was the Emperor's favourite; but he was also extremely kind to her elder and less wild sister, Jane, and to her younger brothers, five and seven years old. These urchins were permitted to play with his orders: very often he cut off pieces of the ribands to give to them. He inflated balloons for them, and once he contrived a tiny cart, to which, to their great joy, an unguidable team of rats was harnessed.

"It always brought a smile to Napoleon's countenance whenever he gave pleasure to the young around him."

And the day when, not without regret himself, the Emperor was obliged to leave The Briars, the entire household was moved to tears.

Beyond that place, henceforth celebrated, the Longwood road, still desolate, still suspended at the flank of the arid, yellowish rock, became even steeper, and after a short bend and abrupt zigzags, reached the mountain-top. There, the assistant-surgeon, Henry, and the troops making for Deadwood camp found themselves, at a height of 1200 feet, on terraced ground from which Jamestown was visible a last time. The place, in its ravine, now produced the impression of a Lilliputian street at the bottom of a cutting. Its double row of white houses just retained the



JAMESTOWN AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD TO LONGWOOD (1816).

From an old Engraving.]

importance of a trail of pebbles ; the square belfry hardly rose to the level of an ordinary milestone. At anchor, near the shore, a man-of-war, the *Conqueror*, which possessed a crew equal to a regiment, three decks bearing cannons, and seventy-four port-holes ready to belch forth grape-shot, assumed the harmless appearance of a toy boat. Every object below was similarly reduced. The sea, alone, rather gained in size. Subject to the usual optical illusion, its steely surface, seen from such a height, rose slanting skyward—encroached upon, completely filled the horizon.

A disagreeable surprise, caused by a sudden change of temperature, spoiled the sight. The traveller, who had just emerged from a stifling gully, was here exposed to the south-easterly trade-wind that prevails at Saint Helena, and now began to blow in cold blasts. He was chilled and penetrated by it, so that hardly had he ceased to perspire when he found himself shivering : a frequent mishap on an island of such unusually bold relief, where the atmosphere, stagnant at the bottom of the valleys, is only too disturbed on the summits.

In spite of the dampness mingled with the cooler air, the absence of verdure continued. On both sides of the road, which presently resumed its ascent along the ridges, the scenery remained wild. Ferruginous blocks hurled down by former landslips, and calcined masses belched forth by eruptions gave a rusty tint and an aspect of death-like fixity

to the dreary landscape. The volcanic origin of Saint Helena asserted itself. The hard metallic earth re-echoed underfoot, composed as it was of cast iron, dross, and lava.

This desolation only ended at the approach to Alarm-House, a semaphore situated at an altitude of 1900 feet, whence the east coast became visible, and vessels sighted off Longwood were signalled to Jamestown by the firing of a gun. The plutonic soil being here covered by a thin vegetable layer, the region now traversed was, for a short distance, green enough. The eye, weary of grey impressions, rested agreeably on the moors, bristling with cactus, but where gorse exhaled its golden sweetness and luxuriant wild geraniums gave a gay, scarlet, poppy-like note of colour. Shrubs grew in places; pines and Australian acacias, silvery, like willows, were grouped in dark or light clusters. Some slave huts, two or three cottages could be seen; and a few fields of cereals round about them, a few patches of meadow land, some goats and sheep, with here and there a cow, grazing at the foot of a slope, achieved an almost pastoral picture.

Besides forming the culminating point of the road from Jamestown to Longwood, Alarm-House occupied a nearly central position in the island. Here the eye took in at a glance, as on a map in relief, all the orographical details of a land only twenty-eight miles in circumference, a view stretching

over the entire surface, except the south, where the district of Sandy Bay, a wide extinct crater, was hidden by an upheaval greater than the rest. On that side Diana Peak, the giant of Saint Helena, rose to a height of 2700 feet. Mountain ranges, divided by narrow ravines, where torrents of seething lava had formerly flowed, radiated from it in all directions towards the coast. At present harmless streams followed the same beds. It was one of these water-courses that fell in a cascade at The Briars and, afterwards reaching Jamestown, filled the tanks where the ships drew their fresh water.

The vast panorama remained poor in vegetation. The southern group was covered with grass and woods, but the divergent offshoots of bluish basalt, of dark pozzolana or of vitrified stone glittering in the sunlight, were completely bare. Their long sharp ridges rarely became flat and widened. In four or five places, however, they expanded so as to form plateaux. The most considerable of these could be seen at a short distance to the east; on it were a few trees, a house, and some barracks and tents. Napoleon inhabited the house; the barracks and tents formed the military camp, to which the assistant-surgeon, Henry, and his companions, were repairing.

To reach this spot, they had now only to circumvent an abyss called, on account of its shape and vast dimensions, The Devil's Punchbowl. They

skirted it for more than two miles, in giddy proximity to its edge, which was not bordered by any parapet. Its sides fell almost sheer, and the very plants suspended thereto by the roots, sparse gorse bushes with their stems hanging, seemed sorely tempted by the yawning gulf.

About half-way round, a rocky projection leaving the edge obliquely and deviating but slightly from it enclosed between it and the road a small expanse of the cavity. The portion of the chasm thus separated became, thanks to a refreshing spring, a grassy vale, covered with myrtle and briar, over which weeping-willows spread their branches. The rays of the sun were attenuated on reaching this solitary hollow ; there twilight reigned—a subdued green light, with the silence of eternal peace. That is the spot where the Emperor was to repose later, and to which twelve grenadiers of the detachment now on the march were to lower his coffin.

Shortly afterwards the battalion defiled before the habitation of Longwood, and still advancing for another ten minutes, at last reached Deadwood.

Six barracks, each of which could accommodate about a hundred men, housed the soldiers. The officers put up in log cabins coated with plaster inside and furnished with a bedstead, a chair, and a cupboard. Numerous tents completed the camp ; they sheltered Chinese servants, negroes, horses, and the profusion of luggage which always accompanies English troops. Henry, as his share, con-

fesses to nineteen or twenty valises, trunks or chests. He gives an amusing account of the dinner that day, at the mess installed under a shed :

“In the first place we had oily soup made of the fat tails of Cape sheep, which all grow to tail, and have no flesh on the quarters or ribs. Indeed, but for the accident of the head attached anteriorly, and the old custom of head and body in immediate juxtaposition, it would be hard to say, at first view of the quadruped, which was the body or which was the tail. However, waiving this point, and to go on with the bill of fare, after our execrable soup there was mackerel, the staple of the island : mackerel at the bottom, *au naturel*, at one side as a curry, and at another as a stew, and in one or two other places in other shapes and duplicates. Next we had Albacore steaks, tasting like tough pork chops, and hempy rations of beef, stripped off the thin clothed ribs of Benguela bullocks, with some other abominations.”

The disgusted officers of the 66th recollected the menus in Bengal. There, the table groaned under the abundance of good things : the most succulent of meats and a great variety of vegetables gave way at dessert to baskets filled with grapes, pistachio-nuts, figs and pomegranates. On one occasion, when Henry had made a bivouac meal with a friend, he had thrown about a hundred snipe, several brace of partridges, and some ortolans into the pot.

The assistant-surgeon and his comrades also regretted the comfortable, the almost luxurious cantonments of India: their bungalows surrounded by verandahs and fitted up with mats, punkahs, and blinds made of vetiver. And when their conversation brought them back to the palm avenues of Cawnpoor, the fields of roses at Ghazipoor, or the rich vegetation of the jungle, the soil on which they now were camping appeared deplorably bare and wretched.

Except for some russet thistles, there was nothing to be seen but turf marked with leprous spots by marls of a dirty white or dark red colour. The sparse grass grew as though regretfully; the keen trade-wind withered it by its perpetual blast. A funereal flower, the everlasting, with a fragile stalk swaying continually, alone seemed to thrive in this deadly wind.

A barren land where Nature was hostile! This stigma, already sufficiently depressing in itself, was aggravated by a feeling of extreme isolation equally hard to bear. Immense expanses of ocean separate Saint Helena from the rest of the world, and Deadwood and Longwood, situated at one of the wild extremities on a steep plateau, further produced the impression of being separated from the rest of the island.

But, however sad, the sight was not devoid of majesty. Three great influences in the neighbourhood ennobled it, stirred the imagination, overawed the mind: the mountains, the sea, Napoleon.



LONGWOOD HOUSE.

From a recent Photograph.]

Two mountains, both completely bare, rose abruptly side by side in the north, a few steps behind the camp: Flagstaff Hill, a slim peak; and the Barn, which owed its name to a peculiar conformation resembling that of a long rectangular building seen in profile. At the summit of Flagstaff Hill, 2300 feet high, but generally enveloped in mist, was a ruined watch-tower. The Barn, although not quite as lofty, impressed one by its massive shape, its sombre, solemn and desolate aspect. The approach to it was defended by a precipice, and its basaltic flanks, sloping rapidly like the pitch of a roof, scarred by crevices in which fugitive negroes had come by their death, were said to be almost inaccessible.

The sea stretched to the east. The plateau overlooked it from such a height that, on clear days, ships could be seen at a distance of sixty miles. Like tiny white specks, those bound for the island did not for hours appear to get nearer, to leave the horizon, to grow bigger.

Napoleon lived opposite the camp, but half a mile to the south of it, on slightly rising ground well in view, in a mean-looking house of which the interior was as unworthy of him as the exterior.

It consisted of two principal buildings, two ground-floors crossed like the branches of a recumbent T.

On the side nearest to Deadwood, at the foot of the T, a fairly wide trellised porch, with a triangular

pediment, and three steps at the bottom, formed a kind of verandah, and led to the antechamber, a clumsy wooden construction. A drawing-room followed, badly lighted from the west, and a dining-room which only obtained light through a glass door.

This last room was situated in the centre of the cross-bar of the T, between a library at the left end, and two little rooms at the right.

The whole made a low, dark suite of apartments, upholstered with horrible wall-papers or stuffs, and badly furnished at second hand—the Emperor's suite.

The house had formerly been a farm, and the wood flooring covered a soil still impregnated with the manure of the stables; rats swarmed beneath the half-rotten boards. Constructed for cattle, the walls made of loam, and the roof of tarred pasteboard alternating with inferior tiles, afforded a poor protection against the climate.

Saint Helena, in such close proximity to the Equator, should possess a temperature of even heat, and an atmosphere constantly dry and clear. But the solitary island, rising like a lofty mountain in the middle of the Southern Atlantic, retains and condenses about it all the vapour drifted thither by the trades. For this reason, some of its elevated regions are frequently overcast and chilly. Such especially is the plateau of Longwood. Situated at a height of 1700 feet and falling away sheer towards the sea or deep ravines, it must be pictured as a kind of suspended plain, sometimes lost in the clouds, and too

often enveloped in unhealthy mists quickly dissolved into water.

It rains there every other day, and the rainfall is three times that of Jamestown and equal to that of Ireland. Only between the showers, and when, as seldom happens, the air is still, can the heat become excessive; the mean temperature does not rise above 60° Fahrenheit. Although in the tropics, Napoleon lived there under a gloomy sky, little favoured by the sun, a prey to damp and wind.

Big stains of saltpetre soiled the walls of his bedroom. His library, which faced east, was exposed to the spray and the trades, and gave out a mouldy stench. The heavy showers frequently penetrated the dilapidated roof and flooded the garrets above his apartments, where his valet Marchand and other servants slept.

Behind the two T-shaped buildings rose other constructions yet ruder and even more neglected: among others, a kitchen, a pantry, and some closets inhabited by Baron Gourgaud and the Montholon family.

A little separate pavilion, in front of the main group and close to it, sheltered Count Bertrand, his wife and children.

Such was Longwood House, where England harboured a former sovereign. It is true that she disputed his claim to the title. But the British Government assured the whole of Europe that General Bonaparte, as they now affected to call him,

had an extremely comfortable residence. Some London journalists improved upon this by adding that "he possessed a magnificent park."

The park consisted of two or three rows of pines and about a hundred scattered gum-trees. Nothing could be more depressing than the gum-trees, with their slender trunks eaten away by lichen and their dead-looking branches bare, except for a few curled-up leaves at their extremities. The trade-wind tormented, bent, and distorted these wretched specimens of vegetation. Slanting, as though in full flight, towards the north-west, they looked, at a distance, with their dishevelled crests, their boughs almost denuded, their strips of bluish-green foliage, like some grotesque assembly of old parasols planted in the ground, turned inside out and torn to tatters by a gust of wind.

Around this make-believe copse and the habitation, stood a low wall, about four miles in circumference, known as the *four miles limit*. Sentinels stationed at intervals of fifty paces mounted guard outside and only penetrated into the interior, reserved for the Emperor, at night.

This enclosure shut in a third of the plateau. An imaginary line, called the *twelve miles limit*, entirely surrounded it, together with a neighbouring valley, but with the exception of a part near the sea. Within this second boundary Napoleon was allowed to walk freely, but beyond it he was obliged to submit to the company of an English officer.

All his movements were watched. A telegraph station close to Deadwood camp was to signal them by various combinations of flags, which were to be repeated on the numerous summits of Saint Helena.

The five principal combinations had the following significations :—

General Bonaparte is at Longwood House.

General Bonaparte has just crossed the four miles limit.

General Bonaparte has just crossed the twelve miles limit with an escort.

General Bonaparte has just crossed the twelve miles limit without an escort.

General Bonaparte has disappeared.

A blue flag was destined for this last grave eventuality. Immediately on its appearance, the troops scattered throughout the island would have sent patrols in every direction; two brigs, perpetually cruising along the coast, were to stop every boat at sea, and the man-of-war stationed at Jamestown, as well as a frigate moored in a neighbouring roadstead, was to weigh anchor and prepare for pursuit.

But Napoleon very likely did not think of escape, for every day the telegraph of Deadwood invariably sent this sole message: "General Bonaparte is at Longwood House." The Emperor never left the guarded enclosure and appeared to remain in confinement.

In vain did the officers of the 66th persist in pointing their spy-glasses, from their camp, in the

direction of his residence. At the end of a month they knew its every detail, from the cracks in the walls to the broken tiles on the roof, but none could boast of having caught sight of the legendary silhouette in the grey overcoat, with hands crossed behind the back, and hat worn in martial style.

Their curiosity became exasperated ; they talked of nothing but the great captive at mess, and wasted their time in making wild guesses as to his mode of life. Some suggested that he spent whole days in bed ; no, others replied, he rises early and is busy dictating his memoirs. At times they imagined he was always playing billiards, cards, chess, or reading novels ; the next day they declared with a smile that he never left the Countesses Bertrand and de Montholon for a moment. The majority maintained that his health was excellent and that he ate greedily ; a few gainsayers protested that he was losing his appetite, was becoming weaker, and dying of tedium and melancholy.

Henry laughed at the latter, whom he ironically describes as "some wiseacres, who shook their heads."

But perhaps it was these very people who were in the right.



SIR HUDSON LOWE.

From a Pencil Drawing.]

CHAPTER II.

THE GOVERNOR, HUDSON LOWE.

CONTRADICTORY as were the accounts relating to the invisible guest of Longwood, they nevertheless agreed in one particular: his profound antipathy for Sir Hudson Lowe, the Governor of Saint Helena.

Henry and his comrades only learned in an imperfect and doubtless incorrect manner the reasons for this antipathy. They are well-known at the present day: a score of memoirs relate them with similar details.

Napoleon had arrived in the island in the custody of Admiral Cockburn, a boorish individual who showed little deference to him. Hudson Lowe, who came somewhat later, in April, 1816, gave the Emperor cause for regretting Cockburn.

Hardly had he assumed office, when he set about depriving Napoleon of his companions in exile, on the pretext of reducing his establishment.

Twenty-three Frenchmen lived at that period at Longwood—

Count and Countess Bertrand, and their three children.

Count and Countess de Montholon, and one child.

Count de Las Cases and his son Emmanuel, fifteen years old.

Baron Gourgaud.

The first valet, Marchand.

Saint-Denis, second valet.

Santini, usher.

The two brothers Archambault, grooms.

Cipriani, maître d'hôtel.

Pierron, butler.

Lepage, cook.

Rousseau, steward.

A girl called Josephine and the married couple Bernard, respectively in the private service of Madame de Montholon and the Bertrand family.

A Pole, Captain Piontkowski ; an Elbian, Gentilini, footman ; a Swiss, the third valet, Noverraz, and his wife, who was seamstress, were also attached to the household of Longwood.

Hudson Lowe's first act was an odious attempt to provoke defections in this united little band surrounding Napoleon.

The Emperor's companions had only been authorised to follow him in captivity on the understanding that they were to share his lot, to regard themselves also as exiles who were not to see Europe again for many years, if ever. But on the very morrow of his arrival at Jamestown, Hudson Lowe informed them that nothing compelled them to remain with General Bonaparte, and offered to ship home at the expense

of the British Government any one who might desire it.

He already anticipated the possible tedium and despondency ensuing after six months' exile, but met with a disappointment, for nobody availed himself of the exeat.

He then changed his tactics, and, after having tried kindness, had recourse to severity.

He had just said to the Frenchmen: "You are free." He now corrected himself by saying: "You are prisoners." And he bade them repeat the declaration exacted from them on leaving England—a fresh admission, in writing this time, of subjection to the same restrictions as Napoleon, and, should the occasion arise, to the same increased rigour.

All, resigning themselves to subscribing their names at the bottom of a document styling the Emperor *General*, submitted to an obviously superfluous formality.

It then occurred to the Governor to make an offensive inquiry. Summoning all the servants of Longwood before him, he asked them whether they fully realised the import of the act they had signed, and whether, in signing it, they had not, in some measure, allowed themselves to be influenced. "What a base thing," the Emperor remarked, "thus to interfere between a man and his valet!"

Resolved not to be thwarted, Hudson Lowe finally declared that Napoleon's too numerous household was a cause of undue expense on the part of his

Government, and dismissed from the island Piontkowski, Santini, Rousseau, and one of the brothers Archambault on grounds of economy.

The removal of Captain Piontkowski mattered little. This foreigner, who had come to Saint Helena one fine day no one knew how, alone and uninvited, was perhaps sincere in his protestations of devotion, perhaps a mere adventurer, and only half inspired the Emperor with confidence.

But Napoleon keenly felt the loss of Santini, Rousseau, and the younger Archambault, three of his most useful servants.

The usher, Santini, a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, repaired his coats and cut his hair. Being a good marksman, he also stocked the larder with partridges and turtle-doves shot on the plateau.

Rousseau, steward and lamplighter, excelled besides in odd jobs as carpenter and locksmith; the dilapidated buildings of Longwood provided him with plenty of work.

As for the brothers Archambault, there was ample occupation for the two grooms in the stables, where they looked after a dozen horses and supervised the ostlers.

Before the quadruple departure decreed by Hudson Lowe, these ostlers, who were English, a few other servants, also English, and some Chinese helps, chiefly employed in the kitchens, brought the number of persons engaged or residing at Longwood up to about fifty.

To keep up this numerous household, Napoleon was allotted an annual pension of £8000. This sum may, at a first glance, appear reasonable, and, as a matter of fact, would have been so, but for the peculiar conditions of life in the island. Butcher's meat was two or three times as expensive as in Europe; a chicken cost 5s., a duck about 10s., a turkey from £1, 10s. to £3, an egg between 5d. and 6d., and good bread as much as 10d. the lb. With regard to manufactured articles of current use, the prices were no less exorbitant than those concerning provisions. Pierron, the butler at Longwood, has left an account-book which has been published, and in which figures an entry of £1, 7s. 6d. for a dozen ordinary glasses supplied to the Emperor, and one of £2, 6s. for six tin saucepans. The courts of France, of Austria and of Russia had sent commissioners to Saint Helena, in order that they might be constantly informed as to what was taking place there. A Jamestown tradesman charged the representative of Louis XVIII. £65 for a dozen straw-bottomed chairs, and £45 for a common dining-room table. The Marquis de Montchenu was to have received the sum of £2000 a year from his Government; he immediately claimed an increase of income. His colleagues, Count Balmain and Baron Sturmer, hastened to follow his example.

The English Ministers, displaying greater generosity towards the Governor than towards the Emperor, allowed Hudson Lowe £12,000 a year.

He had also the benefit of additional advantages that almost doubled his emoluments. In the first place, he had no companions in exile to feed, but orderly officers and soldiers about him whose services he did not remunerate. Secondly, he inhabited Plantation House, an extremely beautiful residence; he possessed a flower garden, a kitchen garden and orchards kept up by sixty slaves, and even meadows where cows grazed and fodder for his horses was obtained.

Hudson Lowe, well satisfied himself, deemed that Napoleon, in spite of an allowance considerably inferior to his own and a house in ruins built on a wretched site, could be equally content. Yet, to consider only the financial question, the £8000 granted the Emperor barely represented, at the cost of living at Saint Helena, an annual pension of £2000 in Europe. The sum was undeniably insufficient, and the accounts of Longwood, audited once a month, showed inevitable excesses on the debit side.

Hudson Lowe determined to put a stop to this state of affairs.

He pestered Napoleon with letters and requests for an interview, in order to prove to him that waste reigned in his house. He examined the tradesmen's bills, found fault with the quantity of bread, the weight of the meat, and the number of bottles of wine consumed by the Frenchmen, and wrangled about the coffee, the sugar, and the candles. On the

departure of Piontkowski, Santini, Rousseau, and the younger Archambault, he effected a few primary reductions, after which he gave warning that his Government would no longer pay anything beyond the £8000. If this sum did not satisfy General Bonaparte's requirements, surely he had relatives, and bankers also no doubt, in Europe! Why should he not apply to them?

Napoleon replied that, "since the English authorities ignominiously grudged him his very subsistence," he would readily assume the burden of a part, or even the whole, of the expenses at Longwood.

But all letters sent by him or addressed to him had to remain open; he demanded the right of corresponding with his family and trustees under cover of sealed envelopes.

Hudson Lowe refused his consent.

By way of protest against such sordid proceedings, and to make them widely known, the Emperor thereupon bade Count de Montholon break up the plate of a magnificent dinner-service and sell it. The affair created a sensation at Saint Helena, and the Governor realised that elsewhere also it would attract attention and cause astonishment. Becoming anxious, he abandoned his scandalous remonstrances, continued to order the payment of the monthly excesses, and finally, by an act of amazing generosity, raised Napoleon's allowance to the level of his own.

An attempt to reduce the few comforts and the little society of an exile would have appeared

sufficient to other people: Hudson Lowe also conceived the idea of diminishing still more the restricted liberty of the Emperor's movements.

The reader has seen what the limits were. The four miles enclosure belonged to Napoleon during the day. In the evening the sentries of the exterior penetrated into it, approached Longwood House and shut it in for the night by a circle of bayonets. The manœuvre took place at seven o'clock, in Admiral Cockburn's time. Hudson Lowe sequestered his prisoner as early as six o'clock. He likewise reduced by a third the space of twelve miles in circumference within which the Emperor could move without guards. He cut off the only agreeable spot, the miniature valley that formed part of it with the plateau and sheltered in its hollows a little verdure, a few shady trees and some houses.

Under Cockburn, an invitation to dinner from Napoleon, a letter of audience signed by Count Bertrand gave right of access from outside to Longwood; the officer on duty at the barrier situated on the Jamestown side admitted their validity as passes. This common politeness, Hudson Lowe forbade.

Whilst he was inaugurating such new regulations, he had several interviews with the Emperor, in which he discussed and, if he is to be believed, tried to justify them. One day Napoleon lost patience and gave full vent to his indignation. It was the 18th of August, 1816. Admiral Malcolm, who was in command of the naval forces

stationed at Saint Helena, accompanied the Governor. Napoleon said to Hudson Lowe in his presence: "Since your arrival here, sir, your only thought is to annoy us. Sir George Cockburn had the same instructions as you, but he did not display a tenth part of your rigour in their execution. He spared us all bickerings, and, if at times his dealings offended me, he always listened to reason when I spoke to him. With you, all conversation is useless; you are untractable. You suspect everything and every one. You, a lieutenant-general, understand your duty in the narrow fashion in which a sentinel understands his orders. You spend your days contriving mean vexations; you treat us like Botany Bay convicts."

The interview took place in the open air, for Napoleon would not receive Hudson Lowe in his house. The Emperor walked between the two Englishmen. He paused a moment, turned towards Admiral Malcolm, and, no longer addressing the Governor, but designating him from time to time by a contemptuous gesture, he resumed—

"Governments employ certain servants for honourable, other servants for dishonourable business. *He* is one of the latter.

"Count Bertrand has commanded armies; all military men know and esteem him. *He* has no more consideration for him than for a corporal.

"Madame Bertrand is a woman of good birth; she was a leader of French society. *He* prevents her from receiving visits, intercepts her invitations.

"I had asked my aged mother to cease writing me, since my correspondence was read. She wished to express her desire to come here and die with me at Saint Helena. *He* has divulged the letter; the whole island knows its contents.

"Would you believe it! he was mean enough to keep back from me a book, because on its cover I was styled Emperor."

Napoleon stopped walking on reaching this grievance, and, throwing back his head and fixing Hudson Lowe with flashing eye, he concluded:

"I am the Emperor Napoleon, sir, the Em-per-or Napoleon, do you hear? To call me by any other name is an insult and folly. . . . When England has ceased to exist, people will still call me the Emperor Napoleon!"

The Governor has been praised for having succeeded in retaining his composure in the midst of this outburst. With almost impassive face, he bore even the extreme outrage of an indirect address. But is the fact to his credit? Doubtless he did not consider himself at fault, failed to realise the baseness of certain proceedings. Nor did he see the blame and contempt fall upon his head from a height that we are able to appreciate. The king of kings of yesterday, he who nowadays is placed on the same lofty level as Alexander and Charles the Great, cried in vain to him: "I am the Emperor Napoleon!" Hudson Lowe did not understand. Indifferent to past grandeur, incapable of foreseeing history, pre-

occupied only by the present, he overlooked the Emperor and merely saw General Bonaparte, a prisoner under his surveillance.

From that day the glorious captive refused to grant any further interviews with the man. "I abused him roundly," he said; "my position is my sole excuse. At the Tuileries I should blush for such a scene——"

Hudson Lowe's vindicators observe, with regard to his acts at the outset of his office, that they were for the most part in accordance with instructions emanating from the Cabinet in London. That is true. It was the English Ministers who decided to reduce the expenditure of Longwood, and who thought of asking Napoleon to contribute to it from his personal funds.—In parenthesis, is there, in the history of modern governments, another example of this generous idea: to oblige a monarch deprived of his crown and kept a prisoner to share the expenses of his imprisonment?—Again, it was Lord Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, under whose jurisdiction Saint Helena was placed, who prescribed the utmost diminution of the exile's company. But if, on the two occasions in question, Hudson Lowe received orders, he aggravated them in the first instance by undertaking an investigation among servants that was offensive to their master, and in the second place by demanding from the Emperor the very accounts and details of his household,

Further: the Governor's instructions compelled

him to call Napoleon General Bonaparte, and to regard him as such. Even without these instructions, Hudson Lowe, with his niggardly spirit, would have experienced great difficulty in seeing a sovereign in the former master of Europe. He somewhere congratulates himself that he never felt the slightest embarrassment in addressing Napoleon as "Monsieur," whereas he never alluded to the Prince Royal of Sweden, to whom he happened to have been presented, but in terms of extreme respect and admiration. No wonder: Bernadotte stood on the steps of a throne, thanks to Napoleon, and Napoleon now . . . !

Napoleon fallen, the high official of Plantation House was persuaded that he greatly honoured him by placing him on a social footing more or less equal to his own. In May, 1816, the Countess of Loudon and Moira, the wife of the Governor of India, paid a visit to Saint Helena. Hudson Lowe, anxious to show his prisoner to this distinguished visitor, had written to the Emperor: "Should the arrangements of General Bonaparte admit it, Sir Hudson Lowe and Lady Lowe would feel gratified in the honour of his company to meet the Countess at dinner on Monday next at six o'clock. . . ." Napoleon made no reply, and Hudson Lowe, surprised at his silence, questioned Count Bertrand on the subject: "Plantation House is outside our limits," the latter began to explain; "the Emperor, had he accepted your invitation, would have been obliged to go under the

supervision of an officer. . . ." "Is that all?" quickly interrupted the Governor. "*But I should have escorted him myself.*"

Dreadful words that show all the unconscious baseness of the man and his lack of repugnance for any business, however odious. If England had placed Napoleon in a dungeon, Hudson Lowe would willingly have undertaken the task of sounding the walls, inspecting the locks and drawing the bolts.

He was a born gaoler, both mentally and physically.

His best friends admit that his face was not only disagreeable, but repulsive. A mouth with thin lips closely shut, indicated ill-nature; a forehead narrow at the temples, stupidity. Little, hollow-set eyes glistened under bushy red eyebrows, but only fixed one stealthily. "Hyena's eyes," Napoleon called them.

The faded yellow of his hair looked dirty. Large freckles alternated on his bony cheeks with the purulent blotches of an incurable skin disease. This again made the Emperor say, "The doctors must soak him with sulphur and mercury."

He was of medium height, had a thin body, and a long, scraggy neck. Although he affected a combination of Prussian stiffness and British coldness, a nervous twisting of the body when he was talking, a false smile and shifting gaze betrayed the anxiety common to gaolers.

"He suspected every one and everything." He

always thought that plots were being hatched, either to rescue his prisoner, or to discredit his acts in high quarters and bring about his disgrace. And in his terrified imagination, not only did he include among the conspirators the exiled Frenchmen, but also the envoys of the Czar, of Francis II., of Louis XVIII., and even his own compatriots: inhabitants of the island and officers.

Yet, in the first place, should he not have considered the escape of Napoleon impossible?

The Emperor inhabits a plateau, sheer on every side, that only communicates with the rest of Saint Helena by an isthmus twenty feet wide or by ravines, and with the sea only by dizzy footpaths. A guard-house bars the isthmus; patrols cut off access to the ravines; and sentinels intercept the paths. On the plateau itself, a camp keeps watch over Longwood House. A hundred men are placed along the four miles enclosure during the day. At night the circle of bayonets contracts, closes in around Napoleon; between them are intervals of but a few yards for flight.

The coast where the Emperor would be obliged to embark is equally well guarded. A sentry-box and a red-coat are to be seen at the edge of every creek. Armed cutters follow each other in an endless round at the foot of the cliffs and allow no skiff to approach. Farther off, two brigs, fast sailers, continually circumvent the island, bent on discovering and giving chase to suspicious vessels.



JAMESTOWN HARBOUR FROM THE FORTIFICATIONS.

Had Napoleon succeeded in putting out to sea, it must be remembered that the nearest point of the African coast is 1140 miles away, the coast of America 1808 miles. Could he possibly have covered either of these distances without being overtaken? And to what purpose? To live in Mozambique, among the negroes, or in Brazil, where a prince of the House of Braganza was reigning? Again, would he have crossed the Atlantic obliquely, and thus doubled, tripled the difficult voyage, in order to land in La Plata, or the United States? In La Plata, a second-rate power only just born to independence, the sovereigns of Europe would have pursued and reclaimed him. In the United States he might perhaps have found a safe place of refuge, but he was convinced that the Bourbons would have had him assassinated.

Escape, moreover, always implies means—disguises and various wiles, of a somewhat trivial nature—which were repugnant to the Emperor, as being unworthy of him. He did not wish to risk the outrage of a coarse hand falling heavily upon his shoulder to arrest him. Finally, until now, he justly contested England's right to treat him as prisoner, since he had entrusted himself to England, at Rochefort, but had not delivered himself up to her. To flee would, in a certain measure, have constituted an admission that he was a prisoner; in case of failure it would have given the English that right of capture over his person which

they claimed, and authorised them to use the utmost severity.

Napoleon never thought of escaping.

Hudson Lowe always believed the contrary.

The Governor's mistrust towards the Frenchmen at Longwood may appear natural enough. But how is one to explain it with regard to three men, the Marquis de Montchenu, Baron Sturmer, and Count Balmain, who represented, at Saint Helena, sovereigns as little to be suspected of tenderness towards the Emperor as the British Cabinet itself?

The envoys of Louis XVIII., of Francis II., and of the Czar Alexander had received a mission to survey with their own eyes the captivity of General Bonaparte, and frequently make sure of his presence in the island.

As the General, unfortunately, never gave them the opportunity of seeing him, they went to Plantation for information enabling them to send their reports to Europe. Hudson Lowe received them very badly. "As soon as he is questioned about Bonaparte," Count Balmain relates, "his forehead wrinkles. He thinks a snare is being set for him, and only gives an evasive answer. He discloses one thing and hides another, explains everything in a wrong way, squabbles about words, and confuses the mind. Then, he has the fault of losing his temper. He flies into a passion, no longer knows what he is talking about, or the

point he has reached, gets completely bewildered, so that it is no longer possible to bring him to reason. To have dealings with him and to be on good terms with him are two impossible things."

Repulsed by so much ill-will, the Commissioners, as they were called, took the course of prowling round Longwood in quest of news; they tried to come into contact with the Emperor's companions. In time cordial relations were established between them and the French exiles. Such a good understanding caused Hudson Lowe great alarm. Towards the end of the Captivity, the envoy of Louis XVIII., desirous of seeking distraction in gardening, one day accepted from Count de Montholon beans of two colours ready for planting. Thereupon the Governor immediately suspected him of becoming a convert to Bonapartism, and wrote gravely to Lord Bathurst: "Whether the haricots blancs and haricots verts bear any reference to the drapeau blanc of the Bourbons and the habit vert of General Bonaparte himself, and the livery of his servants at Longwood, I am unable to say, but the Marquis de Montchenu, it appears to me, would have acted with more propriety if he had declined receiving either, or limited himself to a demand for the white alone."

Hudson Lowe was still more suspicious of the disposition and behaviour of the Austrian, Baron Sturmer, who represented a court allied by marriage to Napoleon; everybody knows how little this alliance counted at Vienna, or even at Parma.

He mistrusted Count Balmain, because the instructions of the Russian Commissioner bore the following recommendations: "In your relations with Bonaparte, you are to observe the tact and discretion necessitated by so delicate a situation, and the personal deference that is his due,"—a recommendation that did not prevent the Czar, at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, from advising severity towards the captive of Saint Helena.

But it was perhaps in his relations with his own compatriots and subordinates that Hudson Lowe showed the least confidence. There was one especial reason why he had determined to cut off from the four miles limit the little valley, occupied by five or six houses, which formed part of it; the Emperor was wont to visit the inhabitants, who seemed to take pleasure in seeing him! Some time after Henry's arrival, he showed, as he thought, great broadness of mind by restoring to Napoleon the use of a path in the valley, on the sole condition that he would never leave it, either to enter a cottage, or to rest in a farm!

During the five and a half years that the Captivity lasted, a number of officers of the garrison incurred the Governor's displeasure; several were degraded; Dr. Stokoe, a naval surgeon, was tried by court-martial on the charge of treason. Their crime, in every case, consisted in chance and merely courteous intercourse with the Frenchmen of Longwood.

When circumstances or politeness obliged an

Englishman to exchange a dozen words with the Emperor, or with some one of his suite, he had to hasten immediately to Plantation House and report them. But, however scrupulously informed, Hudson Lowe always thought that he was being deceived. A recent publication, the diary which relates Sir Pulteney Malcolm's stay at Saint Helena, supplies a particularly striking proof of this.

Admiral Malcolm, on account of his rank and the importance of his command, was, during thirteen months, from June, 1816, to July, 1817, the Governor's second and collaborator. At the head of the naval station, extremely zealous with regard to his duties, he performed his service irreproachably, and kept so close a watch over the coast of the island, and the sea, that escape became impossible. Being at the same time a gallant and generous-minded man, he showed Napoleon sympathetic attentions, and frequently visited him at Longwood. He made no secret of these visits to Hudson Lowe. Yet he was cross-examined about his conversations with the Emperor in a way that left him no doubt as to the Governor's suspicions, and, moreover, discovered one fine day that Saint Helena was swarming with spies to whose attention he had been the first to be designated.

As other narratives besides might show, and as the three foreign Commissioners wrote to their courts, Hudson Lowe, suffering from a kind of frenzied anxiety, and completely losing his head at

the idea of his responsibility, sees conspirators and traitors everywhere. He pays ridiculous attention to such incidents as that of the beans; multiplies his inquiries and counter-inquiries about insignificant words and acts that have been misrepresented and exaggerated by police-spies and informers; takes alarm daily at the most trifling matters telegraphed to Plantation by the twenty-two look-out stations scattered about the island. An English captain is attached to Napoleon's person: he is quartered at Longwood, ostensibly, in order that he may be constantly at his disposal, actually, the better to watch him. Hudson Lowe is disconsolate because he can only obtain brief, vague reports from this officer, to whom the Emperor, who hardly leaves his apartments, remains almost invisible. Another Englishman, Dr. O'Meara, is also quartered at Longwood, in the capacity of physician. The Governor summons him at every moment, worries him with questions about the Frenchmen, desires him to repeat the conversations overheard in the course of his professional visits, treats him as a suspicious character, and adopts a threatening attitude towards him. Thus importuned, O'Meara—it will be seen later—becomes exasperated, rebels, finally refuses to reply, and consequently brings about his own undoing.

With his inquisitorial madness, Hudson Lowe combines a mania: the scribbling mania. Morning, noon, and night, assisted by his secretary, Major Gorrequer, he stains paper. He jots down every



COUNT DE LAS CASES (ABOUT 1850).

little incident, copies absurd examinations, carefully keeps the minutes of his continual inquiries. He sends interminable despatches to the Cabinet in London, and wearies every one in the island by his perpetual communications. No official ever took greater delight in hieroglyphics: investigating, inferring, distinguishing, considering, ascertaining, ratiocinating, quibbling.

There was once, however, a man at Saint Helena whose pen, when the occasion demanded, could rival his own. On the 25th of November, 1816, a week after the departure of Piontkowski, Santini, Rousseau, and the younger Archambault, Las Cases was forcibly removed from the Emperor. He had attempted to send news of Napoleon to Prince Lucien in Europe. The Governor decreed his expulsion, but, unable to embark him immediately, since no ship was leaving, he relegated him provisionally to a spot at some distance from Longwood, and had a close watch kept over him. Immediately—on the 26th—the diffusive author of the *Mémorial* wrote him a letter of ten pages: on the 27th a second letter; on the 28th a third; and so forth, every day, without a break, for a month. Las Cases, in his imposing style, emphatically protested against the seizure of his papers, and particularly of the diary which, on its publication, was to become so famous; he complained of his close confinement, which he declared to be illegal, and threatened the potentate of Plantation with the thunderbolts of British law. The Governor,

equally verbose, retorted, evidently delighted at such an opportunity for displaying his dialectic skill, his rhetorical eloquence, and the resources of his legal knowledge. He did not, however, succeed in silencing his inexhaustible adversary. At length, full of sympathy and esteem for a spirit that appeared to him to be kindred, and grieved at the idea of losing the only man who was ever a match for him in the sport of letter-writing, and profuse argumentation, he told Las Cases to return to Longwood. Las Cases refused. Hudson Lowe then insisted, requested, all but entreated. Las Cases still refused, and on December 30th, 1816, to the Governor's great regret, quitted the island. This is one of the amusing incidents of Saint Helena.

When in the middle of the year 1821, Hudson Lowe left the island in his turn, he encumbered the hold of the ship on which he embarked with his archives, and took to England from twenty to thirty boxes filled with manuscripts. Not to mention the rest, his own correspondence would easily supply material for fifty octavo volumes printed in small type. From this heap of waste paper, William Forsyth compiled in 1853 a work intended as an apology, but which is by far the most terrible impeachment of Napoleon's gaoler hitherto published. It contains, indeed, an abundance of unfavourable information regarding the acts and the disposition of Hudson Lowe not to be found elsewhere: for example, the invitation sent to General Bonaparte

when Lady Moira was staying at Plantation, together with a dozen similar instances of tactlessness. The book convinces one that, whatever may be maintained to the contrary, the Governor was not merely a tool in the hands of Lord Bathurst at Saint Helena. He took, to some extent, the initiative in the system of vexations pursued during the Captivity. No doubt, he received instructions from London, but these instructions, as his despatches prove, were often suggested, provoked, solicited even by himself. Nor is it surprising, when one learns, from Forsyth again, about Hudson Lowe's relations in Europe, his correspondence with the spiteful Blücher, and that Count von Gneisenau writes him : "Our safety depends upon your vigilance and firmness. Do not allow your subalterns to show Bonaparte misplaced pity or undue respect. Never depart from a severe attitude towards the most cunning scoundrel on the face of this earth."

These lines form part of a letter in which the Prussian general speaks in glowing terms of the Governor's military talent and political capacity. This is why Forsyth introduces them in his book. The greater part of the documents that he quotes have the same defect of including awkward passages together with useful affidavits. Designed to confound Napoleon's eulogists, the papers bequeathed by Hudson Lowe to his defenders resemble those defective firearms, that are as formidable to those who handle them as to those against whom they are directed ; their use is always attended by risk.

Forsyth, and recently Seaton, another panegyrist, appear to have noticed how slight is the justificatory value of the Governor's brief. By way of remedy they make use of common tactics : in order to acquit Hudson Lowe, they accuse Napoleon.

They reproach him with not having borne his misfortunes with dignity ; with having wearied the world, during his captivity, with paltry, exaggerated complaints.

"When," as Thiers judiciously remarks, "the victor delights in humiliating the conquered, he makes it a duty for him to resist the humiliation."

Napoleon was right to claim the imperial title, since his gaolers affected to call him General Bonaparte. He was right to consider himself shamefully lodged in a small, damp, dark dwelling at Longwood, since there existed at Saint Helena a comfortable, a sumptuous mansion, more suitable for a former sovereign : Plantation, where a mere government official strutted about.

Since all his correspondence was read, he was right again to seek indirect channels for the letters he sent or received. For why was he prevented from sealing them ? Could it be feared that they might contain some important secret, a plan of escape, for instance ? Are seals so reliable ? No, the regulation as to the open envelope was simply a vexatious one, yet another insult : the imperial captive was treated in this respect as a prisoner at common law is treated.

He possessed considerable funds in Europe, and, thanks to his agents, could always dispose of them for his needs at Saint Helena. When he broke up his silver-plate and sold it to a tradesman at Jamestown, he assumed an appearance of poverty from which he seldom suffered in reality. The pretence was legitimate, however; Lord Rosebery approves of it. If Napoleon had not protested theatrically against the meanness of the English Ministers, and their offensive pretensions to reduce his household, other outrages would have followed. Many, indeed, were meditated. For instance, "the permission of intercourse with a few fellow-countrymen and of the attendance of his old servants was to be, if practicable, withdrawn; Piontkowski, Rousseau, Santini, and Archambault the younger once gone, the remainder were to be persuaded to leave him." The hammer which broke the silver-plate of Longwood made an opportune noise; the whole world heard it and was roused. A sensational debate took place in the House of Lords, and, as the author of *The Last Phase* also remarks, from that moment there is a noticeable change in the tone of Lord Bathurst's instructions: they become milder.

In Forsyth's and Seaton's judgment the entire persecution of the Captivity was but a trifle to which Napoleon paid too much attention. Nothing should have affected a man like him; no affront, however unwarrantable, should have disturbed his serenity or broken his silence. These stern moralists

regret that to his superiority as the greatest captain, the greatest administrator, and the greatest legislator of modern times, he did not add, during his last years, that of being the greatest of philosophers, a saint. According to them, he forfeited his glory by not turning both cheeks to the smiter.

Well, it was not Christ, but only an Emperor, who was once a prisoner at Saint Helena. They called him General Bonaparte there, out of derision. All things considered, and whatever may be maintained to the contrary, he bore his lot and harsh treatment in a befitting manner, but his resignation was not complete. On certain days, he lost patience and called the official in whose custody he was placed a fool, a myrmidon, and a scribe. In spite of Forsyths and Seatons, history will ratify these three epithets.

The second month of his stay in the island, at the beginning of August, 1817, Dr. Henry saw Hudson Lowe for the first time. The Governor reviewed the 66th at Deadwood.

The regiment comprised two battalions: the one that had recently arrived from India, to which the assistant-surgeon belonged, and another that had come directly from England and was garrisoned at Saint Helena since the middle of 1816. The total amounted to twelve hundred men. Five hundred, under Colonel Nicol and Lieutenant-Colonels Dodgin and Lascelles, were encamped opposite Longwood, together with an artillery company; the remainder

were quartered in barracks at Jamestown or in cantonments at various points of the island.

In the full-dress uniform of a lieutenant-general, a scarlet, gold-laced coat, and a hat adorned with plumes, Hudson Lowe, escorted by his orderlies and a half-company of blue dragoons, rode along the red lines of infantry and the dark front of the gunners. Then, with his usual tactlessness and bad taste, he ordered a sham fight to take place within a few yards of Napoleon's enclosure. The unexpected uproar of a thousand rifles and half a dozen cannons probably surprised the Emperor ; he came out of his house, and Dr. Henry could see him following through his field-glasses the marches in columns, the formation of squares, the deployments, and the bayonet charges ordered by the Governor against an imaginary foe. The ridiculous aspect of such paltry evolutions before the eyes of such a judge struck the assistant-surgeon. "Our puny mimicry of war," he says, "must have appeared as utterly puerile and insignificant to him, as the sight of boys playing marbles to Newton and Laplace, after poring through their telescopes on the ring of Saturn, or the satellites of Jupiter. They might have spared the warrior of a hundred fields the mortification of contrasting the child's play, of which he was now an unwilling spectator, with the triumphs of Austerlitz or Jena."

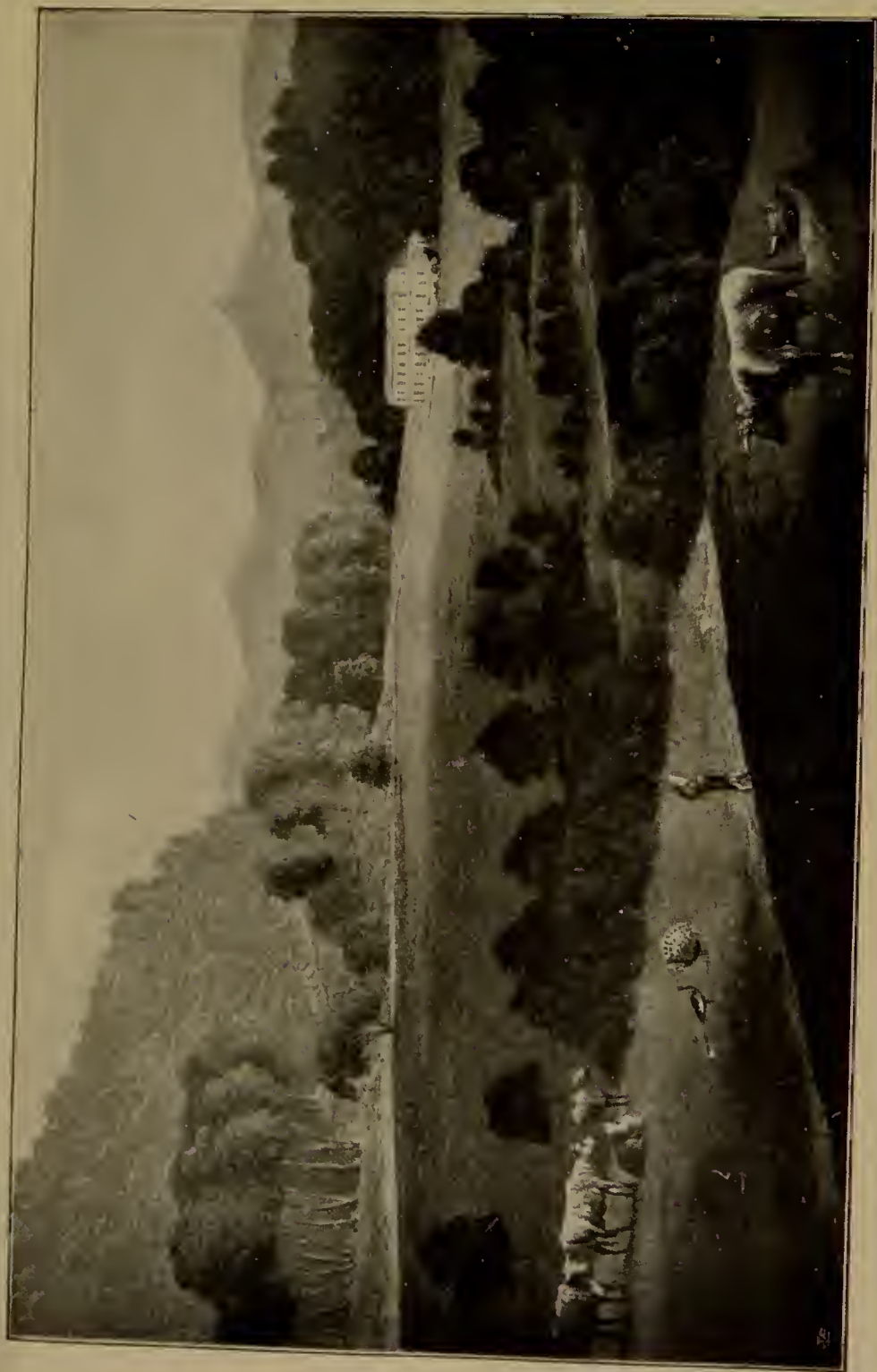
After these manœuvres the officers of the 66th were invited to dinner at Plantation House.

Hudson Lowe's residence, at the north-west of

Saint Helena, and on the same side of the island as Jamestown and The Briars, was a building lacking architectural style, but of a fine appearance. With its white front, its wings receding slightly and its two storeys lighted by a score of regular windows, it resembled one of those most desirable country-seats of France looking out upon a wide lawn and encircled and shaded by venerable trees. It was spacious and comfortable, and comprised forty rooms, including a hall, a luxuriously furnished drawing-room, a well-stocked library, a billiard-room and even that additional advantage : a concert-room.

The meal given to the officers of the 66th proved an excellent one. Henry admired the arrangements ; he praises the dishes and extols the generous wines. But he noticed that his host, continually preoccupied by Longwood and the responsibilities of his office, spoke little, and sometimes showed signs of absent-mindedness. "Happily," says he, "Lady Lowe kept the conversation from flagging, and we were all delighted with her. Lady Lowe's was not a perfect figure, but she had a fine face, laughing eyes, much conversational talent, a fair and beautiful neck, and a lovely arm. In short, she presided at her own table with much grace and brilliancy, and was altogether a very captivating woman."

She had two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage ; the elder at least, who resembled her mother, must have been equally attractive to the doctor.



PLANTATION HOUSE (1815).

From an old Engraving.]

Henry, no doubt, possessed some letter of introduction to the Governor, for he was one of three favoured guests to whom, after dinner, Hudson Lowe offered hospitality for the night.

The next day, before returning to Deadwood, he visited the gardens of Plantation.

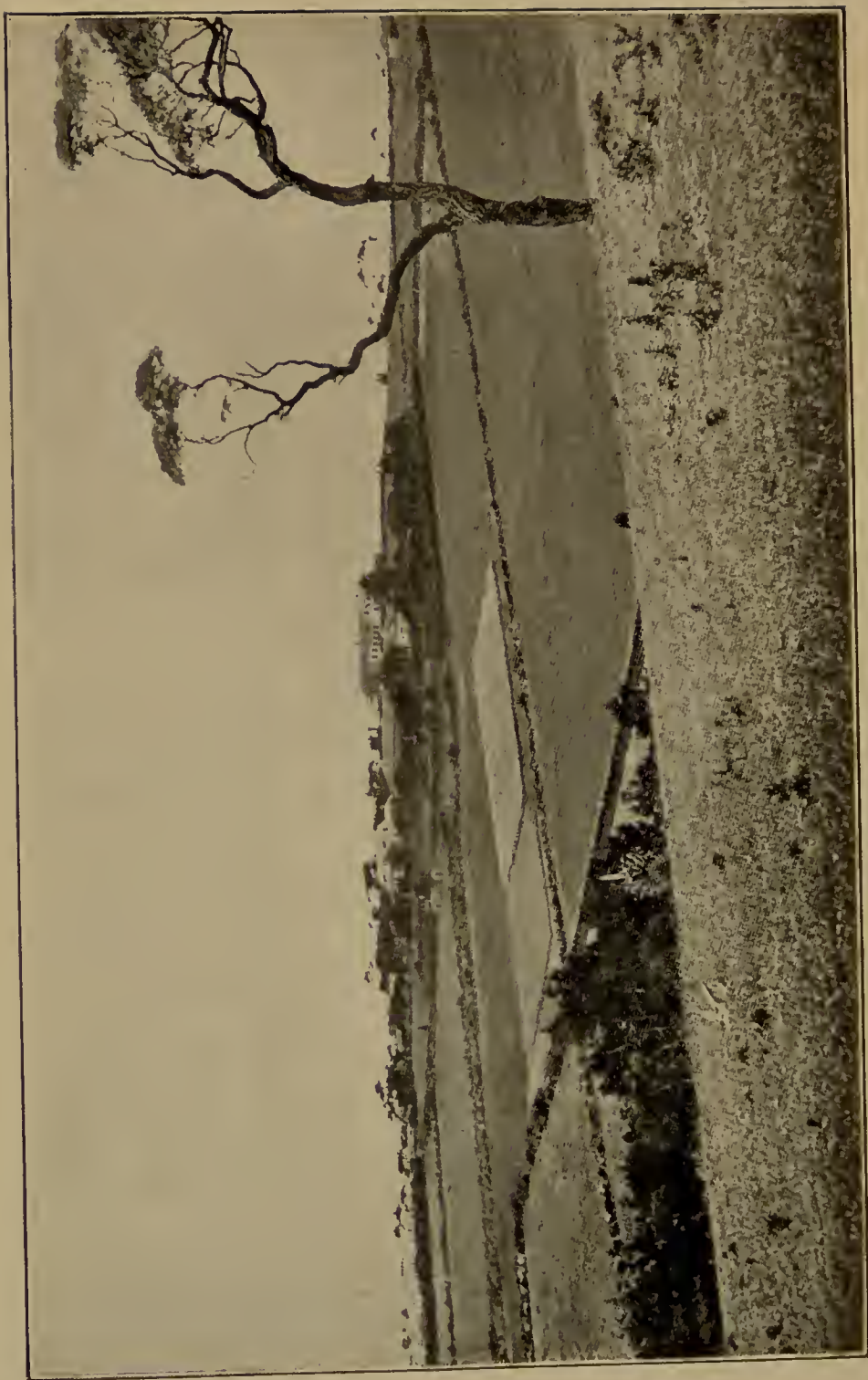
In an island almost completely bare, but for tiny oases like The Briars, these gardens caused astonishment; their extent was such that they might have been called a park, even in Europe.

A grove of firs scaled a hillock behind the house and formed a sombre background to its whiteness. In front, between two other hillocks planted with a variety of trees, tender green lawns spread out over almost half a mile. They were formed by a kind of grass, common at Saint Helena, and known as mat-grass, which grows thick and close, and gives under-foot the sensation of felt. They sloped gently towards the north, and were followed by a kind of staircase of wooded terraces which hastened the descent. The last one, from a height of several hundred feet, commanded a view of a deep ravine, Young's Valley, a romantic gully at the end of which the sea expanded its blue surface. Plantation is situated at an altitude hardly inferior to that of Longwood, but high summits shelter it from the trade-winds, and the position has every advantage. Both the chilly dampness of the unprotected plateau to which the Emperor was relegated and the stifling heat from which the inhabitants of Jamestown, cooped

up in their gorge, sometimes suffer are unknown here. The air is always delightful, balmy and pure. The thermometer seldom rises above 77° Fahrenheit, or falls below 65° . So mild and even a temperature suits plants of extremely different species and of all origins, whether they come from tropical or from temperate zones, from the old world or from the new. The Governor's gardens were a marvel of botanical contrasts.

The oak of Europe grew close to the banian of India; the birch of the north beside the baobab of Africa. Noble cedars stretched their great rigid arms near the flexible stipes and the plumes of the cocoa-trees; tapering poplars raised their crests above the round tops of the tamarinds. Under the slender springings of the beech-trees, white and red camelias blossomed in big bunches; ivy could be seen climbing the trunks of the sassafras, while the creepers of Brazil wound their tendrils and hung their violet clusters about the branches of the chestnuts. Every vegetable variety flourished to a remarkable degree in this spot. There were tree-like ferns and giant bamboos, bowers of box-trees six feet high, and impenetrable thickets of aloes. Here, palm-trees soared to an unusual height, and the Norfolk pine, rising three hundred feet into the air, towered above everything.

Henry first saw Plantation in August, a winter month at Saint Helena. Yet nearly all the trees had leaves, flowers or fruit. Indeed, perpetual summer



LONGWOOD PLATEAU.

reigns in places favourably situated on the island, and the oaks almost alone appear to remember the existence of seasons and shed their foliage.

Their bareness was hardly noticeable amidst the general luxuriance; their temporary abstention scarcely perceptible in the variegated harmony of frondescence in which the sombre ebony-trees and the light mimosas, the wine-coloured pruni and the bluish eucalyptuses, the golden catalpas and the silver willows still persisted. The tulip-tree studded the groves with the bright stars of its corols; the wide, low umbel of the melanodendron formed here and there a huge bunch of marguerites. Peach-trees were pink, pomegranates entirely purple, and orange- and lemon-trees offered to the visitors the gold of their red and yellow fruit.

Whilst Napoleon, at Longwood, bore the incessant blast of the bitter trade-winds, and had hardly any other vegetation to behold than the ironical leafage of the gum-trees, Hudson Lowe, in this earthly paradise, found throughout the year flowery haunts for his solemn meditations, magnolias and pines to distract his stern gaze, and breathed a mild air in which the musked aromas of the tropics and the balmy perfumes of northern forests mingled their fragrance in exquisite doses.

Henry confesses that he did not like the Governor at first: "His countenance," he grants, "was unpleasing." But the assistant-surgeon, young and gallant, fond of good living and a lover of beauti-

ful scenery, could not fail to be finally won over to a man who made up for lack of personal charm by the possession of three attractions particularly to be appreciated at Saint Helena: a pretty wife, a good cook, and an enchanted park.

His prejudices were quickly dispelled. He paid frequent visits to Plantation, and became one of the friends and the favourite doctor of the house. On his departure from the island, after Napoleon's death, Hudson Lowe strewed his passage with the flowers of a flattering General Order, which, no doubt, contributed to his promotion. He would be considered ungrateful if he did not act as he does, if he did not try to defend the man, to whom, perhaps, the success of his career was due; to whom at least he owed, during his stay in a dull garrison, the pleasure of excellent dinners, the charm of ladies' society, and the delight of green groves wherein to rest his eyes after the arid waste of Deadwood.

He says: "It is extremely probable, and I believe it to be a fact, that Sir Hudson Lowe went to Saint Helena determined to conduct himself with courtesy and kindness to Napoleon, and to afford him as many comforts and as much personal freedom as were consistent with his safe custody. I was intimately acquainted with the officer charged with the care of Longwood for nearly three years, and he assured me that the Governor repeatedly desired him to consult the comfort of the great man and his suite, to attend to their suggestions, and to make their

residence as agreeable as possible. Two of the orderly officers at Longwood, namely, Majors Blakeney and Nicholls, of the 66th Regiment, have given me the same assurance. I have myself seen courteous notes from Sir Hudson Lowe to these officers, accompanying pheasants and other delicacies sent from Plantation House for Napoleon's table."

Henry pleads an ungrateful cause. What are a few pheasants and occasional attentions when compared with countless mean actions and continual vexations! The witnesses of Saint Helena almost unanimously accuse Hudson Lowe; not only Napoleon's companions, such as Las Cases and Montholon, but also the legitimist Marquis de Montchenu, the Austrian, Sturmer, the Russian, Balmain, the Englishmen, O'Meara, Malcolm, and Stokoe. Read and read again the chroniclers of the Captivity: Henry has hardly any one to assist him in an impossible task, but the friend to whom he has just alluded: Colonel Basil Jackson. This officer, after having been Hudson Lowe's aide-de-camp in 1814, was brought by the Governor to Saint Helena, where he immediately rose from the rank of lieutenant to that of captain, at twenty-four years of age. An assiduous guest at Plantation, it was on him that the responsibility of keeping up the dilapidated buildings of Longwood devolved. Constantly obliged to shore its walls, requested, too often to his liking, to repair the pasteboard roofs, he considered the complaints of the Frenchmen excessive; he accuses them in his

memoirs of being exacting and always discontented, and strongly denounces the lies and wrangling whereby Bonaparte attempted to discredit the unhappy official in whose custody he was placed and bring about his ruin. Henry complacently quotes Jackson's opinions. But what weight can these opinions, even more tainted with partiality than his own, add to his hopeless attempt at a defence?

After having made the acquaintance of Hudson Lowe, the assistant-surgeon was now to see Napoleon. He is so favourably disposed towards the Governor, that it will doubtless surprise no one that he speaks unsympathetically of the Emperor.

CHAPTER III.

THE EMPEROR.

ON the 1st of September, 1817, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the officers of the 66th, headed by Sir George Bingham, the general in command of the garrison at Saint Helena, called on Napoleon at Longwood.

They had requested the Emperor to receive them, and came in a body to pay him a visit.

They numbered thirty-seven, all in full-dress uniform: a red coat with yellow collar and cuffs, silver epaulets, a crimson sash, a sword, white breeches, soft top boots, and cocked hats ornamented with plumes.

Henry, in his account of the interview which took place, begins as follows:—

“The old illustration of a fly presuming to scan the proportions of some noble column, may be applied to the boldness of so humble a person as the author, in daring publicly to express an opinion respecting Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet, it may be urged in extenuation of this audacity, that almost every rational person within the circle of civilisation has an opinion on the subject, and that some thousands of them have been already given to the public. Further, I may be per-

mitted to remark, that I had minutely and with great attention read his history, and that of the French Revolution; and was well acquainted with his own great achievements, and competently informed as to the public lives of the most prominent characters on the European stage, for the last forty or fifty years. It also may be truly alleged, that as I had never joined in the Napoleonic idolatry, neither, on the other hand, had I chimed in with the loud execrations poured upon his name, nor in the opinions of many who could perceive nothing but the most gigantic guilt in the man, without one single redeeming quality. Perhaps the time is not yet come for the most upright and impartial minds to free themselves from a strong and early bias, pro or con, and to judge with the necessary coolness and moderation. We still walk on the warm surface of the extinct volcano which the great man in question so materially assisted in kindling and extending; the fire is scarcely out *sub sinere doloso*, and we are not yet comfortable nor sure of our footing.

“Napoleon always appeared to me a being of an unique character, isolated, unapproachable, *sui generis*, or rather a genus in himself. Possessing a daring and comprehensive mind, which could at the same time conceive the most magnificent schemes and designs, and embrace all the prospective steps and minute details necessary for their accomplishment, he found himself at once pushed on by fortune into an elevated station, and then raised himself to the

highest, by consummate political talent and military skill, directing the chivalrous devotion of masses of enthusiastic soldiers. But, as has been well said, lord though he was of France and almost of Europe, he was never thoroughly master of the little world within; for the fierce Italian passions would boil up in his bosom, and often overboil without effectual constraint. At length, rendered giddy by the immense elevation he had attained, and the constant whirl of his perilous prosperity, he yet soared higher; but the ascent could not always last, and he began to totter to his fall. One false step was on the towers of the Escorial, and another still more fatal, on the dome of Kremlin. Long, and bravely, and tenaciously, did he cling to his lofty position notwithstanding; and when he found himself falling, attempt to regain it with astonishing power of resilience: but the fiat had gone forth against him, and it was all in vain. At length he tumbled down hopelessly and for ever, without the smallest sympathy from mankind to soften his fall.

“As to his moral character, I believe his warmest advocates can here say very little in his favour. He was utterly devoid of any honest ethical principles, reckless as to right and wrong, conscienceless, remorseless. His uniform rule through life was, the end justifies the means.”

Henry, in the first line of this preamble, humbles himself, proclaims himself a pigmy and states his fear of ridicule should he venture to criticise a colossus; in the next line, he boasts of a thorough knowledge of

the history of his time, and esteems himself sufficiently competent to speak of Napoleon. He protests his impartiality, but adds that impartiality is perhaps impossible at the period of passion at which he is writing. After having expressed such an opinion, he ought, logically, to practise prudent circumspection. Far from that, he at once pronounces a severe and definite judgment on a character which, after so much study with the aid of innumerable documents unknown to him, and now that it can be examined dispassionately, is generally regarded as at least enigmatic.

Why does Henry thus jump across contradictions to hasty conclusions? His aim is to influence the reader and to prepare him for the equally unflattering physical portrait he is about to draw of Napoleon, for the repulsive features he will attribute to him, the interpretation he will place upon his words and gestures; in short, for the impression which he declares he received on his visit to Longwood. This impression, he is aware, runs the risk of provoking astonishment; it differs from that generally experienced by his countrymen in the presence of the captive of Saint Helena.

Let us see how the Emperor is described and judged by the Englishmen who were able to approach him between these two dates: the fatal morning on which he loses his liberty in the roadstead of Rochefort by throwing himself upon British generosity, and the evening of May 5th, 1821, when death delivers him from a lamentable existence on a rock!

“When Napoleon Bonaparte came on board the *Bellerophon*, on the 15th of July, 1815,” relates Captain Maitland, “he wanted exactly one month of completing his forty-sixth year, being born the 15th of August, 1769. He was then a remarkably strong, well-built man, about 5 feet 7 inches high, his limbs particularly well-formed, with a fine ankle and very small foot, of which he seemed rather vain, as he always wore, while on board the ship, silk stockings and shoes. His hands were also very small and had the plumpness of a woman’s rather than the robustness of a man’s. His eyes were light grey, his teeth good. When he smiled, the expression of his countenance was highly pleasing, but under the influence of disappointment it assumed a sombre, gloomy cast. His hair was of a very dark brown, nearly approaching to black, and, though a little thin on the top and front, had not a grey hair amongst it. His complexion was a very uncommon one, being of a light sallow colour, differing from almost any other I ever met with.”

This is followed by a eulogy of Napoleon’s pleasing and affable manners, a eulogy which acquires a particular value from the circumstances under which the Emperor merited it:—

“He joined in every conversation, related numerous anecdotes, and endeavoured, in every way, to promote good humour: he even admitted his attendants to great familiarity; and I saw one or two instances of their contradicting him in the most direct terms, though they generally treated him with much

respect. He possessed, to a wonderful degree, a facility in making a favourable impression upon those with whom he entered into conversation : this appeared to me to be accomplished by turning the subject to matters he supposed the person he was addressing was well acquainted with, and on which he could show himself to advantage. . . .

“ He appeared to have great command of temper ; for though no man could have had greater trials than fell to his lot during the time he remained on board the *Bellerophon*, he never, in my presence, or as far as I know, allowed a fretful or captious expression to escape him : even the day he received the notification from Sir Bunbury, that it was determined to send him to Saint Helena, he chatted and conversed with the same cheerfulness as usual. It has been asserted that he was acting a part all the time he was on board the ship ; but still, even allowing that to be the case, nothing but great command of temper could have sustained such a part for so many days, in his situation.”

From the *Bellerophon*, the Emperor is transferred to the *Northumberland*, which has been chosen to carry him to the island of exile. The passage from the one ship to the other takes place on the 7th of August, 1815, off the English coast, at Torbay. An eye-witness, William Warden, surgeon of the British Navy, describes the scene as follows :—

“ Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and

there were also some individuals of rank who had come round from motives of curiosity.

“The marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave, but anxious aspect in all the spectators, which, in the opinion of others as well as in my own, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and having bowed, retired a few steps to give place to him whom he still considered as his master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel all his most respectful homage was still due. The whole ship’s company seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the rapt attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his Lordship, high as he is in naval character, Admiral also of the Channel Fleet, to which we belonged, and arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, emblazoned with the decorations of his order, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

“With a slow step Bonaparte mounted the gangway, and, on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guard presented arms and the drum rolled. The officers of the *Northumberland*, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached, and saluted with an air of the most affable politeness. . . .

“His dress was that of a general of French infantry when it formed a part of his army. The coat was green faced with white ; the rest was white, with white silk stockings, and a handsome shoe with gold oval buckles.”

The Emperor landed at Saint Helena on the 17th of October, 1815. The next day, accompanied by Count Bertrand, Sir George Cockburn, and two English officers, he visited the cottage of The Briars. Betsy Balcombe had been brought up in terror of his name, as she herself relates. When she was five years old, Bonaparte was described to her as an ogre whose solitary red eye blazed in the middle of his forehead, and whose big teeth—that, especially, alarmed her—tore to pieces little girls who grieved their parents. Now, aged fourteen, she still believed him to be the ugliest and most wicked of men. And this is how he appeared to her on a radiant afternoon of a southern spring :—

“The party arrived at the gate, and there being no carriage road, they all dismounted, excepting the Emperor. He retained his seat and rode up the avenue, his horse’s feet cutting up the turf on our pretty lawn. Sir George Cockburn walked on one side of his horse, and General Bertrand on the other. How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread, mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to fear so much. His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one ; his colour jet



MRS. ABELL (BETSY BALCOMBE).

After the Portrait in her "Recollections" (1844).

black ; and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world.

“Napoleon’s position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings were of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him.

“He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immovable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented mamma on the pretty situation of The Briars. When once he began to speak, his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him.

“While he was talking to mamma, I had an opportunity of scrutinising his features, which I did with the keenest interest, and certainly I have never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features ; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvas, and these constituted Napoleon’s chief charm.

His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's; rather too much so indeed for a man, as its very softness caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply in his waistcoat pocket."

A few days later, Betsy, now quite at home with the ogre of her childhood, began to plague him by her sly tricks. How charming the book in which, as Mrs. Abell and already old, she tells, after the lines just quoted, of her lack of respect and her impudence, and pays homage to the Emperor's patience! A woman's narrative, indeed, flowing at the caprice of her reminiscences, badly composed, badly written, but full of delicate feeling, at one and the same time melancholy and lively, and suggestive of the pretty babble of a child! In the stern and dreary literature of Saint Helena, it is what the green site of The Briars was in its grey frame of rocks—a spot where bright geraniums and pale roses flourish side by side, to the refreshing murmur of a brook.

Some English critics, resembling Henry in their rejection of a sympathetic Napoleon, have recently expressed their doubts of Mrs. Abell's veracity and of the Emperor's kindly indulgence towards a frolicsome child. But O'Meara, Las Cases, Montholon, Warden, Monchenu, Sturmer, and Balmain corroborate Betsy's anecdotes and sketches in various

passages. She is further supported by less known narrators, as will appear from the following pages written by an Englishwoman, the wife of an officer of the 53rd, the regiment which preceded the 66th at Deadwood camp:—

“My first introduction to Bonaparte was in the island of Saint Helena, at the place called The Briars, in the month of December, 1815, about six weeks after his arrival at the island.

“This introduction was by chance, and through the means of two young and lively English ladies, who had lately returned from a boarding-school in England, daughters of the proprietor of The Briars.

“We went, by invitation, to dine at The Briars, where Bonaparte resided for some weeks after his arrival, until the house at Longwood was put in order and prepared for his reception. I was walking with my little daughter (eight years of age), and the two young ladies before-mentioned, in the garden before The Briars, when Bonaparte came forth from a tent which was pitched on one side of the house, accompanied by his secretary, Count Las Cases.

“Bonaparte was a little man, stout and corpulent, of a dark olive complexion, fine features, eyes of a light bluish grey, and, when not speaking or animated, of an abstracted, heavy countenance. But when lighted up and interested, his expression was very fine, and the benevolence of his smile I never saw surpassed. He was particularly vain of a *small* and *beautiful hand*, and handsome little feet; as vain

nearly (I dare say) as of having conquered half the universe. Bonaparte laid a great stress on the beauty of hands in ladies, and frequently inquired of me, during our residence in Saint Helena, respecting the hands of the ladies he had not seen; and seemed to think a pretty and delicate hand the *ne plus ultra* of beauty and gentility.

“Napoleon was dressed, on the day of my first introduction to him, in a green coat, silk stockings, small shoes, large square gold buckles, and a cocked hat, with a ribbon of some order, seen through the button-hole of his coat.

“The two young ladies, who were respectively about thirteen and fifteen years of age, were quite familiar with the ex-Emperor, ran playfully towards him, dragging me forward by the hand, and saying to him, ‘This lady is the mother of the little girl who pleased you the other day by singing Italian canzonets.’

“Upon this he made me a bow, which I returned by a low and reverential curtsy, feeling, at the same time, a little confused at this sudden and uncere-
monious introduction.

“‘Madame,’ said he, ‘you have a sprightly little daughter; where did she learn to sing the Italian songs?’

“On my replying that I had taught her myself, he said ‘*Bon!*’ He then asked me what country-woman I was?—‘English.’—‘Where were you educated?’—‘In London.’—‘What ship did you



THE BRIARS.

come out in to Saint Helena? What regiment is your husband in? And what rank has he in the army?' And a variety of like questions, as quick as possible, did Bonaparte make to me, and all in Italian. All this time the two young ladies and my little daughter were running to and fro around us, and chattering to the Great Hero, who seemed to delight much in their lively and unsophisticated manners. . . ."

After the departure of Napoleon from The Briars, the English could not so easily obtain access to him. They were soon obliged to apply for permission to Hudson Lowe, who arrived at Saint Helena a few months later. Sometimes the Governor refused to let them see the Emperor, sometimes he discouraged their curiosity by searching questions and menacing admonitions: "Why were they so anxious to go to Longwood? Would they give their word of honour that they were not the bearers of any secret message for General Bonaparte? Were they aware that to deliver him clandestinely a letter, pamphlet, or newspaper, to afford him any assistance in communicating with the outside world, or even to show him undue deference, to address him as *Sire*, for instance, rendered them liable to immediate expulsion from the island or to imprisonment?"

Thus treated as suspicious characters, many became alarmed and, finally, considered it prudent to abandon their intention.

Moreover, Hudson Lowe's authorisation, which

took the shape of a pass, only admitted them to the enclosure of Longwood. They could roam for hours and even days, in this enclosure, without once seeing Napoleon. He hardly ever left his apartments, and, at all events, rarely went beyond the immediate neighbourhood of his house.

In order to contemplate "the extraordinary man," Englishmen were obliged to solicit the honour of being presented to him, through the medium of Count Bertrand. The reply was not always that desired. The Emperor, however, consented readily enough to receive the dignitaries and important officials who passed through Saint Helena, officers of mark or of high rank, explorers and learned men, every one in fact from whom even the Governor hardly dared withhold his permission.

Thus, audience was granted to Lord Amherst notably, and to Captain Basil Hall. The visits of that nobleman and of that distinguished sailor to Longwood only preceded that of the 66th by a few weeks. They have been recorded and will be related presently. Maitland, Warden, and Mrs. Abell would suffice, at a pinch, to bring out in relief the malevolence of the sketch at which Henry is to try his hand later. But, were he still alive, he would not fail to urge that the Napoleon seen by him at Longwood might differ in appearance, in countenance, and in attitude from the Napoleon of The Briars, of the *Northumberland*, and of the

Bellerophon. It is well to hear, on the Emperor's side, Englishmen who saw him at the same period and in the same place as the assistant-surgeon.

Lord Amherst stopped at Saint Helena on his return from an Embassy extraordinary to China. He was received by Napoleon on July 1st, 1817, and on being shown into his presence declared: "My great desire for twenty years has been to see you." As O'Meara tells us, the Emperor then began to speak of his present situation, to describe his loneliness, and his sad and sedentary life. Afterwards, wishing to explain his physical inactivity and his dislike for crossing the boundary of Longwood, he asked: "Would you, my Lord, go out under the restriction of not saying more than 'how do you do?' to any person you met unless in the presence of a British officer? It is true that the Governor has removed this prohibition, but he may impose it again, as his caprice dictates. Would you go out under the restriction of not being able to move to the right or to the left of the road? Would you stir out under the obligation of coming in again at six o'clock in the evening, or otherwise run the risk of being stopped by sentinels at the gates?" Lord Amherst—still according to O'Meara—is said to have replied: "I should do as you do; I should not leave my room."

He subsequently denied having uttered these words of approbation, but in a somewhat half-hearted manner, and—the circumstance calls for

attention—at the request of Hudson Lowe, after the Emperor's death, when the Governor began to experience disgrace, and to see the tide of public opinion in his own country turn against him.

Be that as it may, little is known, one must admit, of a conversation which lasted over an hour.

But Lord Amherst had come to Longwood with a fairly numerous suite. When the Ambassador's audience was over, he first introduced Henry Ellis, the secretary of the Embassy, to Napoleon; then, eight other Englishmen together—in all, nine people, of whom three have related their impressions: Henry Ellis, the naval surgeon, MacLeod, and Dr. Abel.

The first gives the following account:—

“Although, like others, I was familiar with the details of Bonaparte's present situation, and might, therefore, be supposed to have become saturated with those sentiments of surprise, which such an extraordinary reverse of fortune was calculated to excite, I must confess that I could boast but little self-possession on entering the presence of a man who had been at once the terror and wonder of the civilised world. The absence of attendants, and the other circumstances of high station, did not seem to me to have affected his individual greatness; however elevated his rank had been, his actions had been still beyond it. Even the mighty weapons which he had wielded were light to his gigantic

strength ; the splendour of a court, the pomp, discipline, and number of his armies, sufficient to have constituted the personal greatness of an hereditary monarch, scarcely added to the effect produced by the tremendous, but fortunately ill-directed, energies of his mind. Their absence, therefore, did not diminish the influence of his individuality. I do not know that I ever before felt myself in the presence of a mind so much differing from mine, not only in degree, but in nature ; and could have had but little disposition to gratify curiosity by inquiries into the motives which had guided his conduct in the eventful transactions of his life. I came prepared to listen and recollect, not to question or speculate.

“ Lord Amherst having presented me, Napoleon began by saying that my name was not unknown to him ; that he understood I had been at Constantinople, and had a faint recollection of some person of my name having been employed in Russia. I, in reply, said that I had been at Constantinople on my way to Persia. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘it was I who showed you the way to that country. *Eh bien, comment se porte mon ami le Shah?* What have the Russians been doing lately in that quarter?’ On my informing him that the result of the last war had been the cession of all the territory in the military occupation of their troops, he said, ‘Yes, Russia is the power now most to be dreaded : Alexander may have what-

ever army he pleases. Unlike the French and English, the subjects of the Russian Empire improve their condition by becoming soldiers. If I called on a Frenchman to quit his country, I required him to abandon his happiness. The Russian, on the contrary, is a slave while a peasant, and becomes free and respectable when a soldier. A Frenchman, leaving his country, always changes for the worse, while Germany, France, and Italy are all superior to the native country of the Russians. Their immense bodies of Cossacks are also formidable; their mode of travelling resembles that of the Bedouins of the desert. They advance with confidence into the most unknown regions. . . . If Russia organises Poland she will be irresistible. . . . ”

Thereupon, Napoleon left the empire of the Czars and turned abruptly to English politics, while Ellis and Lord Amherst listened with more rapt attention. According to him, England ought not to seek to become a great military power, since her army only numbered 40,000 men, and she would always remain on that account inferior to several nations. She should devote all her resources to her fleet. It was a mistake on her part to ally herself to Russia, Austria and Prussia, for only these three States had benefited by the European conflict, and the treaties of 1815. “In sacrificing maritime affairs,” said the Emperor, “you were acting like Francis I. at the battle of Pavia, whose General had made an excellent dis-



NAPOLÉON AT SAINT HELENA.

From a Drawing by Captain Barnes (1817).]

position of his army, and had placed forty-five pieces of cannon (an unheard-of battery at that time) in a situation that must have secured the victory. Francis, however, his *grand sabre à la main*, placed himself at the head of his *gendarmerie* and household troops, between the battery and the enemy, and thereby lost the advantage his superiority of artillery gave him; thus, seduced by a temporary success, you are masking the only battery you possess, your naval pre-eminence. While that remains, you may blockade all Europe. I well know the effect of blockade. With two small wooden machines, you distress a line of coast, and place a country in the situation of a body rubbed over with oil, and thus deprived of natural perspiration. I am now suffering in my face from this obstruction to perspiration, and blockade has the same effect upon a nation. What have you gained by the possession of my person, but an opportunity of exhibiting an example of ungenerousness?"

The Emperor spoke for about half an hour. Ellis found him eloquent and persuasive, but somewhat hurried in his delivery, which was almost equal in rapidity to the succession of his thoughts.

The tendency in London was to depict him as labouring under grotesque obesity, and caricaturists drew him with a huge belly. "Considering his age," states the secretary of the Embassy, "he was not unusually corpulent. . . ."

"His manner was pleasing and had a mixture of simplicity and conscious superiority. . . ."

Napoleon brought the conversation to an end by a wave of the hand, and gave orders for the group of visitors still waiting in the antechamber to be ushered in.

Count Bertrand introduced Lord Amherst's son, a youth; the private secretary, Hayne; the naval captain, Murray Maxwell; the surgeon, MacLeod; Lieutenant Cook, of the Marines; Dr. Abel; Dr. Lynn; and the clergyman, Griffiths.

All these Englishmen were returning from the Far East with the Ambassador, after a somewhat unfortunate mission to Peking. The sovereign of China had refused to receive them, for reasons of etiquette, and near the Sunda Straits they had lost their principal ship, the *Alceste*.

Count Bertrand placed them round the Emperor in a circle, and Lord Amherst—MacLeod relates—began the series of presentations with Captain Maxwell, whom Napoleon, with an air of perfect good humour, reproached for having formerly captured the French vessel, *La Pomone*: "You did not behave very well to me on that occasion," he said. "Your Government must not blame you for the loss of the *Alceste*, for you have taken one of my frigates."

Next, he congratulated the Ambassador's son on having made so lengthy a voyage at so tender an age, joked with him about the Chinamen with their pig-tails, and spoke in flattering terms of his

mother. MacLeod, who came third, was questioned as to the nature and duration of his service. Dr. Abel, the naturalist of the expedition, was asked by the Emperor whether he knew Sir Joseph Banks, "whose name was a passport in France, and whose wishes were always attended to, even during war"; Lieutenant Cook, whether he was a descendant of the famous navigator; Dr. Lynn, at what University he had studied. "At Edinburgh," replied the last—"Then, you are probably a Brunonian in practice. Do you bleed and prescribe as much mercury as our Saint Helena doctors?" Turning to the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, Napoleon continued by maliciously inquiring: "Have you found out what religion the Chinese profess?"—"It is somewhat difficult to say; but it seems a sort of polytheism." The Emperor did not appear to understand this word, pronounced in the English manner, and Count Bertrand intervened to explain: "*Pluralité des Dieux!*"—"Ah! *la pluralité des Dieux!* And do they believe in the immortality of the soul?"—"I think they have some idea of a future state." Napoleon smiled at such vague information, and said: "Well, when you go home, you must get a good living; I wish you may be made a prebendary, sir." Two or three questions to Hayne, the secretary, concluded the interview, whereupon the Embassy was dismissed and went away much gratified, each one of its members bearing with him the recollection of some gracious remark.

MacLeod here makes an odd reflection, which shows the prejudices that certain Englishmen brought to Longwood, when they had previously called at Plantation House: "Although there was nothing *descending* in Bonaparte's manner, yet it was affable and polite; and, whatever may be his general habit, he can behave himself very prettily if he pleases."

This language, which suggests that of a prison inspector surprised at having to give a good mark to an unruly inmate, is evidently inspired by Hudson Lowe's information. In the Governor's eyes, Napoleon is a mere prisoner, and a prisoner whose conduct leaves a great deal to be desired. Anybody proposing to pay him a visit is always warned that he is about to see a dangerous fellow.

The accounts of Ellis and MacLeod are completed by Dr. Abel, who records his impression in a somewhat original page. He pays no heed to the conversation that took place at the interview, and does not report it. What interested him in the Emperor was the conformation of his skull, the width of his thorax, the proportions of his limbs, his height, bearing, gait, the play of his muscles and the expression of his eyes. Being a naturalist, he observed the great man as he observed the animals which, together with exotic plants, formed the habitual subject of his studies. He describes him as, in certain places of his book—*Narrative of a Journey in the Interior of China*,—he describes

such and such a mammifer of the Chinese fauna, the python of Java, or the orang-outang of Borneo. Let not the reader laugh! The pen of this precise and circumstantial scientist, so quick to grasp shapes and attitudes, anatomical details and physical signs, traces an excellent, a very life-like portrait of Napoleon.

In corroboration of Ellis—and, indeed, of MacLeod also—Dr. Abel only imputes an ordinary degree of stoutness to the Emperor: “Bonaparte’s person,” he writes, “has nothing of that morbid fulness which I had been led to look for. On the contrary, I scarcely recollect to have seen a form more expressive of strength and even of vigour. It is true that he was very large, considering his height, which is about 5 feet 7 inches; but his largeness had nothing of unwieldiness. The fine proportion of his limbs, which has been often noticed, was still preserved. His legs, although very muscular, had the exactest symmetry. His whole form, indeed, was so closely knit, that firmness might be said to be its striking characteristic. His standing posture had a remarkable statue-like fixedness about it, which seemed scarcely to belong to the graceful ease of his step. The most remarkable character of his countenance was, to me, its variableness. Bonaparte has the habit of earnestly gazing for a few seconds upon the person whom he is about to address, and whilst thus occupied holds his features in perfect repose. The character of his

countenance in this state, especially when viewed in profile, might be called settled design. But the instant that he enters into conversation, his features express any force or kind of emotion with suddenness and ease. His eye, especially, seems not only to alter its expression, but its colour. I am sure, had I only noticed it while the muscles of the face, and particularly of the forehead, were in play, I should have called it a very dark eye; on the contrary, when at rest, I had remarked its light colour and peculiar flary lustre. Nothing, indeed, could better prove its changeable character than the difference of opinion which occurred amongst us respecting its colour. Although each person of the Embassy naturally fixed his attention on Napoleon's countenance, all did not agree on the colour of his eyes."

The impressions of Ellis, MacLeod and Abel, relating to Napoleon, lead naturally to the record—connected with them by the circumstances of its origin—that Captain Basil Hall has left of his visit to Longwood. None is so interesting, none depicts so well Napoleon's appearance and gestures, and, above all, his manner of conducting verbal intercourse. We realise here how the Emperor could, when inclined to do so, charm and fascinate his interlocutor. Indeed, he had some conversational talent, though by and by we shall hear Henry express a somewhat contrary opinion.

Captain Basil Hall, of His Majesty's Navy, had accompanied the Amherst mission to China, on his

brig, the *Lyra*. This vessel and the frigate, the *Alceste*, after leaving the Gulf of Petchili, explored the coast of the Corean peninsula, visited the undiscovered island of Loo-Choo, and finally separated at Manila to return to Europe by different routes. Whilst the frigate struck against a rock at the entry to the Sea of Java, foundered, and had to be abandoned by all on board, the brig crossed the Straits of Malacca and reached Bengal; she carried despatches to Calcutta, then to Madras. She was detained in those two ports, where she lost considerable time. So that, in spite of their misadventure, the shipwrecked passengers of the *Alceste*, who had been picked up and were returning to England on board a vessel of the East India Company, touched at Saint Helena before her.

Captain Basil Hall landed at Jamestown on August 11th, 1817. He immediately solicited an audience that had been his heart's desire for several months. He saw Count Bertrand and Napoleon's physician, Dr. O'Meara, begged them to intercede on his behalf, and anxiously awaited the result, for a whole afternoon, at Longwood. The Emperor did not seem disposed to receive him, when the idea occurred to the sailor of referring to his father, the Scotch scientist, James Hall, who had stayed at Brienne as a visitor, while the young Bonaparte was there as a pupil.

The name, recalling years upon which Napoleon now appeared to look back with pleasure, had a

magical effect. On the 13th of August, the Captain obtained the coveted interview. When he entered the room in which the Emperor was awaiting him, he found him absorbed as though lost in memories :—

“ I saw Bonaparte standing before the fire with his head leaning on his hand, and his elbow resting on the chimney-piece. He looked up, and came forward two paces, returning my salutation with a careless sort of bow, or nod. His first question was ‘What is your name?’ and, upon my answering, he said, ‘Ah,—Hall—I knew your father when I was at the Military College of Brienne. I remember him perfectly—he was fond of mathematics—he did not associate much with the younger part of the scholars, but rather with the priests and professors, in another part of the town from that in which we lived.’ He then paused for an instant, and as he seemed to expect me to speak, I remarked, that I had often heard my father mention the circumstance of his having been at Brienne during the period referred to ; but had never supposed it possible that a private individual could be remembered at such a distance of time, the interval of which had been filled with so many important events. ‘Oh no,’ exclaimed he, ‘it is not in the least surprising ; your father was the first Englishman I ever saw, and I have recollected him all my life on that account.’

“ In a few seconds, after making this remark, Bonaparte asked with a playful expression of

countenance, as if amused with what he was saying, 'Have you ever heard your father speak of me?' I replied instantly, 'Very often.' Upon which he said, in a quick sharp tone, 'What does he say of me?' The manner in which this was spoken seemed to demand an immediate reply, and I answered that I had often heard him express great admiration for the encouragement he had always given to science while he was Emperor of the French. He laughed and nodded repeatedly, as if gratified by what was said.

"His next question was: 'Did you ever hear your father express any desire to see me?' I replied that I had heard him often say there was no man alive so well worth seeing, and that he had strictly enjoined me to wait upon him if ever I should have an opportunity. 'Very well,' retorted Bonaparte, 'if he really considers me such a curiosity, and is so desirous to see me, why does he not come to Saint Helena for that purpose?' I was at first at a loss to know whether this question was put seriously or ironically: but as I saw him waiting for an answer, I said my father had too many occupations and duties. 'Does he fill a public station?' I told him none of an official nature; but that he was President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the duties of which claimed a good deal of his time and attention. This observation gave rise to a series of inquiries respecting the constitution of the Society in question. He made me describe the duties of all the office-bearers from the president to the secretary,

and the manner in which scientific papers were brought before the Society's notice ; he seemed much struck, I thought, and rather amused with the custom of discussing subjects publicly at the meetings in Edinburgh. When I told him the number of members was several hundreds, he shook his head, and said: 'All these cannot surely be men of science!' When he had satisfied himself on this topic, he reverted to the subject of my father, and, after seeming to make a calculation, observed, 'Your father must, I think, be my senior by nine or ten years—at least nine—but I think ten. Tell me, is it not so?' I answered, that he was very nearly correct. Upon which he laughed and turned almost completely round on his heel, nodding his head several times. I did not presume to ask him where the joke lay, but imagined he was pleased with the correctness of his computation. He followed up his inquiries by begging to know what number of children my father had, and did not quit this branch of the subject till he had obtained a correct list of the ages and occupation of the whole family. He then asked, 'How long were you in France?' and on my saying I had not yet visited that country, he desired to know where I had learned French. I said, from Frenchmen on board various ships of war. 'Were you the prisoner amongst the French,' he asked, 'or were they your prisoners?' I told him my teachers were French officers captured by the ships I had served in. He then desired me to

describe the details of the chase and capture of the ships we had made prize of; but soon seeing that this subject afforded no point of any interest, he cut it short by asking me about the *Lyra's* voyage to the Eastern seas, from which I was now returning. This topic proved a new and fertile source of interest, and he engaged in it, accordingly, with the most astonishing degree of eagerness.

“The opportunities which his elevated station had given Napoleon of obtaining information on almost every subject, and his vast power of rapid and correct observation, had rendered it a matter of so much difficulty to place before him anything totally new, that I considered myself fortunate in having something to speak of beyond the mere commonplaces of a formal interview. Bonaparte has always been supposed to have taken a particular interest in Eastern affairs; and from the avidity with which he seemed to devour the information I gave him about Loo-Choo, China, and the adjacent countries, it was impossible to doubt the sincerity of his Oriental predilections. A notion also prevails, if I am not mistaken, that his geographical knowledge of those distant regions was rather loose—a charge which, by the way, Bonaparte probably shares with most people. I was, therefore, not a little surprised to discover his ideas upon the relative situation of the countries in the China and Japan seas to be very distinct and precise. On my naming the island of Loo-Choo to him, he shook his head as if he had never heard of it before, and made

me tell him how it bore from Canton, and what was the distance. He next asked its bearing with respect to Japan and Manila, by the intersection of which three lines, in his imagination, he appeared to have settled its position pretty accurately, since every observation he made afterwards seemed to imply a recollection of this particular point. For instance, when he spoke of the probability of the manners and institutions of the Loo-Chooans having been influenced by the interference of other countries, he drew correct inferences as far as geographical situation was concerned. Having settled where the island lay, he cross-questioned me about the inhabitants with a closeness—I may call it a severity of investigation—which far exceeds everything I have met with in any other instance. His questions were not by any means put at random, but each one had some definite reference to that which preceded it or was about to follow. I felt in a short time so completely exposed to his view, that it would have been impossible to have concealed or falsified the smallest particular. Such, indeed, was the rapidity of his apprehension of the subjects which interested him, and the astonishing ease with which he arranged and generalised the few points of information I gave him, that he sometimes outstripped my narrative, saw the conclusion I was coming to before I spoke it, and fairly robbed me of my story.

“Several circumstances, however, respecting the Loo-Choo people, surprised even him a good deal;

and I had the satisfaction of seeing him more than once completely perplexed, and unable to account for the phenomena which I related. Nothing struck him so much as their having no arms. '*Point d'armes!*' he exclaimed; '*c'est-à-dire point de canons—ils ont des fusils?*' 'Not even muskets,' I replied. '*Eh bien donc—des lances, ou, au moins, des arcs et des flèches?*' I told him they had neither one nor other. '*Ni poignards?*' cried he, with increasing vehemence. 'No, none.' '*Mais!*' said Bonaparte, clenching his fist, and raising his voice to a loud pitch, '*Mais sans armes, comment se bat-on?*'

"I could only reply, that as far as we had been able to discover, they had never had any wars, but remained in a state of internal and external peace. 'No wars!' cried he, with a scornful and incredulous expression, as if the existence of any people under the sun without wars was a monstrous anomaly.

"In like manner, but without being so much moved, he seemed to discredit the account I gave him of their having no money, and of their setting no value upon our silver or gold coins. After hearing these facts stated, he mused for some time, muttering to himself in a low tone, 'Not know the use of money—are careless about gold and silver!' Then looking up, he asked sharply, 'How, then, did you contrive to pay these strangest of all people for the bullocks and other good things which they seem to have sent on board in such quantities?' When I informed him that we could not prevail upon the people of Loo-Choo

to receive payment of any kind, he expressed great surprise at their liberality, and made me repeat to him twice the list of things with which we were supplied by these hospitable islanders.

“I had carried with me, at Count Bertrand’s suggestion, some drawings of the scenery and costume of Loo-Choo and Corea, which I found of use in describing the inhabitants. When we were speaking of Corea, he took one of the drawings from me, and running his eye over the different parts, repeated to himself, ‘An old man with a very large hat, and long white beard, ha!—a long pipe in his hand—a Chinese mat—a Chinese dress—a man near him writing—all very good, and distinctly drawn.’ He then required me to tell him where the different parts of these dresses were manufactured, and what were the different prices—questions I could not answer. He wished to be informed as to the state of agriculture in Loo-Choo—whether they ploughed with horses or bullocks—how they managed their crops, and whether or not their fields were irrigated like those in China, where, as he understood, the system of artificial watering was carried to a great extent. The climate, the aspect of the country, the structure of the houses and boats, the fashion of their dresses, even to the minutest particular in the formation of their straw sandals and tobacco pouches, occupied his attention. He appeared considerably amused at the pertinacity with which they kept their women out of our sight; but repeatedly expressed himself much pleased with

Captain Maxwell's moderation and good sense, in forbearing to urge any point upon the natives which was disagreeable to them, or contrary to the laws of their country. He asked many questions respecting the religion of China and Loo-Choo, and appeared well aware of the striking resemblance between the appearance of the Catholic priests and the Chinese bonzes ; a resemblance which, as he remarked, extends to many parts of the religious ceremonies of both. Here, however, as he also observed, the comparison stops ; since the bonzes of China exert no influence whatever over the minds of the people, and never interfere in their temporal or eternal concerns. In Loo-Choo, where everything else is so praiseworthy, the low state of the priesthood is as remarkable as in the neighbouring continent ; an anomaly which Bonaparte dwelt upon for some time without coming to any satisfactory explanation.

“ With the exception of a momentary fit of scorn and incredulity when told that the Loo-Chooans had no wars or weapons of destruction, he was in high good-humour while examining me on these topics. The cheerfulness, I may almost call it familiarity, with which he conversed, not only put me quite at ease in his presence, but made me repeatedly forget that respectful attention with which it was my duty, as well as my wish on every account, to treat the fallen monarch. The interest he took in topics which were then uppermost in my thoughts, was a natural source of fresh animation in my own case : and I was thrown

off my guard more than once, and unconsciously addressed him with an unwarrantable degree of freedom. When, however, I perceived my error, and, of course, checked myself, he good-humouredly encouraged me to go on in the same strain, in a manner so sincere and altogether so kindly, that I was in the next instant as much at my ease as before.

“ ‘What do these Loo-Choo friends of yours know of other countries?’ he asked. I told him they were acquainted only with China and Japan. ‘Yes, yes,’ continued he; ‘but of Europe? What do they know of us?’ I replied, ‘They know nothing of Europe at all; they know nothing about France or England: neither,’ I added, ‘have they ever heard of your Majesty.’ Bonaparte laughed heartily at this extraordinary particular in the history of Loo-Choo; a circumstance, he may well have thought, which distinguished it from every other corner of the known world.

“ I held in my hand a drawing of Sulphur Island, a solitary and desolate rock in the midst of the Japan sea. He looked at it for a moment, and cried out, ‘Why, this is Saint Helena itself! . . .’

“ Bonaparte struck me as differing considerably from the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square, larger indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time universally reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of



SULPHUR ISLAND.

From an Engraving in Captain Esail Hall's Narrative of his voyage (1818).]

colour in his cheeks ; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent ; though at this period it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. . . .”

This remark of Basil Hall, that Napoleon offered an impression of good health, in the middle of the year 1817, also occurs in the accounts of Ellis, MacLeod and Dr. Abel. All the members of the Amherst Embassy, like the captain of the *Lyra*, were impressed by the Emperor's robust looks. He felt already, however, the effects of the disease to which he was to succumb, though no outward sign yet revealed its ravages.

“His manner of speaking,” says Basil Hall in conclusion, “was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct : he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions, and a reference to Count Bertrand was necessary only once during the whole conversation. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eyes could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindliness, than that which played over his features during the whole

interview. If, therefore, he were at this time out of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed. . . .”

Let it be repeated, the Emperor experienced physical suffering. He also suffered mentally to an equal, if not greater, extent, as will be shown later. But after having heard all these narratives, let us now recapitulate and classify the information that they give about the countenance, demeanour, speech and gestures of Napoleon. The eight preceding sketches, thus summed up, go to form a synthetic portrait, of which one may safely say : this is how the captive of Saint Helena usually struck Englishmen.

Being tall themselves, as a rule, they were inclined to regard him as very short, although his height was about 5 feet 6 inches ; they had also a tendency to consider him corpulent, because they spring from a race habitually thin. Their statement that his stoutness was moderate is the more remarkable.

They deem his body powerfully built, well-proportioned, only a little wide in the shoulders ; his feet, hands, and attachments delicate ; his leg fine and muscular ; his gait supple and easy.

They discover in him neither wrinkles, nor grey hairs. Most of them allude to his pallor, a strange, peculiar pallor, that their epithets, *deadly*, and *marmorean*, do not, one feels, succeed in defining.

His features, at first sight, disconcert them. They often recognise only his coldness or his severity from

the official mask or the inaccurate popular illustration that they have in their mind's eye. But when Napoleon speaks to them, his impassive face immediately changes to the most expressive and benevolent of countenances; his eyes, dark, black and impenetrable a moment ago, now lighten, shine, flash, reflect his thoughts and sentiments, and reveal the recesses of his soul. A smile of irresistible charm completes the conquest of the stranger.

The Emperor unites simple and affable manners with an air of natural dignity and superiority.

His questions put his listeners at ease; they deal with subjects that concern them personally: their country, family, profession, military service, scientific pursuits, or travels. The answers offer no difficulty; he awaits them patiently enough, as a rule, and, when the conversation takes place in French, he makes allowance for his interlocutors' imperfect knowledge of that language. In order to be more intelligible to them, he himself makes an effort to speak slowly; he is not always successful, especially when he gives vent to his rancour, and complains, as in the course of the audiences of Ellis and Lord Amherst, of Hudson Lowe's vexations and the treatment of England.

Such, according to the mass of documentary evidence, is the Napoleon of the Captivity, with the Englishmen who are able to approach him.

Henry, as we shall now see, portrays him in a different manner.

In the preface to his account of the visit paid by

the 66th to Longwood, his ill-will is already noticeable ; it becomes obvious immediately the assistant-surgeon broaches the actual circumstances of his narrative.

Conducted by Count Bertrand, and accompanied by Baron Gourgaud and Count de Montholon, General Bingham and his thirty-seven officers have just crossed the threshold of the drawing-room in which the Emperor receives them. Napoleon stands in the middle of the apartment, with a hat under his arm. Dressed in a dark green coat, without epaulets or galloons, ornamented only by the glittering star of the Legion of Honour and gold buttons stamped with an equestrian figure, he contrasts with the bright circle of red and silver uniforms that surrounds him. The remainder of his attire consists of white breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with gold buckles of an oval shape.

“ Napoleon’s first appearance was far from imposing,” Henry commences. “ The stature was short and thick, his head sunk into the shoulders, his face fat, with large folds under the chin ; the limbs appeared stout and well-proportioned, complexion olive, expression sinister, forbidding, and rather scowling. . . . On the whole, his general look was more that of an obese Spanish or Portuguese friar, than the hero of modern times.

“ He walked round the room with an attempt, as it seemed, at the old dignity. . . .”

An attempt at the old dignity ! How greatly this appreciation differs from the simple, yet stately, deportment described by Ellis, Abel, and Basil Hall !

To hear Henry thus evoke the past to cast ridicule upon the present, would not one imagine that before his reception at Longwood the assistant-surgeon had formerly been a frequent visitor at the Tuileries !

Meanwhile the series of presentations has begun. Count Bertrand and General Sir George Bingham, more or less acquainted with English and French respectively, act as interpreters. The Emperor addresses Colonel Nicol :—

“Your regiment has lately arrived from India ; coming from that rich country you should wear gold, and not silver. How many years does it take to acclimatise a regiment of Europeans ? ”

“Two or three years. A few die the first year, more the second, but the mortality is much reduced during the third.”

“Did your officers save much money in India ? ”

“No ; the expense of living is too great.”

“How many servants did you keep there ? ”

“I had at one time between thirty and forty—I think thirty-nine.”

“Do you think a regiment is efficient after twenty years’ service in India ? ”

“Yes : it is fed by recruits from home.”

“What kind of troops are the Sepoys ? ”

“Those in the British service are excellent troops.”

“How many battalions of Sepoys of equal strength would you engage with the 66th ? ”

“Do you mean battalions with British officers or without them ? ”

"Both the one and the other."

"Sepoy regiments with British officers are good and steady soldiers. I should not like great disparity of force with them, though I might manage to defeat four or five battalions belonging to the Native Powers with the 66th, and I am pretty sure we could."

"Very good. You are a fine fellow."

"How many officers have you in your mess?"

"Sixteen at Deadwood."

"You sit very late at the mess, I hear,—often till midnight."

"Oh yes; when we have a few good fellows there, we sometimes don't stir till cock-crow."

"But the officers get tipsy then, don't they?"

"Oh no, no, they don't get drunk."

"Have you not a Catholic officer in the regiment?"

The Colonel designated, on the other side of the circle, Lieutenant MacCarthy, an officer with a ruddy complexion.

"He has been to Rio Janeiro lately, I hear," Napoleon rejoined.

"Yes, and is just returned."

"He went there to get absolution for his peccadilloes, I suppose." This pleasantry was answered by a general burst of laughter and a blush on the honest and naturally rubicund features of MacCarthy. And the Emperor turned to Lieutenant-Colonel Lascelles—

"What countryman are you?"

"An Englishman."

"From what part of England?"

"From Yorkshire."

"Were you born in the city of York?"

"No."

"The next senior officer," says Henry, "was Lieutenant-Colonel Dodgin, C.B., who had several clasps and medals on his breast. He was besides a remarkably fine, military looking man. Napoleon looked at him with some complacency, and took hold with his fingers of one of the most glittering of the batch of distinctions, which happened to be the Vittoria medal; but as soon as he read that 'word of fear,' he dropped it instantly, and rather abruptly. It was no mere fancy of mine, but a matter of plain fact, observed and spoken of at the time by us all, that his gesture was exactly that of a person letting fall something unexpectedly and disagreeably hot."

Let the reader here admire an example of bad taste most characteristic of Saint Helena. The officers of the 66th have requested the favour of seeing the Emperor. Loath to refuse them an audience, he satisfies their curiosity, yet these people reward him by ostentatiously displaying orders in his drawing-room, that common politeness, the generosity of the soldier, forbade them to show there.

It is difficult, besides, to accept the assistant-surgeon's explanation of a gesture no doubt mechanical, knowing as one does how calmly Napoleon, during the Captivity, looked back upon the days of adversity

in his career. He discussed his defeats with his companions as often as his victories, and spoke to strangers with the same passionless accents—as a score of English narratives testify—of Moscow and Jena, of Waterloo and Austerlitz. He never shrank from a painful recollection. Indeed, together with various other kinds of courage, he possessed that,—by no means the least,—which consists in facing a sorrowful past with impassive countenance.

If the memory of the repulse of Vittoria had disturbed him in the manner that Henry relates, is it probable that, immediately afterwards, he would have alluded to the disastrous Peninsular War in the following question addressed to Lieutenant-Colonel Dodgin?—

“ You have decorations, I see. Where did you serve ? ”

“ In Egypt and the Peninsular.”

“ Were you at Salamanca or Toulouse ? ”

“ No.”

“ Was your regiment at Talavera ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Were you ever wounded ? ”

“ Yes—twice.”

“ Was your name sent home as an officer who had distinguished himself ? ”

Here Colonel Dodgin hesitated, and Captain Baird answered for him : “ Yes—three times.”

Napoleon addressed Captain Baird—

“ You are a captain of grenadiers ? ”

"Yes."

"How many years have you been in the service?"

"Nearly twenty."

"And still only a captain?"

"Even so."

Next, Captain Jordan passed the ordeal. He was married to a handsome Saint Helena lady, whom he had met in Bengal, and whose father's house was not more than a mile from Longwood. The following short dialogue took place :—

"You are married?"

"Yes."

"Your wife is pretty, I hear. How many children have you?"

"Two."

After a few equally brief questions to Captain Dunne, the Emperor came to an officer who does not seem to have been one of Henry's friends; for the doctor only gives the initial of his name, and describes him as a man of uncouth appearance and forbidding countenance. "This Vandal," as he calls him, "an evident descendant of the colony of barbarians settled in Cambridgeshire by a Roman emperor, must have been displeasing to Napoleon, who paid no attention to him and proceeded to address Captain L'Estrange, a worthy little fellow of very dark complexion"—

"How long have you served?"

"Fourteen years—two in India."

"How is it your complexion is so dark? Were you sick in India?"

"No."

"Do you drink?"

L'Estrange only answered by a smile. Napoleon complacently insisted in English: "Drink! Drink!" and went on by asking Captain Duncan—

"How long have you served?"

"Upwards of twenty years."

"You have been in India?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever in action?"

"Yes."

"And ever wounded?"

"No."

"Then you are a lucky fellow."

Now came the turn of Dr. Heir, the physician of the 66th. His introduction gave rise to an amusing mistake, and to an incident that, in spite of its insignificance, must have appeared important and extremely regrettable to that formalist, Hudson Lowe.

The title of Emperor was never to be given to Napoleon by a British subject. But, whatever Henry maintains, the prisoner of Saint Helena retained something about his person that was too imposing for the strict observance of such a regulation. Many felt embarrassment and were conscious of rudeness when they called him "General." The peasants of the island, at the beginning of the Captivity, were wont to greet him with a "good-morning, Mr. Emperor." Some officers, like Captain

Basil Hall, addressed him as "His Majesty," of set purpose. And that day, Sir George Bingham inadvertently perpetrated a similar error.

Dr. Heir, a man over six feet high, might have qualified for the position of drum-major, as far as his stature was concerned. Sir George Bingham, who pronounced French badly, and Count Bertrand, whose knowledge of English was very imperfect, contented themselves with changing the surgeon-major (*chirurgien - major*) into sergeant - major (*sergent - major*).

Napoleon, surprised at the announcement of this inferior rank and seeking an explanation, remarked—

"True, Lord Wellington promoted several of his sergeant-majors."

"Pardon, Sire," Sir George corrected. "Mr. Heir is the *surgeon-major* of the regiment."

"Ah! yes, I see," the Emperor resumed. "You had a great many sick in India?"

"Yes; it is not a healthy climate."

"Many liver complaints?"

"Yes."

Napoleon, who dreaded hepatitis, took great interest in that subject, and rapidly disposing of Lieutenant Moffatt and several other officers, he inquired anew, this time of the assistant-surgeon, Henry—

"Were diseases of the liver common in India?"

"Yes, they occur there more frequently than in colder climates."

"Your soldiers drink an enormous quantity of brandy in India?"

"They are much too fond of spirits; arrack is cheap, and the climate makes them thirsty."

"Do you bleed and give large doses of calomel there, as the English doctors do here?"

"I believe the practice is similar."

"Are you, too, a devotee of the lancet? Ah, God defend me from it!"

"In my opinion it is our most potent weapon."

"To kill or cure, eh, doctor!"

Only the ensigns, at the extremity of the circle, remained. The Emperor exchanged a few words with them, questioned Colonel Nicol a second time about the Sepoys, and spoke for a moment to General Bingham. Then all the English officers bowed to him, and the interview came to an end.

Henry makes the following commentary:—

"As we walked home to Deadwood, and calmly reviewed what had passed, and compared the appearance, manner, and conversation of Bonaparte with our preconceived ideas, expectations, and prepossessions, the general feeling was great disappointment; but this might have been reasonably anticipated. Without reference to the usual sobering effect of vicinity and contact, in dissipating the gilded halos with which a sanguine fancy invests distant and remarkable objects, the interview with Napoleon had dissolved a glory, *par excellence*. A fascinating prestige, which we had cherished all our lives, then

vanished like gossamer in the sun. The great Napoleon had merged into an unsightly and obese individual; and we looked in vain for that overwhelming power of eye and force of expression, which we had been taught to expect by a delusive imagination.

“At our mess-dinner the same evening, our illustrious neighbour had evidently fallen by one half from our notions concerning him of the day before. Of course, our conversation was exclusively occupied by the great event of the day, which would form a sort of epoch in our lives. Various and amusing enough was the confidential chat over our wine that evening: some were much dissatisfied at the answers they had given, and wished the affair could be reacted, that they might behave better. One or two honest fellows acknowledged the loss of all presence of mind on the occasion. We had some mirth at L'Estrange's expense, about the ‘Drink! Drink!’ and the fuddling propensity of which he was so unceremoniously accused by Bonaparte; though the charge was quite unfounded. Besides, we were puzzled to understand by what peculiar mode of reasoning the Emperor had established the whimsical connection between intemperance and a dark complexion. . . .”

The following, perhaps, is the explanation: a complexion such as L'Estrange's may denote hepatitis, and habitual drunkards were especially liable to return from India with that disease.

Napoleon took a malicious and somewhat excessive pleasure in turning the conversation to the subject of drink when talking to Englishmen. Allowances must be made on his behalf for the fact that intoxication was then a pre-eminently British vice, as he knew from personal experience. On the island of Elba, he had honoured by his presence an entertainment given on board the frigate, the *Undaunted*; Pons de l'Herault relates that after his departure the ship's officers became so tipsy, and behaved in such a disgraceful fashion, that the ladies were obliged to leave. At the time of the visit of the 66th, the orderly officer attached to Longwood was Captain Blakeney; he drank excessively, and his wife, who shared his passion for alcohol, once appeared before the Emperor in a state of inebriation.

"Colonel Nicol's reply to Napoleon's question about the Sepoys," continues Henry, "was deservedly admired as happy and correct. The interrogation was, in all probability, a trap; and the querist conceived, very likely, that in the Colonel's desire to puff his own corps, he might choose to elevate its character at the expense of disparaging the Sepoys. For it is well known that Bonaparte generally spoke slightly of our Indian Army; and any depreciation of the excellent troops that compose it could scarcely be unacceptable to him. Besides the peculiar dislike he might entertain for that army, as a vast though distant bulwark of British power, there was a strong association formed in his mind between it and an

illustrious individual, for whom he never had reason to cherish much affection. He, himself, was believed to be the writer of an article in the *Moniteur*, about the time of Massena's advance on Torres Vedras, full of virulent abuse of England and the English Army; in which Lord Wellington was opprobriously designated *only a Sepoy General*."

Where the assistant-surgeon discovers a mental reservation, and a snare set for his Colonel, the reader has doubtless only perceived Napoleon's usual thirst for information.

"The abruptness with which Napoleon dropped Colonel Dodgin's Vittoria medal became the subject of much conversation at the mess. Yet was the gesture natural enough, for the recollection of the sad consequences of that battle, both in Spain, and as materially influencing the decision of Austria against him at a most critical time, must have caused a bitter pang."

Henry's conclusion is a note of apparent pity,—of triumph, in reality,—for one feels the pride, welling forth, of the Englishman at length victorious and master of the great enemy—

"Poor man! how changed now his condition, surrounded in captivity by men bearing on their breasts the badges of triumph over his armies, from the period of his brilliant levees at the Tuileries, in the midst of a circle of the heroes of Marengo and Austerlitz!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE TEDIUM OF SAINT HELENA.

SAINTE HELENA was a land of tedium. In a book published in 1805, ten years before Napoleon's captivity, a traveller remarked—"Few of the inhabitants seem to live satisfied with their condition, or without a desire to quit it, and the wish of *going home*—by which is meant going to England—is fondly and familiarly expressed, as well by the native inhabitants as by the recent settlers."

Going home! What cherished pictures this short phrase calls up! It expresses the longing to revisit the fatherland, to see again a certain church tower or street corner, the paternal roof, the hearth, the old white-haired parents. So much in but two brief words! And these words, so soft to utter, were constantly murmured by persons who had house and family at Saint Helena, as they gazed towards a portion of the globe of which they scarce knew anything, in which, for the most part, they had no interests or ties of affection, and would have felt themselves perfect strangers. Why? Because even after several generations of denizenship on their rock, they still considered themselves exiles, and, unwilling

to look upon this remote and desolate island as their country, sought one elsewhere.

The ocean's waste surrounded them, stretching away on every side to infinite distances: 700 miles separated them from Ascension, another rock; 1140 miles from the nearest point of the African coast; 1800 from the continent of America. The voyage from Saint Helena to England was estimated at about 4000 miles, and that in the contrary direction (from England to Saint Helena) might almost have been reckoned double, before the use of steam for means of communication by sea. For, after crossing the line, where the south-east trade-wind began to prevail, preventing them from steering a straight course, vessels outward bound from Europe for the small port of Jamestown were obliged to make for their destination by a roundabout way and describe, so to speak, an immense circle. For a time, they followed the coast of Brazil, took the bearings of Martin-Vaz and Trinidad, then, veering slightly to the east, ran down the Southern Atlantic as far as the 32nd parallel. From this latitude—within three degrees of that of the Cape of Good Hope, whereas Saint Helena is situated between the 15th and 16th parallel—they sailed up in a slanting direction towards the north, and after two months spent entirely in navigation at length reached the wind and waters of the island.

But, as the old books of travel relate, occasionally they missed it, passing wide of a mark so small

amidst the waves, and apt, when enveloped in mist, to be mistaken from a distance by the look-out men for some cloud lying low on the horizon; in which case, since the trades made it impossible for them to put about, the captains, raging, cursing, and nigh weeping with vexation, had either to give up the idea of dropping anchor at Jamestown, or else return to the neighbourhood of the Equator and begin the laborious circuit once more.

Discovered in 1502, first a Portuguese, then a Dutch Colony, and twice abandoned, Saint Helena had belonged to the East India Company for a century and a half when Napoleon underwent his exile there. It was temporarily placed on this occasion under the control of the British Government, and only became a Crown Colony in 1836.

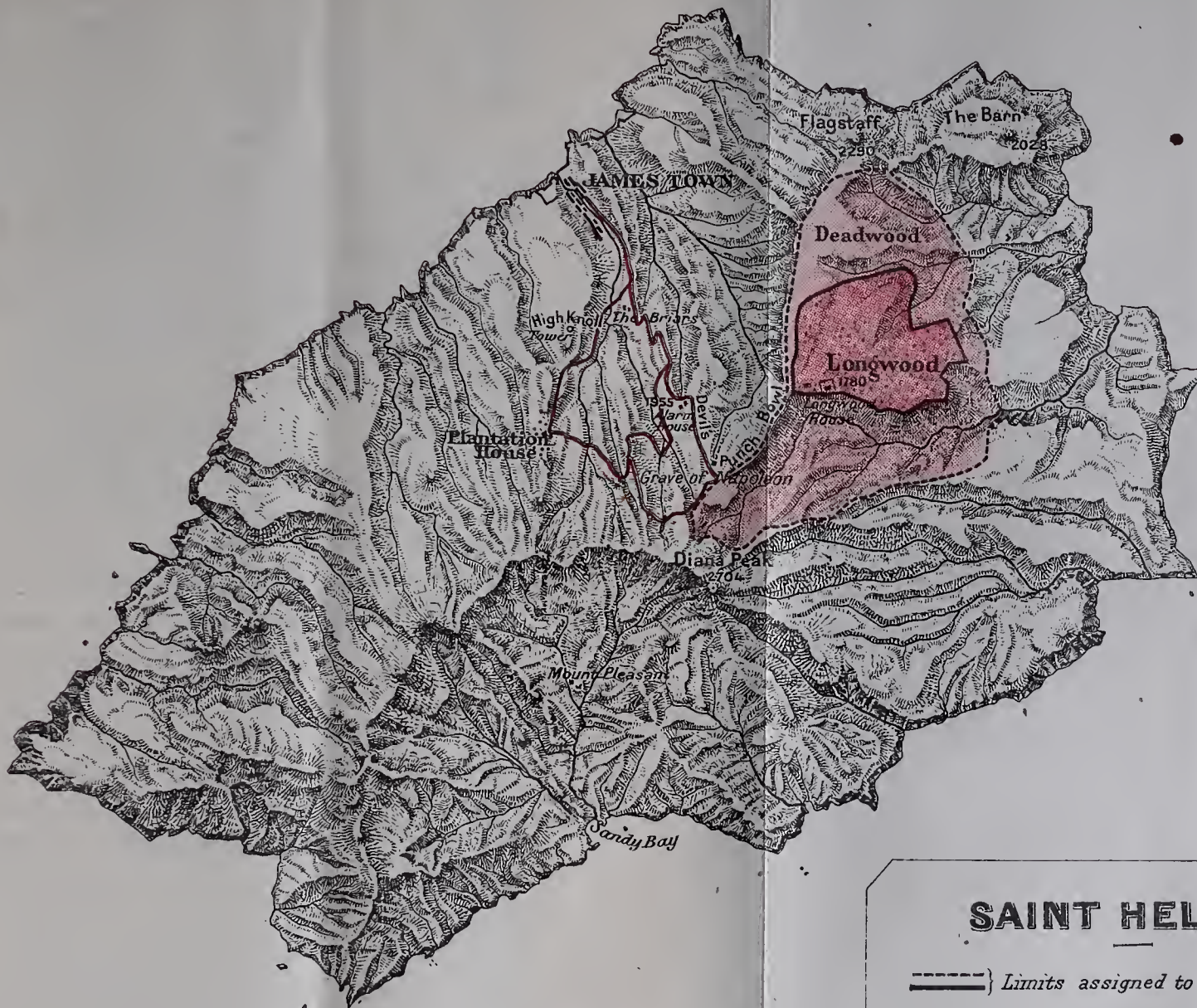
But for the prevalence of the winds peculiar to the Southern Atlantic, and also the scarcity of its natural resources, the island would have been an extremely valuable possession. It was destined by its situation to be the halting-station for the vessels of the celebrated company, always circumnavigating Africa, always ploughing the waves on the high-road between Europe and the Far East by the Cape of Good Hope. Unfortunately, they could not call at Jamestown on their way to Asia, for the unfavourable breezes kept them too far off. The south-east trade-wind only brought them to that port on the return journey. They took in water there. Besides water, Saint Helena afforded them hardly any fresh

provisions other than cress, potatoes, and yams. Far, indeed, from the island being able to supply the ships, it was the ships that had to cater for the island. All the flour used for making bread came from England or the Cape; nearly all the butcher's meat from the Cape, the Portuguese coast of Angola, or from Brazil. The few cows and sheep to be seen grazing in the scant meadows of the island generally arrived from beyond the seas, and were slaughtered as soon as they had recovered from the fatigues of a long crossing. Some goats, pigs, and tough fowls were about the only specimens of native breeding.

Of limited utility as a port of call, and almost useless as a revictualling station, Saint Helena was, above all, a maritime citadel, under which the vessels of the East India Company found protection in time of war against privateers and hostile fleets. Its gigantic cliffs already made it a stronghold. The science of the engineers had further surmounted the natural bulwark with masonry, casemated the basaltic tiers, multiplied during a hundred years the parapets, redoubts, and batteries. Count de Montholon was struck by the fact on his arrival before Jamestown: "Look in every direction, up or down," he writes, "you will see nothing but lines of cannon and black walls." And when Admiral Cockburn, after disembarking from the *Northumberland* with Napoleon, inspected the fortifications of the island, he counted four hundred guns threatening the ocean on all sides with their brazen muzzles.

By way of extreme precaution, during the first months of the Captivity, the English occupied Ascension. Its relative proximity to the island of exile made them fear the possibility of a plot formed there to deliver the Emperor. This wretched rock, completely barren, on which even fresh water is a luxury, has since acquired a garrison and bastions. But the British Government does not regard it as a territory. Ascension is under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty. It is commanded by a naval captain; administered, revictualled, and rationed like a man-of-war—a man-of-war always at anchor in mid-Atlantic. Saint Helena was somewhat similar: it, too, was a kind of huge vessel of the line, inadequately stocked, everlastingly motionless, beside which the real vessels, those that eagerly ploughed the waves and sailed around the world, moored for a time at too rare intervals.

The isolation of the island, its remoteness from the continents and its poverty help one to understand the home-sickness of its inhabitants. But there was yet another source of melancholy: its wild character and tormented aspect. Imagine, on an area hardly larger than that of Paris, a mountain system so excessively developed, that elsewhere, less heaped up and compact, it might almost cover a province. A land furrowed and intersected by precipitous ranges, a land of bold relief, of ridges and ravines—such is Saint Helena! It appears even smaller than it is, on this account, and produces a general sensation



SAINT HELENA

——— } Limits assigned to Napoléon

1 0 1 2 Miles.

of narrowness and confinement. With the exception of four or five plateaus, there are no wide open spaces, but on all sides sharp lines of heights, scarcely affording standing-room, or gullies shutting out the horizon, in which one is, as it were, walled up.

Those who know the country soon tire of walking over ground so precipitous and yet so uniform in character. The fifteen hundred inhabitants of Jamestown hardly ever left the gorge in which they vegetated. To scale the steep gradients that rose on either side and led to the interior, seemed nearly as wearisome to them as a voyage to England, and certainly less inviting. The scanty groups of islanders settled outside the capital—about thirteen hundred souls—squatting, as a rule, for protection from the trade-wind, in the hollows of valleys only connected with one another by bridle paths, remained equally sedentary, almost deprived of social intercourse, and lived a life that was even more dreary, torpid, and indifferent.

Without attractions for the *Yamstocks*—as the natives were amusingly called, after the name of one of their staples—Saint Helena could not fail to strike all the residents as a detestable abode, and especially the officers, who, from 1815 to 1821, were turn by turn garrisoned there on the occasion of Napoleon's captivity. During the recent wars, the greater part of these officers had just seen Egypt, Naples, Sicily, Spain; some, like Henry, knew India. After the bright shores of the Mediterranean, and, above

all, after the land teeming with multitudes and abounding in marvels, where the Himalayas rise, where the Ganges reflects pagodas and huge palaces, where desert places are called the jungle, the dazzling land of Golcondas, of Rajahs, of Bayaderes, what a change to be transferred to a little lonely island, ten miles in length and seven in breadth, poor, gloomy, and barely inhabited !

The most usual pastime of Henry and his companions, apart from their duties, was now that of all unfortunate people condemned to live on a rock. From the top of the plateau too often enveloped in mist, on which Deadwood and Longwood were situated, they gazed at the sea for hours when the weather was clear, scanning the horizon with melancholy eyes for the appearance of a sail.

Only the ships of the East India Company had retained the right of putting into port at Saint Helena now that it was a Government prison, but other ships, the crew and passengers of which hoped to evade orders and visit Napoleon's dwelling, sometimes ventured to approach the coast. "We speculated," relates Henry, "as to the particular fib the master would invent ; for during the whole time that Bonaparte remained in the island, vessels were constantly making excuses for touching there, that the passengers might have a chance of a glimpse at him, or even the home where he lived. One very common trick of the masters was to start their water-casks on the run from the Cape, invent some

plausible story of a leak, or something else to tell the windward cruiser, and then get permission to stop two or three days for a fresh supply."

The officers also tried their hand at two other distractions: fishing and shooting. A sad accident made the former distasteful to them.

"Lieutenants Davy and M'Dougall of the 66th," Henry again relates, "proposed to me one night at the mess, in December, 1817, to go to fish with them at daylight next morning, off some huge rocks to the south-east. The weather was fine, and the morning broke calm and clear. I arose at the appointed hour, but soon after, a fit of unaccountable drowsiness came on, and despite my punctiliousness in keeping appointments, and although one of my friends tapped at the window, I declined accompanying him, and again composed myself to sleep.

"I got up at the usual hour, and after breakfast rode down to Jamestown. A little after dismounting, a soldier came running from the signal post with a signal just made from Deadwood in his hand. It was an order to return immediately with all speed; my two friends had been suddenly washed off the rock where they had been sitting fishing in all apparent security, twenty feet above the water, one minute before. Parties were going in search of their bodies, and I was directed to accompany them, in the faint hope of resuscitation.

"But, poor fellows! they were never found. M'Dougall had been recently married to a Saint

Helena lady, and his companion, warm-hearted and generous Davy, knowing that he could not swim and seeing the end of a fishing-rod within his own grasp, which the servant, who sat higher on the rocks, and escaped the wave, had stretched out to him, cried out, "Seize it, M'Dougall, seize it—I can swim." M'Dougall did grasp the rod; but in the agitation of the moment he grasped it too violently—the slender top gave way, and he sunk to rise no more. Davy then suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, and it was believed he had been seized by a shark."

Shooting did not give rise to such tragic adventures. It was merely an arduous and not very profitable sport. Henry speaks of goats on the slopes of the Barn, that had returned to a state of nature and were as hard of pursuit there as the chamois in the Alps. Wild rabbits, black for the most part, swarmed in the neighbourhood of Diana Peak; but their flesh is unfortunately mediocre. Saint Helena also possesses some winged game: a peculiar breed of turtle-doves, with plumage of a faint bluish grey, red-footed partridges, and pheasants. In Napoleon's time there were even some splendid wild peacocks, that are not to be seen there at the present day. The Governor reserved to himself the partridges and the pheasants; the peacocks haunted the rugged heights; and the precipitous nature of the soil generally made it rather difficult to shoot the turtle-doves. If, at the critical moment,

these birds happened to cross a ravine a hundred yards wide, one was obliged, in order to get near them again, to cover ten times the distance, to go down, and then up, along winding paths for over half a mile.

On their arrival at Saint Helena, the officers of the 66th had immediately organised balls and races.

The monthly balls were soon discontinued for want of partners. The young ladies of the island came three or four times in hopes of being noticed, and then ceased to appear.

The races, if more successful, were nevertheless indifferent entertainments. They only took place twice a year, were contested by ugly little Cape horses on a narrow piece of ground close to the camp, and could be passed over in silence, but that Henry relates with regard to the first, that of September, 1817, the following incident :—"A certain half-mad and drunken *piqueur* of Napoleon, named Archambault, took it into his head to gallop within the ropes when the course was cleared and the horses coming up. For this transgression he was pursued by one of the stewards, and horse-whipped out of the forbidden limits. This gentleman knew not that the offender belonged to the Longwood establishment, or he would, no doubt, have spared his whip; particularly as Napoleon at the time was sitting on a bench outside his residence, looking at the crowd through a glass; and we were apprehensive that he might interpret the accidental

chastisement his servant received into a premeditated insult to the master. But we did Napoleon injustice by the supposition. Dr. O'Meara told me the next day that he had distinctly witnessed everything that passed, and had been very angry when he saw Archambault galloping alone along the course, and was pleased to see him chastised, and that he had called him to his presence, and expended on him a few *f—bêtes!* and *sacrés cochons!* afterwards."

In the enumeration of amusements at Saint Helena, Henry also mentions some dramatic performances given in a tiny theatre at Jamestown, and the dinners of the mess. These performances, restricted to amateurs, were rare, but the mess was often the scene of lively and somewhat noisy dinner parties given by the officers of Deadwood to those of Jamestown, or to their comrades of the fleet. There was much deep drinking on these festive occasions, and Colonel Nicol no doubt somewhat disguised the truth when he assured Napoleon that no one ever got tipsy.

Finally, two or three times a week, Plantation House threw open its doors to the privileged—officers, Government officials, leading inhabitants or residents—who formed the small social circle of the island. "For," as Henry observes, "severe as the judgment of the world has been against Sir Hudson Lowe, his enemies could never impeach the liberal hospitality of his table." It must certainly

be admitted that the Governor's receptions were frequent and excellent. The reason may perhaps be attributed merely to interested or political motives. He was almost as greatly disliked by his compatriots as by the Frenchmen of Longwood, and perpetually dreaded his recall to London owing to excessive unpopularity. Ostentatious entertainments might appear, in his opinion, to be the means of appeasing hostilities aroused by his cavilling spirit and his incurable passion for spying.

It is also possible that his hospitable habits were the result of compliance with domestic influence.

Lady Lowe was extremely fond of society.

At the end of 1817 the Governor's wife was a woman of thirty-eight, who looked younger than her age. Henry, in a discreet phrase, seems to suggest that her figure left something to be desired ; but she had an attractive face, with merry, witty eyes, and thick glossy brown hair ; her neck also was considered pretty, her arms beautiful, her skin white and delicate. Endowed with an exceptional talent for conversation,—“pre-eminently a gossip,” Sturmer has it,—communicative and affable to the point of appearing slightly coquettish, she looked all the more charming by contrast with that taciturn, graceless, and bilious man, her husband ; and many a guest of Plantation when asked his opinion of Hudson Lowe, replied like Dr. Warden to Napoleon, with combined circumspection and malice, “I prefer Lady Lowe.”

She had the art of rendering tolerable receptions at which the master of the house presided with his stiff bearing and cold formality, of enlivening the society that he froze, of dispelling the restraint and gloom of the visitors whom he bored and intimidated.

A pleasant hostess in her drawing-room, she also brought a little life and an element of the unexpected into the island by her outings, the excursions and picnics that she organised.

She had a phæton and four valuable jet-black ponies sent over from England. Dressed as a rule in rich garments open at the neck, and wearing a beaver hat adorned with long feathers, she would drive the smart four-in-hand along the two or three carriage roads of Saint Helena, accompanied by one of her daughters, and followed by a cavalcade of ladies and officers, and, on certain days, indulged in the delight of a sensational entry into Jamestown.

Accustomed to the bullock-cart in which the former Governor, Colonel Wilks, took his family out in patriarchal fashion, and having never seen any other than this primitive vehicle and the old barouche which the British Government had assigned to the Emperor, the *Yamstocks* opened wide eyes of astonishment when Lady Lowe passed by.

She was Queen of the Island: Queen by right of the fascination she exercised, and further by the fear her husband inspired. For during General

Bonaparte's imprisonment, the Governor was invested with extraordinary powers, not only over the Frenchmen of Longwood, but also over his own compatriots, whom he could expel, imprison, nay, even condemn to be hanged or shot, almost without a trial. Naturally, she shared the alarming prestige of such great authority. The military men and the Government officials made love to her, flattered her, danced attendance on her, for diplomatic reasons as much as for her charms. Hudson Lowe, it was known, desired every one to show the greatest deference, the most delicate attentions to his wife. He wished everything to be done to please her, would not permit anything that displeased her.

For instance, one Sunday she went down to Jamestown, and, as usual, paid a visit to the Castle, an old building used by the Governor as a town residence and offices. She was slightly indisposed, suffering from neuralgia or headache. The bells were just ringing for service at the neighbouring church; she declared that they annoyed and enervated her. Hudson Lowe, who was present, sent word to Mr. Vernon, the vicar, to put a stop to them. Shortly afterwards, the patient, feeling better, countermanded her husband's orders without informing him of the fact. The bells began to ring again, and Hudson Lowe, on hearing them, flew into a passion, snatched up his pen and wrote to the clergyman: "The Governor desires to know by whose ignorance,

insolence, or stupidity, his order has been disobeyed." The vicar, taking offence, laconically replied: "By Lady Lowe's."

On another of her visits to Jamestown, she expressed a wish to see a sham naval fight. Adjutant-General Sir Thomas Reade, who accompanied her, conferred with Captain Wauchope, of the *Eurydice*, a frigate at anchor in the roadstead. At ten o'clock in the evening the *Eurydice* suddenly blazed with blue lights, and after a brilliant discharge of many-coloured rockets, opened fire with a rousing volley, which was answered by a brig some distance away. The echoes of the gorge, where the village lay wrapped in sleep, increased tenfold the vigour of the cannonade. The inhabitants, awakening at the uproar in surprise and consternation, left their beds and fled, scantily clothed, into the interior of the island. Rear-Admiral Plampin, who lived at The Briars and had not been consulted, was equally astonished and alarmed. It occurred to him that American buccaneers were attempting to deliver Bonaparte. He made his orderly officer mount a horse and sent him galloping down the steep slope that descends to Jamestown. Then, summoning all his courage, and ready for death and glory, he donned his cocked hat and girt on his sword. Whilst he was preparing to repulse the Yankees, Lady Lowe and her company, in high glee and laughing heartily at such a flutter, quietly returned to Plantation House.

Five or six characters lengthen somewhat the short list of diversions at Saint Helena by their ludicrous actions. Admiral Plampin is one of them.

He succeeded Sir Pulteney Malcolm at the head of the naval station.

Malcolm had handsome features, the manners of a gentleman, and a generous nature; the red-faced, bulky and shaggy Plampin the breeding of a topman, and as common a mind.

He detested the Emperor.

After the Captivity, he used to say that he had never been wanting in the respect and the attentions due from an officer of high rank in the British Navy to the prisoner of Saint Helena. But, revealing his hidden sentiments and showing his crass ignorance, he added that a single recollection prevented him from pitying Napoleon; every time he saw him, he remembered how this very man had boasted "of the number of men, women and children he had destroyed *à coups de mitraille* on the Place d'Armes of Toulon."

"There was generally," Sir Robert Plampin would further state, "a great deal of trick and mannerisms about Bonaparte in the audiences he gave to individuals, as he mostly placed his back close to a window, so that he could watch, with the greatest ease and minuteness, the persons whom he addressed, whilst they were inconvenienced by the strong light being full in their faces. Although he

had not been out of his apartment, nor thought of going, an enormous cocked hat employed his left hand and arm, and the right was put at ease by frequent application to the snuff-box."

In other words, Plampin, conscious of his vulgarity and not knowing how to behave, had felt uncomfortable in Napoleon's presence. To judge by his subsequent vagaries, one might suppose that he was frequently received at Longwood; as a matter of fact, during the three years of his command, he only saw the Emperor once—on the occasion of his succession to Sir Pulteney Malcolm. Naturally he seemed a poor creature to him who judged men at a glance; he did not fail to feel it, however dull-witted . . . and never forgave General Bonaparte.

His resentment, as will be seen, assumed a practical form under circumstances of importance. It found vent, on every occasion, in rude and imbecile remarks.

On September 21st, 1817, an earthquake shook the volcanic soil of the island of exile. Shortly after ten o'clock in the evening, the inhabitants perceived three rapid shocks and heard a sound as of three thunder-claps. Napoleon, who was already in bed, did not at first realise what was the cause of this phenomenon, and imagined that the flagship, the *Conqueror*, had caught fire in the roadstead and had just blown up. He told his surmise to Dr. O'Meara on the following day, and his words being reported to Plampin: "Ay! ay!" the Admiral

exclaimed, "the d——d rascal supposed so, because he wished it!"

This shrewd psychologist, in anticipation of the tedium of Saint Helena, had shipped at Portsmouth, unshipped at Jamestown, and then installed at The Briars, a young person whose pleasing exterior and eighteen or twenty summers kept his sixty years in good-humour. This precaution was a matter for daily self-congratulation on the part of the Admiral, his orderly officer, and several of his midshipmen; but at first it involved him in some trouble.

The island had two clergymen: the Rev. Mr. Vernon, who was mild and tolerant, and the Rev. Mr. Boys, one of those zealous ministers who keep watch over the private life of their flock and denounce and chastise vice from the pulpit, wherever they discover it. It would have been utterly useless to have asked him to put a stop to his bells; his parishioners were only too glad when he put a stop to his virtuous vehemence. Two months after Napoleon's death, indignant perhaps at certain details of the Captivity, he thus apostrophised Hudson Lowe and the authorities of Saint Helena, who complained thereof in London: "Verily, I say unto you, that the publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Such an uncompromising divine could not fail on this occasion to inveigh against the scandal of The Briars. The text of his sermon was that a commander ought to set an example of morality to

his subordinates; the first condition for leading a fleet well was to lead a good life, and no one could govern men who had not learned to govern his passions. He represented the Admiral's mistress as a diabolical creature, and the Admiral himself as a wretched old man possessed by the demon of lust. He almost went as far as to speak of exorcising him. In short, he covered Plampin with ridicule, and the congregation were by no means bored on that particular Sunday in the little church of Jamestown. Lady Lowe and her feminine circle, on the other hand, expressed themselves shocked and assumed airs of disgust. For a moment, the expulsion of the young lady and a request for the recall of her lover were contemplated. But Hudson Lowe preferred indulgence.

Immorality, equivocal situations, by no means displeased him when they could be turned to his own account, as is proved by the following edifying fact :—

In 1818 an individual paid a visit to Saint Helena to whom Henry devotes a few lines, and who was later to attain a certain measure of celebrity in London as playwright, and author of various publications.

His name was Theodore Hook. Under escort of a captain, he was returning home to be tried by the justice of his country. When treasurer at Mauritius, 72,000 dollars had disappeared from his safe. He made this misadventure the subject of

an amusing joke : his superiors, he said, being also his well-wishers, had just prescribed a journey round the Cape, a hygienic sea voyage, "for a complaint of his chest." He took part, together with his custodian, in an entertainment organised at Jamestown by the 66th, and followed by a supper. Endowed with an inexhaustible fund of humour, and a wonderful talent for mimicry, he improvised funny verses on any given subject, and sang comic songs. For a whole evening, a whole night, as Henry relates, he kept his hosts in fits of laughter.

It may not cause much astonishment to see unfortunate officers, in search of distractions, welcome for once in a way a man charged with embezzlement, and offer him the hospitality of their table; the presence at Saint Helena of a kind of clown was a rare event. But a matter that occasions greater surprise is the fact that the Governor entered into relations with Theodore Hook, and appears even to have received him at Plantation House. He supplied him with information about the affairs of the island. On his arrival in London, the smart fellow hastened to publish a little book, vaunting the comforts and attentions with which General Bonaparte was surrounded, and depicting the plateau of Longwood as a spot so enchanting that many a young lady began to dream of love in a cottage there. The British Cabinet had just experienced some annoyance owing to the far less

enthusiastic descriptions in which the Liberal Press and the Opposition delighted. The former treasurer of Mauritius appeared before a tribunal, and was condemned at civil law to refund the 72,000 dollars, but acquitted on the criminal charge.

Hudson Lowe, who knew how to make use of Hook, took good care not to deprive himself of Plampin. The head of the naval station at Saint Helena, although inferior in authority to the Governor, was his equal in military rank; as he was responsible solely for keeping watch over the sea around the island, his functions were, so to speak, exterior, and, moreover, not of a nature to come within the competency of a lieutenant-general. This situation left him a large measure of independence, and the distrustful Hudson Lowe had observed that Sir Pulteney Malcolm adopted an attitude towards Napoleon differing from his own, but had been unable to counteract it. There was nothing similar to fear from a man in Plampin's position. Consequently, the senile lover was allowed to enjoy his concubinage at The Briars. He remained at Saint Helena, discredited, despised, kept at a distance by Lady Lowe and her society, and retaining only the appearance of command over his officers and men, a sham admiral whose ships were mobilised, and guns fired, at a woman's will.

By the side of this sailor without prestige must be placed an equally laughable soldier. The latter did not struggle with the tedium of Saint Helena

by keeping a mistress: he reared pigs and geese for sale. Really, the principal representatives of British authority, throughout the course of a great historic drama, lacked befitting decency and dignity!

General Pine Coffin succeeded Sir George Bingham at the head of the garrison at Saint Helena towards the end of the Captivity. His career is not remarkable for any striking exploit on the battlefield, but he deserves to go down to posterity for his industry during leisure moments in time of peace. He had rented in the neighbourhood of Plantation an extensive tract of land on which grass grew sparsely. All the manure of the stables at Deadwood and of the barracks at Jamestown was brought there by his orders, and the soldiers of the 66th gratuitously constructed for him a poultry-house, a piggery, and an ox-stall. He obtained some lean cows from Benguela, and some emaciated sheep from the Cape, at reduced prices. Suitably fed in meadows that had become almost luxuriant, these beasts flourished. The love of lucre and the haggling spirit of this gallooned cattle-breeder preventing him from coming to terms with the butcher, he started a shop of his own, says Henry, who tells this story, and retailed his wares in a most ingenious manner. He sent a dish of sweetbreads to his landlady, Mrs. Pritchard; a leg of mutton to a major; a sirloin to a captain; a beefsteak to a lieutenant. On receiving the first sweetbreads, Mrs. Pritchard, a poor widow of

eighty, was delighted, and thanked the general for his kind attentions to old age. But, on quarter-day, she was greatly distressed to see the delicacy deducted from the rent. The majors, the captains, and the lieutenants were no less surprised on being presented with bills, and felt extremely indignant. Coffin was already detested by the 66th, which he harassed by drills and insulted in General Orders, because he could not procure from Colonel Nicol as many men as he desired for fatigue duty. The officers of the regiment hit upon a plan of revenge, which Henry undertook to carry out.

One fine morning, placards appeared on the walls of Jamestown, on the gate of Plantation, and at Deadwood camp, to this effect :

The public are respectfully informed that Brigadier-General Coffin will kill a fat bullock at his house on Wednesday, the 10th instant, and three fat sheep on the Friday after. Beef from 11d. to 1s. per pound, according to the piece. Mutton, hind quarter, 1s. 1d., fore ditto, 11d. The Brigadier-General further gives notice, that tripe is to be had at a reasonable price ; and that geese are grazed on his grounds at 1d. a head per week, the ganders to pay double.

In response to this notice Coffin received a number of orders, but henceforth he would only fatten cattle and fowls for his own private consumption.

Henry, who appears to have been the humorist



THE ROAD ROUND THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL. (1841).

of his regiment, further enlivened the garrison of Saint Helena by another practical joke at the expense of another general of the name of Keir.

This officer, on a visit to the island on his way home from India, was riding to Deadwood from Jamestown mounted on Emperor, a big restive steed, quick to run away, which Mr. Balcombe, Betsy's father, had lent him. Being a poor horseman, he drew in the reins tightly and kept a sharp look-out as he skirted the Devil's Punch Bowl. The abyss was on his left; on his right the vertical sides of high rocks; and between the chasm and the wall, the road, barely twelve feet wide, neither protected by a parapet nor even bordered by a ledge.

Mrs. Abell relates that Napoleon, during the first year of the Captivity, would often cross this dangerous pass in his carriage drawn by three Cape horses yoked abreast and driven at full gallop. It had no terrors for Henry either, as will be seen. But General Keir felt uneasy.

Emperor began to show signs of impatience; Keir was lavishing exhortations upon him and trying to pacify him by terms of endearment, when Henry made his appearance in the opposite direction on a reasonable beast called Whiskey, whose only vice was to shy at round-shaped objects in motion. Now, on this road that led to a camp unsupplied with drinkable water, soldiers rolled casks at every moment. When Whiskey raised objections to the

approach of a barrel, Henry, who was an excellent rider, turned him round towards the precipice, and Whiskey, rather than jump into the precipice, jumped over the barrel, with a bound always marvellous to behold.

As soon as the General was within call of the assistant-surgeon, he saluted him first most graciously and asked: "Pray do you ride a quiet horse, Doctor?" — "Very." — "Then you will do me a particular favour if you will exchange with me for the day, for I am sure this savage animal will land me in the Punch Bowl before I get to Deadwood." — "Certainly, General, with much pleasure."

Henry gave Keir and Whiskey time to move away, and did not hasten to mount Emperor. He had just noticed at some distance on the road about twenty men on fatigue duty coming from the camp busily pushing along some empty casks, and thought that he would enjoy the impending scene better on foot than in the saddle.

As Whiskey drew near to the file of barrels he became nervous, pricked up his ears and, by force of habit, sidled close to the edge of the abyss. His rider, in his surprise and anxiety, unintentionally thrust his spurs into him, and the gallant animal without any further hesitation took a spring, and cleared the twenty barrels in twenty masterly leaps, while General Keir, with his legs dangling, clung to his neck, and the soldiers in a transport of delight made the air ring with their enthusiastic cheers.

"How," scoffs the pitiless Henry, "the astonished Brigadier managed to stick to the horse is a point I could never satisfactorily make out."

The equestrian feats of a general of the Indian army, Coffin's skill in converting lean cows into fat cows and his art of selling cutlets, the concupiscence of Plampin, the impudence of Theodore Hook, the outbursts of virtuous indignation of the Rev. Mr. Boys, and the obedient bells of his colleague, Mr. Vernon, gathered together here in a few pages, may produce a false impression, and give the idea that Saint Helena was not perhaps so dull after all. In reality, these entertaining incidents occurred at intervals in the space of four years; they were about the only occasions for laughter or smiles throughout that period of time in the island where Hudson Lowe and tedium reigned. The history of the Captivity is not a cheerful one; it contains few amusing characters. When one has taken stock of the five or six that precede, there only remains one—the Marquis de Montchenu, the envoy of His Most Christian Majesty King Louis xviii.

On the 17th of June, 1816, the inhabitants of Jamestown had witnessed the arrival of a fat, red-faced man, with powdered bobtailed-wig, perspiring, scared and panting, who raised his arms heavenward and kept repeating the lamentation, "Mercy on us! Mercy on us! What a horrible rock! And to think that they only speak English here!"

After this burlesque entry on the tragic scene in which he was to play a comic part, the French Commissioner, dreading the solitude of Rosemary Hall, near Plantation, where his Austrian and Russian colleagues had taken up their quarters, elected to remain in the town. There he paraded in a uniform with big epaulets and a harmless sword. A page of Louis xv. in the days of his youth, later a *cheval-léger*, a lieutenant of dragoons, a captain, a so-called colonel, and finally, for a long time, an *émigré*, he had just been promoted to the astounding rank of a *maréchal de camp*. "I know him," said Napoleon on hearing of his arrival; "he is an old fool, an old dotard, a mock general who has never once smelt powder." And as the Marquis, infatuated with his nobility, perpetually boasted of his birth and titles, the Emperor scoffed at him again, saying: "True enough, he is a hereditary ass; Bertrand, a plebeian, is worth an army of Montchenus!"

Moreover every one laughed at the fellow. He only half inspired the Government of Paris with confidence, and they had given him the assistance of a secretary called Gors, whose business it was to look after him, and whose sarcastic pen wrote a postscript to each of his reports. Baron Sturmer and Count Balmain rated him a topsy-turvy diplomat, an ignorant and pedantic chatterbox. The Helenians, being far less impressed by his military airs than struck by his loquacity and his false tresses, dubbed him "the French hairdresser." He even endowed

Hudson Lowe with a talent for epigram, and we are indebted to the Governor for this amusing remark: "According to the marquis, the French Revolution was the work of the wits of his country. He evidently took no part in it."

Although his exterior had always been diverting rather than alluring, Monsieur de Montchenu, whose fatuity was as great as his vanity, was wont to reckon the number of his feminine conquests at several thousands. At sixty, he still considered himself irresistible. But when one day he tried to deposit a kiss on the cheek of Mrs. Martin, the lean and elderly landlady of his lodgings at Jamestown, this model of British respectability uttered screams so piercing that they put the whole place in a flutter. His infatuation for Lady Lowe, without causing a similar scandal, also gained indiscreet notoriety. Encouraged by the malicious lady of Plantation, he wrote her an ardent letter of eight pages, which she kept preciously and would often show to her friends.

This royal emissary, who had many failings, was, besides, as prone to petty slander as a porter's wife, addicted to greediness and, according to general opinion, not over generous.

In a correspondence divulged by European newspapers, he put a construction upon the games and liberties of the roguish Betsy with Napoleon that incensed Mr. Balcombe, and provoked a keen desire for revenge on the part of the compromised girl. At the suggestion of the Emperor, who had

promised her a beautiful fan, Betsy was bent upon seizing the wig of the Marquis and cutting off the tail: a plan from which she was with difficulty dissuaded by her mother.

Montchenu, dubbed hairdresser on his arrival, received another nickname from the English officers: that of Mr. *Montez chez nous*. He owed it to the alacrity with which he availed himself of all invitations without ever returning them. He complained of the mediocrity of the evening parties at Saint Helena, which, he said, only cost three or four bottles of wine, a little pastry, and some candles; he missed none of them, drank his bottle of wine, stuffed himself with pastry, and never lit a candle for anybody. His appetite was so formidable that he could easily have devoured one of Coffin's sheep by his single efforts, but in vain would the butcher-general have pestered him with his bills; nothing would ever have induced him to pay for so much as an ounce of the meat.

As a result of over-eating he suffered from stomach-ache. Dr. Henry, who was called in, went to Mrs. Martin's house and found the burly Marquis, his face ablaze, breathing loudly, with his coat off, and his waistcoat unbuttoned. He was perusing a medical text-book, and begged the assistant-surgeon to help him in his researches to discover the nature of his complaint. Henry, who surmised that Monsieur de Montchenu's request was an attempt to convert the consultation into one of those small services that do not involve remuneration, made light of the text-book,

and condemned the glutton, on his sole authority, to the torture of a severe diet.

He afterwards paid him about fifty visits, and expected either a fee or a present of some work of art. But all he was ever to receive was the following extremely flattering letter, in which his distinguished patient bade him farewell on his departure from the island at the end of the Captivity: "Dear Doctor, I do not know whether I shall have the pleasure of seeing you before your embarkation, to thank you once more for your kind attentions to me during my illness. They have been extremely useful to me; and my esteem, my gratitude, and my boundless devotion are so deeply graven in my heart as to be ineffaceable."

"Who would exchange such a note for a gold snuff-box?" asks the doctor, laughing awry, for he would have preferred even a silver one.

To judge by Henry's pen, which had sarcastic tendencies, Count Balmain, on an occasion and under circumstances of a particular nature, proved almost as entertaining a character as his colleague Montchenu. According to all the evidence, the Russian Commissioner was a diplomat of much tact and discretion, a nobleman with polished manners. But perhaps the assistant-surgeon was prejudiced against him. Lady Lowe, as has already been mentioned, had two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage with Colonel William Johnson. Charlotte, the elder, was charming. Her regular features, her clear blue eyes,

her flaxen hair which fell in curls about her shoulders, and, lastly, her mother's delicate skin and vivacious spirits, would have attracted attention and suitors everywhere. At Saint Helena half the young officers of the garrison fell in love with her, and cherished hopes of obtaining her hand. To her score of military wooers she preferred the envoy of the Czar. Henry was probably among the rejected and the disappointed. Might this not be his motive in ridiculing the Count's courtship of Miss Johnson, and the successful issue of that courtship?

"We used to meet him at dinner at Plantation House," he relates, "and when the gentlemen left their wine to join the ladies in the drawing-room, the Count, another officer of my regiment and myself, generally retired together. On seeing Miss Johnson sitting between her mother and Lady Bingham, the enraptured Commissioner would give his arm to each of us and saunter in front of the ladies—nudging us every minute or two, gazing on the betrothed and pointing out her various charms, *en connoisseur*, with the greatest enthusiasm. 'Look, my dear friend—*O ciel!* what a neck—*Dieu d'Amour!* what an exquisite bust!—what a profile!—what an expression!—what an *ensemble* of charms!' Of course, as in duty bound, we could only acquiesce. 'Look at the attitude!' he would resume,—'How delightfully easy!—How graceful!'—'Happy Count, with such a prospect—but you will be *furieusement jaloux*—you will let nobody speak to your wife—*n'est-ce pas vrai?*

'Oh que non,—pas du tout, je vous jure—but see, Lady Bingham rises—il faut me nicher—il faut me nicher. Adieu.'

“Count Balmain married the lady after a long courtship. She was young and handsome, and the gentleman neither the one nor the other. There was a gay wedding at Plantation House, and great mirth and enjoyment. At dawn the next morning a disconsolate individual was noticed wandering alone through the grounds, and the gossip of the island amused itself for a week with various stories of some trick that had been played, and of shut doors and barricaded bed-chambers. . . .”

Whether the first night was celebrated in this unusual manner or according to custom, the marriage of Count Balmain is an interesting fact in the history of Saint Helena. It suggests a reflection, and invites an observation. For two years, a diplomat, whose likeness is not to be found in Henry's caricature, courts Miss Johnson. Being greatly enamoured of the young lady, his keenest desire, for the success of his enterprise, is to live on good terms with her stepfather, Sir Hudson Lowe. He makes every effort to do so, but cannot attain his object, so that hardly for an instant does his correspondence cease to be unfavourable to the impossible official to whom he is to be allied. Would this be the case if the latter had possessed the excellent nature and half the virtues attributed to him by Forsyth and Seaton? Is it not amazing that Count Balmain, on the point of entering

the Governor's family, should be obliged to criticise, to blame his actions, just like Baron Sturmer, whose orders expressly directed him to remain in constant agreement with Plantation, and like the Marquis de Montchenu, a man of meagre intelligence, no doubt, but a fervent Legitimist, a representative of a form of government and of a king pre-eminently hostile to *Buonaparte*?

The fact is that by Hudson Lowe's fault, because of his ill-will and suspicious disposition, the Commissioners led an extraordinary and particularly wretched life at Saint Helena. The island was an abode even more execrable to them than to the officers of the English garrison. According to their instructions, they were to pay frequent visits to Napoleon, to watch his attitude, to satisfy themselves that he did not harbour any project of escape; in short, to reassure Louis XVIII., Francis II. and the Czar Alexander on his account. Unfortunately, as has already been said, the Emperor refused to receive them. To allow the three envoys to enter his presence, to inspect his house, and to examine his face, would have been—he justly considered—to admit that he was the prisoner of the sovereigns of France, of Austria and of Russia, into whose hands he had never fallen; he did not even admit to being the prisoner of England, to whom he had entrusted his person. In order, therefore, to draw up the reports that were expected from them in Europe, the Marquis de Montchenu, Baron von Sturmer, and

Count Balmain were obliged to apply to Plantation for details about Longwood. But Hudson Lowe immediately took umbrage at a mission, every member of which could, like himself, claim to be the representative at Saint Helena of a great Power, and would, perhaps, maintain a right to exercise a control over the affairs of the Captivity rivalling his own. Whenever the Commissioners had recourse to him he received them coldly, answered their questions wrong or not at all, became impatient, irritated, and rude to the point of insolence.

The diplomats consequently looked elsewhere for their information. In their search for news, they paced up and down the high street of Jamestown, trudged about the island, and rambled around Longwood. They interrogated the inhabitants and the soldiers of the garrison, who either knew nothing, or lured them with idle gossip and fictitious stories. With the aid of telescopes, and at a discreet distance, they carefully scanned Napoleon's enclosure; and the ironical Englishmen constantly caught Austria, Russia and the France of Louis XVIII. watching behind some rock, on the top of an eminence, for the appearance of the Emperor's invisible three-cornered hat.

Discouraged by public derision, they made use of a last resource. Their instructions forbade them to associate with the persons of Bonaparte's suite; under the circumstances they considered themselves authorised to violate them. Although Napoleon did not leave Longwood, his companions sometimes went

out under the escort of an officer. The Commissioners and the French exiles met in the island, bowed to one another, and finally entered into conversation. Little by little friendly relations were established. General Gourgaud was fond of riding; Baron Sturmer and Count Balmain fell into the habit of accompanying him. General de Montholon sometimes visited Jamestown; the Marquis de Montchenu, giving the lie to his nickname by showing hospitality, invited him to come up to his rooms and offered him refreshments. Henceforth, the diplomats obtained some information about Napoleon to send to Europe. But Hudson Lowe harassed them with abusive letters, treating their rides and libations with the *people of Longwood* as criminal offences, the pretext of which was to obtain from them information they could easily procure from himself! He summoned the Commissioners to Plantation. Far from obtaining any intelligence there, however, they were once more assailed with questions, reprimanded, and almost insulted: "I am driven," the envoy of Louis XVIII. one day wrote to Count de Montholon—"I am driven to coveting your position, although it is distasteful to you. Console yourself, for, if you do not see much society, you at least live with persons who have *the manners of France*."

Weary of the Governor's unfair dealings, and conscious, even unto the pompous Marquis de Montchenu, of the uselessness of their mission in an island where nothing ever happened, where in

all probability no event other than the slow death of Napoleon was pending, or would ever take place, the three diplomats longed to leave Saint Helena.

The most impatient to depart, and the most unhappy, was perhaps the Austrian. He had the advantage of youth over his colleagues, being barely thirty years of age; a pretty and devoted wife kept him company. But Hudson Lowe particularly detested and harassed him.

"Great courage and resignation are required," he wrote to Prince Metternich, "to endure this exile. Few are as sad. Everything here speaks of remoteness from the rest of the world. . . . Madame Sturmer charms and embellishes my existence; we were made for one another, and there was never a happier union. Without such a companion, melancholy would, no doubt, have already overcome me, and I should not be able to reach the prescribed term of my residence here without succumbing to it."

At the end of 1817 he fell ill. He was seized with a kind of hysteria, which made him laugh nervously and weep by turns. During the six months that followed, the attacks recurred; he had convulsions in the course of which four men could only hold him down with great difficulty. At that moment the British Government requested his recall to Vienna at the earnest solicitation of Hudson Lowe. A sudden, premature order of departure in July, 1818, restored him to health, and perhaps saved his life.

When Baron Sturmer embarked, Count Balmain

had just written to Count Nesselrode at Saint Petersburg: "Since the three years of my residence at Saint Helena expire on the 18th of June, 1818, I think fit to make use of the first opportunity available to return to Europe, and cannot refrain from informing your Excellency that, far from becoming acclimatised on this dreadful rock, I suffer constantly from my nerves. . . ."

But the Russian Commissioner falls in love with Miss Johnson, and in his eagerness to obtain her hand, resigns himself to stay some time longer in an island of which he has said in another letter: "Of all places on earth, this is the saddest, the most inaccessible, the easiest to defend, the hardest to attack, the most expensive, and, above all, the best adapted to the purpose for which it is now used."

He was to leave it immediately after his marriage, in the middle of 1820; with what joy may be readily imagined.

Henceforth, the only diplomat to remain with Hudson Lowe is the Marquis de Montchenu, who complains in almost all his reports to the Cabinet in Paris of this *infernal rock*, and repeats in a hundred different ways the opinion he expressed on his arrival: "This is the most isolated spot on earth, the most inaccessible, the poorest, and the most unsociable. . . ." A sense of gratified pride and an increase of emoluments were alone to give him the requisite fortitude to await the end of the Captivity. From the moment of Baron Sturmer's

departure, the imposing figure of the Marquis personifies, at Saint Helena, two great Powers; he already represented France, now he also represents Austria.

The torment of tedium in the island of exile had, like the torments described by Dante, its degrees, its circles of aggravation. It has just been seen in its progressive stages from the Yamstocks to the officers of the garrison, and from the latter to the Commissioners. Jamestown was an unlovely place, Deadwood a dull camp, and Rosemary Hall, where Baron Sturmer and Count Balmain became neurasthenic, a gloomy residence. But nowhere did the hours of Saint Helena appear longer and sadder than at Longwood.

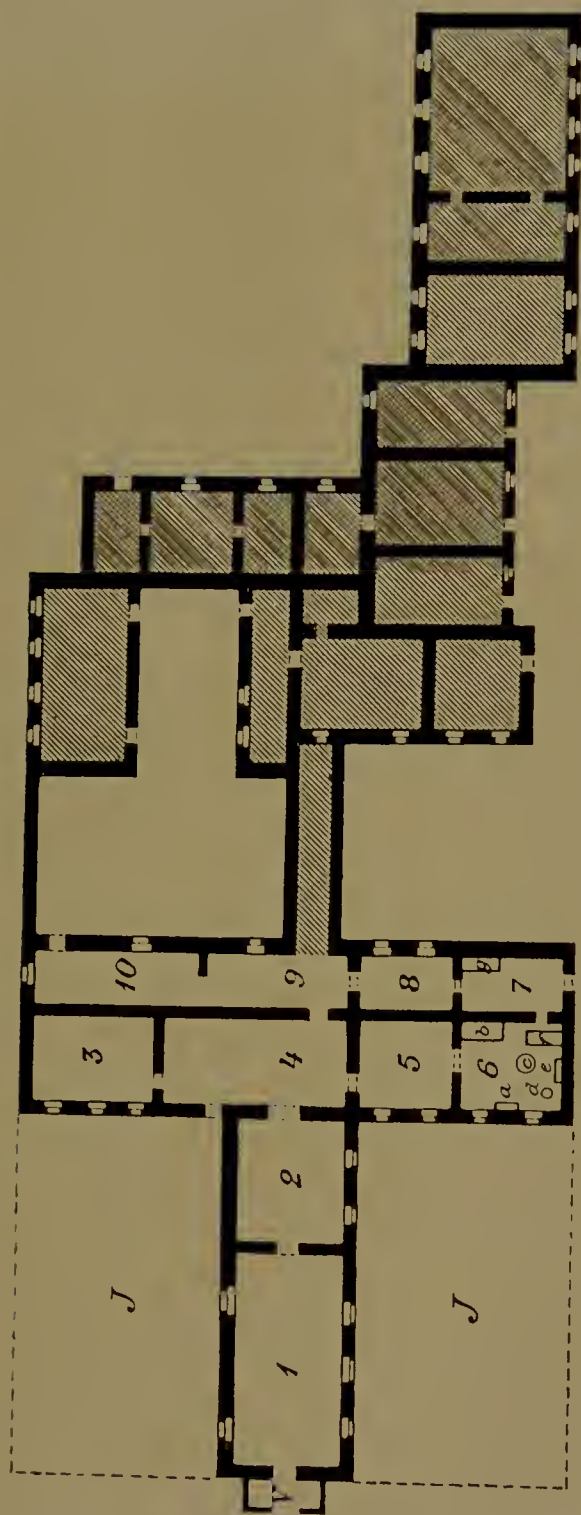
In vain the Emperor sought occupations for his captivity; in vain he tried to while away his henceforth aimless days in conversations, reading, and historical labours. Every day seemed to him a year—an empty year.

In the morning, as far as possible, he prolonged his slumbers, disturbed by the reveille and the musters of the English bivouac, where the fifiers sounded their shrill notes. Then he rang for Marchand and asked that faithful valet, who had served him since 1811, and had already followed him to the island of Elba: "What sort of weather is it, my good fellow?—Open the window, give me air . . ." Marchand raised the two sash-windows at the bottom and pushed back the shutters. Some-

times the dazzling rays of a tropical sun would stream in, and Napoleon, from his bed, could perceive the grey barracks and the white tents of Deadwood camp at the foot of Flagstaff Hill. More often a mist completely shut out the view, and the sky being overcast and rainy, the little bed-room was only dimly lit up.

It measured fifteen feet by twelve, and nine feet in height. The walls were covered with common brown nankeen, bordered by a strip of flowered paper, and the floor displayed a wretched faded carpet. The furniture supplied by the British Government for that part of the imperial apartments consisted of a cane-bottomed beech-wood armchair, painted green ; four or five other chairs to match ; a round table ; a disjointed chest of drawers ; and an old sofa. However, a magnificent wash-stand, with its silver ewer and basin, shone in a corner, but Napoleon had brought it from France, as well as two candlesticks, two flasks, and two silver-gilt cups, which had been removed from his big dressing-case, and now stood in surprising contrast to their surroundings before a tarnished mirror, on the board that formed the mantelshelf of a dilapidated fireplace.

The windows, hung with muslin curtains, and the chest of drawers between them, where the Emperor kept his linen, occupied one side of the room. Against the opposite wall stretched the sofa and the bed—the latter a little iron bedstead, the field-



PLAN OF LONGWOOD HOUSE.

V. Verandah.

1. Topographical room

2. Drawing-room.

3. Library

4. Dining-room.

5. Study.

6. Bedroom.

a. Chest of Drawers.

b. Bed.

c. Round Table.

d. Washstand.

e. Fireplace.

f. Sofa.

7. Bathroom.

g. Bath.

8. Ante-Chamber.

9. Lobby.

10. Closet.

J. J. Small Gardens.

bed in which Napoleon had slept on the eve of Marengo and Austerlitz. The fire-place was situated in the middle of the right-hand wall, and a door on the left gave access to another room, a study of like dimensions, lighting, hangings, and carpet, and even less luxurious.

It was in this shabby interior that the Emperor spent almost all his mornings, attired in a white quilted dressing-gown of dimity, closely fitting white trousers with heel-straps, in slippers, and frequently retaining around his head the red bandana handkerchief which he wore at night.

When Napoleon rose, Marchand brought him a cup of tea, of black coffee or of coffee with milk, which he took at the round table, and shortly afterwards, as a rule, Dr. O'Meara, who was wont to come and inquire after his health, sent in his name. Napoleon always received him well, not out of respect for the medical profession, in which he had little faith, but for a motive entirely unconnected with medicine. Great men have failings, detestable in ordinary mortals, but amusing, never unpleasant in them, because mankind likes to see heroes descend occasionally to its level. The Emperor had at all times been inquisitive—inquisitive about the merest trifles, the little incidents of everyday life. At the Tuileries he would listen complacently to his valet and his hair-dresser who brought him the rumours of Paris. At Elba, having a poor opinion of the science of Dr. Foureau de Beauregard, he only kept him on

account of his anecdotes. At Saint Helena, O'Meara was the newsmonger from whom, every morning, he expected to hear the gossip of town and camp, of Jamestown and Deadwood.

Only a Forsyth or a Seaton could reproach the recluse of Longwood for having taken a certain interest in the rackety outings of Lady Lowe, and the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Boys; for the amusement he found, at rare intervals, in the love which an admiral shared with midshipmen, or in the addition made by Theodore Hook to the list of chest diseases, already so long. Unfortunately the Emperor's curiosity was accompanied by indiscretion. While reserved as regards politics, in matters of private life he displayed incorrigible loquacity, repeated everything confided to him, and never failed to declare with childlike candour: "I had it from so-and-so." It sometimes resulted in serious annoyances for O'Meara, of whose complacency and freedom of speech the Governor, intent on maintaining a deathlike silence around Longwood, was informed by his police.

The English surgeon had frequently, besides, the disagreeable task of bearing to Napoleon messages from Hudson Lowe that infuriated the Emperor. But when the latter had given vent to his anger by a few excusable invectives against his gaoler, he would return to the past; in contrast with the base British treatment, he would comment on the lofty achievements of his career, and the doctor gleaned

from his lips the materials for an invaluable diary, destined to become celebrated.

The Emperor conversed with the physician in Italian. It was his habit during the Captivity to employ this language with Englishmen; not that it suited him better than French, as was maintained in London, but because many officers who had served in Sicily and Calabria were familiar with it, whereas they did not know French. Far, indeed, from being fluent, Napoleon's Italian, as we learn from Meneval, was often merely French to which he added terminations in *i*, in *o*, and in *a*.

After O'Meara's visit, the Emperor generally spent the rest of his morning reading.

At times, placing his book on a desk fixed to the sides, he would read in his bath, installed in a narrow closet next to the bedroom—a kind of recess, the entrance of which was hidden by a screen set up near the bed and sofa. As a rule, however, Napoleon read reclining on the worn-out calico-covered piece of furniture last mentioned. He was fond of this place, whence he could contemplate a picture by Isabey, which hung on a panel of the wall opposite, and represented the King of Rome in the arms of Marie-Louise. Beside it, a little farther to the right, on the white-painted board over the fireplace, between the two silver-gilt candlesticks, the Emperor had a little marble bust of his son; and, along the uprights of the tarnished mirror, four miniatures, also by Isabey or Aimée Thibault,

portrayed the child, now in a helmet-shaped cradle, now on a cushion trying on a slipper; here again riding a sheep decked out with ribands, there on his knees, with his hands clasped together, in the act of saying his evening prayer. A picture of the Empress Josephine, the gold watch of Rivoli, suspended by a chain made of the plaited hair of Marie-Louise, and the big silver repeater, the alarum-clock of Frederick II., taken at Potsdam, completed the list of those souvenirs and relics that Napoleon liked to see before him whenever he raised his eyes from his book.

For greater convenience, when engaged in reading, he covered the round table, the chairs placed within his reach, and all the available room on the sofa, with quartos, octavos, and folios. Even the most important works only kept him occupied for a very short time; in three days, Madame de Montholon relates, he looked through the twenty-two volumes of the *Histoire du Bas-Empire*, by Le Beau. Indeed, he read *with the thumb*, to use his own expression; but rapidly as he turned over the pages, he never failed to discover the interesting passages, which he noted and always remembered. If an author happened to weary him, he would send him to the wall with an ill-humoured gesture, or hurl him across the room. Books wide open and bindings with the corners broken soon littered the floor, and every morning Saint-Denis, the second valet, spent a good half-hour picking up the wounded to carry them by armfuls to the library.

The library, we have seen, took up the left end of the transversal building in the T formed by the Emperor's apartments. It was separated from the bedroom, at the other extremity, by the dining-room and the study. The trade-wind and the spray to which it was exposed on two sides, together with the absence of a fireplace, made it a damp, cold chamber, and neither Napoleon nor his companions ever sat there. It was painted green, and completely bare, but for some cupboards with glass doors and a few tables, and was only used as a warehouse for about a thousand volumes at the beginning of the Captivity, for three thousand to three thousand five hundred at the end.

On his instalment at Longwood, Napoleon had immediately requested the British Government for books, and supplied a list of those that he desired. In June 1816 he received about ten cases, filled in part with unexpected works, inferior editions, and odd volumes. The English ministers had forwarded the stock-in-trade of a London bookseller. At the same time, with the generosity of which they were to give so many examples, they sent in the bill—an exorbitant bill.

Enlightened by this experience, the Emperor thereafter applied to private correspondents. But even the smallest pamphlet destined for the prisoner of Saint Helena had to bear Lord Bathurst's *visa*, and Napoleon rarely saw the arrival of new books. He unpacked them with his own hands, and when

they were sufficiently numerous to encumber the carpet and all the furniture of his room, sunshine brightened his life for a brief moment. These were red-letter days for him ; days on which sometimes he did not leave his sofa for twelve hours.

He read chiefly history, memoirs, and lampoons. These three kinds of publications formed the main part of the library of Longwood. No wonder they aroused the Emperor's interest ; for, in their pages, he sought the judgments passed on the great events of the past and of his reign. The attacks of his enemies and the false statements of pamphleteers left him calm as a rule. If by chance they perturbed him somewhat, he scribbled an exclamation, an interjection, a marginal note to the disparagement or calumny, and proceeded. There are, however, works—among others a book by Fleury de Chaboulon—that he thought fit to annotate completely, covering them with copious commentaries and refutations in his hieroglyphical hand.

Treatises of military science, geography, and narratives of travel came next on the list of Napoleon's preferences.

Certain mornings he devoted to literature. Among prose writers, Voltaire was his favourite. "He is the king of wit," he often declared. Among poets, he hardly cared for any but Ossian, of whom he possessed a good Italian translation. The coldness and conventionality of French epic poems rendered them distasteful to him ; likewise the

dryness of the few French classical lyrics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He rated highly some ten tragedies and comedies in verse, but their dramatic value alone elicited his esteem. He sought in poetry that which is perhaps its supreme sphere: vague and imposing visions, the outlines of dreams. Hence his appreciation for the nebulous sublimities of the Scotch bard. "I have been even accused," he once said in jest to Lady Malcolm, "of having my head filled with Ossian's clouds."

About eleven o'clock he left off reading, and sat down on an end of the sofa to lunch at the round table, now cleared of books and spread with a napkin. The meal consisted of soup, two meat courses and a side-dish of vegetables: the latter was only served on days when the *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, who went marketing to Jamestown escorted by a soldier, could obtain a fresh supply. Occasionally the little table was laid for two. This happened when the Emperor, instead of reading, had worked during the morning at his memoirs with one of his household, General Gourgaud, for instance, or General de Montholon. In that case, after eight or ten minutes devoted to the meal, which was terminated by a cup of coffee, their occupation was resumed.

On his arrival at Saint Helena, Napoleon contemplated writing the narrative of his entire career, giving a record of all his political and military achievements. Of this vast scheme he only completed a quarter, a fifth part, perhaps, consisting of

the beginning and the end. He related his successive stages, as artillery captain at the Siege of Toulon, as brigadier-general, as head of the armies of Italy and of Egypt, as First Consul. Then comes a gap: nothing about the Consulship for life, and hardly anything about the Empire; only the last years, Elba, and the Hundred Days. Such as it is, the work is yet considerable, and fills six large volumes, which were published in 1867. Its magnitude alone would do credit to a professional writer, but it has other merits. No doubt—M. Houssaye has pointed out the fact with respect to Waterloo—its accuracy is frequently at fault, and it contains numerous errors. Deprived of means of reference, of documents and archives to refresh his memory, the author of this colossal autobiography has too often been obliged to rely chiefly on his own recollections. But his style is fluent, precise, picturesque; his logic, the way in which he arranges the events, admirable. When he introduces a personage, he sketches him with three or four characteristic and definite strokes; when he explains his battlefields, the countries in which he waged war, his geographical descriptions rival and surpass those of a Malte-Brun or a Reclus. So remarkable a literary production is the most triumphant answer to Forsyth and his lieutenant, to those detractors who reproach the captive of Saint Helena with having spent all his days in complaints and recriminations, in picking paltry quarrels with the hapless Hudson Lowe!

During the first years of exile, and until he completely gave way to discouragement, Napoleon devoted many hours to his memoirs. His companions, each of whom was his secretary by turns, relate that he taxed their good-will, and often tired their pen, in the study adjoining his bedroom, that other wretched chamber in which he had a small bureau, a few bookshelves, and a second field-bed.

"I remember a time when writing history was a genuine passion for him," says Emmanuel Las Cases. ". . . He almost always dictated walking; his steps were not hurried then, and immediately his attention was arrested they grew extremely even. When his attention was still further engrossed, his steps became firmer, and the sound of his foot, as he set it on the floor, could be heard distinctly. On becoming at all animated he breathed loudly and rapidly. I noticed that he always gave himself up entirely and completely to the pursuit in which he was engaged. I cannot recollect ever having seen him occupied with two different things at the same moment. The story of Cæsar simultaneously dictating dispatches in various languages to several secretaries made him laugh. While he worked much noise was frequently caused around him by the slamming of doors; but he never appeared to notice it. . . ."

At two o'clock the Emperor prepared to go out of his *interior*, as the exiles of Longwood designated

the private, the strictly reserved part of his suite, the bedroom and the adjoining study where he principally lived, and to which nobody had access unless by special request or on formal application. He shaved, took off his dimity dressing-gown, and put on his afternoon costume. This costume consisted as a rule of a green coat, a waistcoat and breeches of kerseymere, white silk stockings and buckle shoes. At the beginning of the Captivity the green coat, with red cuffs and collar, was that of the *chasseurs* of the Imperial Guard; later, that of the hunts stripped of its gold and silver lace. Napoleon also wore, although not often, plain clothes of other colours; for instance, a brown suit and one of nankeen. He had three overcoats for use out of doors: two grey, of the well-known traditional cut, and one green.

Once dressed, the Emperor repaired to the parlour, where his companions used to assemble.

“Parlour” is only one of the names of a room called, during the years of the Captivity, by a dozen different designations: billiard-room, because it originally contained a billiard-table eventually removed elsewhere; *salon d'attente*, because visitors were obliged to wait there; and topographical room or map-room. In reality, the place destined for such varied purposes was the antechamber of the house; that wooden construction at the foot of the T of Longwood, next to the verandah: a building hastily erected by Admiral Cockburn's sailors during Napoleon's residence

at The Briars. Its walls inside exposed to view badly planed boards coated with light green paint which was peeling off in the black-edged panels.

In spite of this the room was the pleasantest and most comfortable of the imperial apartments, being spacious and well lighted. It measured twenty-four feet in length, seventeen feet in width, and eleven feet in height. Three windows facing west commanded a view of the road leading from Deadwood to Jamestown, which passed at a distance of about a hundred yards away. From two other windows, between which stood a fireplace in masonry, the sea could be seen to the east. A glass door led to the verandah on the north side, and a panelled door to the drawing-room at the opposite end. White muslin curtains at the windows, a looking-glass over the mantelpiece, some straw-bottomed chairs and several tables on trestles, always covered with open maps, was about all the furniture the room contained.

It was there that, on rainy afternoons, Napoleon prepared the records of his wars. He consulted the Annual Register, the few numbers of the *Moniteur*, the military memoirs and the atlases which he kept there. Surrounded by his companions, he explained the plans of his battles, represented Rivoli or revived Marengo, with red- and black-headed pins for soldiers.

On fine days,—of rare occurrence except for a third of the year, during the relatively dry months of October, November, December, and January,—the French exiles only remained for a short time in the

topographical room or parlour ; about three or four o'clock they left the house.

On both sides of the principal bar of the T, to which we have constantly to return in order to give an idea of the plan of the apartments of Longwood, were small gardens with pitiful flowers. That on the left contained an arbour formed by wooden hoops and overgrown with viburnum. The Emperor would often sit there with his circle, or else walk up and down a long, narrow, pine plantation extending from the right of the house to the Jamestown road. This plantation, protected from the trade-winds by the buildings occupied by Napoleon and by the adjoining out-houses, made a tolerably fine show, and the branches of its few rows of trees subdued the glare of the tropical sun and rendered it bearable.

At other times, when the weather was agreeably cool, the Frenchmen took the air in front of the verandah, or farther away in the midst of the leafless gum-trees of the plateau. The Emperor walked with measured steps, now talking to his companions, now silent. A semi-circle of heights, overlooking the enclosure of Longwood, seemed to watch the little captive group and keep guard over it. And, as a matter of fact, from Deadwood Camp, pitched on a mound near Flagstaff Hill ; from the various summits of the mountain range to which Diana Peak belongs ; from Alarm-House and the lofty citadel of High Knoll close to Jamestown ; from north, south, and west, telescopes followed and optical telegraphy signalled



FLAGSTAFF HILL AND THE BARN (1841).

all the movements of the Frenchmen. On one side only the horizon had no eyes wherewith to spy them : to the east, the sea extended its blind mirror, its smooth sheet almost always deserted. Sometimes several days elapsed without the appearance of the three black balls that announced the sight of a sail from a semaphore situated near the Barn, that solemn, massive mountain next the cone of Flagstaff. When the event occurred in the course of one of Napoleon's walks, he took a field-glass, usually carried by one of his attendants, and often saw nothing but the tops of masts, at the extreme limit of the waters. A ship that did not touch at Saint Helena was passing down there far away. If, however, the ship happened to be bound for Jamestown, and approached the island, she generally turned out to be a vessel of the East India Company or a man-of-war. Betsy Balcombe devotes a page of her recollections to describing the scene the Emperor then had before his eyes, and the emotions these arrivals aroused in him :—

“ ‘ *The ashes of a thousand thoughts were on his brows ;* ’ he was standing with General Bertrand, his eyes bent sadly on the seventy-four, which was yet but a speck on the line of the horizon. The magnificent ship soon grew upon our sight, as, beating up to windward, silently yet proudly she pursued her brave career. ‘ Sailing amid the loneliness, like a thing endowed with heart and mind,’ she seemed the very personification of Majesty ! Byron thought the ocean, with a single vessel moving over it, the most poetical

object in nature ; perhaps its utter loneliness is the cause. . . .

“The Emperor, after a long silence, commented on the fine management of the vessel. ‘The English are kings upon the sea,’ he said ; and then, smiling somewhat sarcastically, added, ‘I wonder what they think of our beautiful island ; they cannot be much elated by the sight of my gigantic prison walls !’”

Night falls suddenly in the tropics. About six o'clock in the evening, at all seasons of the year, the sun sank rapidly beneath the waves towards Jamestown, almost without the warning of twilight, as, in the morning, also about six o'clock, it loomed suddenly off Longwood, almost without a dawn. On their return—on days, the rare days, it must be repeated, when the cessation of wind and rain made it possible to go out—the Frenchmen awaited the dinner hour in the drawing-room.

The drawing-room, which followed the verandah and the parlour, had somewhat larger dimensions than Napoleon's study and bedroom : eighteen feet by fifteen. It was in this apartment that the Emperor gave audience to strangers ; here he received Lord Amherst and his suite, Captain Basil Hall, Henry, and the officers of the 66th. The walls were hung with a yellow green-flowered paper, and the furniture consisted of two mahogany folding-tables, two sofas, two arm-chairs and eight other chairs, also of mahogany, upholstered with horse-hair and black rep. A nondescript chandelier hung from the ceiling. A door

at the end opened on the dining-room. In the middle of the left-hand wall was a fireplace with a mantelpiece surmounted by a common looking-glass, and supporting the life-size bust, in white marble, of a curly-haired child adorned with the badge of the Legion of Honour : the Duke of Reichstadt. A poor work, of questionable likeness and authenticity, brought to Saint Helena by a sailor, but in which Napoleon liked to see the faithful portrait of a son from whom he had already been separated for some years, and of whom he only knew the unformed features. It was always with a look of paternal pride that he contemplated this piece of sculpture, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to hear people praise and admire it. The drawing-room was lighted from the right, the west side, by two windows, hung, like those of the other rooms of the apartments, with white muslin curtains. At the hour of death, the Emperor was to have his bed placed in the intervening space between them ; it was there, face to face with the bust so dear to him, that he breathed his last.

Until dinner the French exiles sought diversion in whist, piquet, reversis, or chess.

As often as not Napoleon was absent-minded, and laid down the cards or moved the chessmen mechanically. When, however, he took an interest in the game, he was always eager to win, and delighted in malicious cheating. He rifled his opponents who assumed expressions of woe, bantered them, and then returning their money with a laugh :

"This," he would say, "is how gentlemen's sons are ruined!"

Etiquette was severely enforced at Longwood. On his walks, Napoleon's companions escorted him bare-headed, unless they had received an order to the contrary. In the drawing-room, whilst one of them sat opposite him at the card-table, the others remained respectfully standing. The Emperor only bade the ladies, Countesses Bertrand and de Montholon, be seated. He usually kept his hat on, and only raised it at their entry. No one addressed him but when questioned or once the conversation was started. Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgaud hardly ever appeared before him except in court dress or in the uniforms of generals. If they desired to impart news to his Majesty, when he was in his private apartments, they solicited an audience. When they happened upon the Emperor alone out of doors, in one of his little gardens, they awaited a sign before drawing near to him.

Why this excess of ceremony at Saint Helena? One would imagine that, with his small circle in exile, Napoleon could have lived almost in the simple fashion of a private person with his family. But he had always attached great importance to matters of etiquette; as an upstart monarch, he had ever dreaded on the part of his servitors that relaxation of attentions and respect which intimacy with the sovereign, his continual presence and daily intercourse, may engender. Now, at least, his fears were not altogether

idle. Even the devoted Count Bertrand, at times, questioned his orders; one day, at The Briars, on being reprimanded, he raised his voice to such a pitch that the Emperor was obliged to impose silence on him, and say: "At the Tuileries you would not have dared speak thus to me." Words somewhat misplaced and impolite would escape from Gourgaud. And as for Montholon, although too much the courtier to be disrespectful in his master's presence, he indulged in rather unguarded criticism behind his back.

Napoleon had yet another reason, the chief reason, for his rigid insistence upon his imperial prerogatives. He was called *General*. The extreme honours that he exacted from his suite were a protest against this designation, an assertion, to the face of his gaolers, of that rank of monarch which the British nation so ungenerously denied him.

The English, admirable as they are in many respects, have a defect—the defect of one of their qualities. Their manly love of strength often renders them incapable of conceiving it otherwise than ever prosperous, ever triumphant, present, and steadfast. Woe to the giant who stumbles! Woe to the hero whom fortune betrays! They no longer admire Samson, once the perfidious Delilah has shorn him of his lion's mane and reduced him to impotence. Homage paid to baffled effort, the *Gloria victis*! astonishes them.

Cockburn once wrote to a friend that Napoleon's

companions continued to be devoted to his person in a way no Englishman could understand, or even witness, without a feeling of disgust and contempt; while the Admiral's secretary expressed the same idea, although in somewhat milder terms, by stating that their servility was altogether beyond English conceptions; and General Bingham, whom the Emperor had received at his table, thus appreciated the honour: "The dinner lasted only forty minutes. . . . It was stupid enough; the people who live with him scarcely spoke above a whisper."

Nevertheless, the sight which they tried to turn into ridicule impressed these proud servants of a free country, who would have bowed down to the ground before the least, petty reigning king. The boorish Cockburn contented himself with being rude to Napoleon; he could have been more offensive: familiar! And, but for the barrier of ostensible respect with which the captive of Saint Helena surrounded himself, perhaps Hudson Lowe, the Governor, would not have hesitated even to intrude upon the privacy of his room; to enter it with the regularity of a turnkey going the rounds of the prisoners' cells.

The principal reason that rendered etiquette requisite at Longwood also necessitated the maintenance of pomp and circumstance. When, in the first period of his exile, the Emperor went out driving, he nearly always had six horses to his barouche, two out-riders, and the officers of his escort galloping beside the



GENERAL GRAND MARSHAL BERTRAND (ABOUT 1850).

doors. Although his house was far from resembling a palace, yet, by way of further protest, he retained a grand marshal, Count Bertrand, and as much as possible of the service and air of a Court. The Englishmen to whom he granted an audience found an aide-de-camp—Gourgaud or Montholon, in full-dress uniform, topbooted and sword girt on—in the parlour; at the door of the apartment in which Napoleon was about to receive them they saw an imposing-looking usher, resplendent with gold lace, the giant Noverraz. All the retainers of the unacknowledged sovereign wore, at Saint Helena, the former imperial livery: a green coat with gold- or silver-embroidered collar and cuffs, a white kersey-mere waistcoat, black silk breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with buckles. They discharged their duties at Longwood with the same precision, gravity, solemnity, as at the Tuileries.

For instance, at seven o'clock, the hour appointed for the evening meal, the *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, entered the drawing-room, and making a low bow to the Emperor, announced: "His Majesty's dinner is served." Napoleon then rose and proceeded to the dining-room, followed by Count and Countess de Montholon, and General Gourgaud, his three habitual guests. If the Bertrands were present, they usually asked permission to withdraw, and returned to their separate house. Except on Sundays, the Emperor seldom had their company at table, whereof he complained: "The Grand Marshal and his wife

did the same at Elba. Surely we ought to keep as closely united here as possible."

The dining-room was certainly one of the most gloomy apartments of the whole gloomy suite. Even in the daytime candles were necessary, and, partly on that account, Napoleon never lunched there. At a corner of the room a narrow glass door, giving access to the garden with the arbour, alone let in the light. Other doors opened on all sides: those of the drawing-room, library, study, and that of a lobby communicating with the kitchen and offices. Situated at the junction of the horizontal and the perpendicular bar of the Longwood T, the dining-room occupied a central position in the imperial apartments, and was subject to two drawbacks inherent to such places: comings and goings, and draughts. It measured 22 feet in length, 12 feet in width and 9 feet in height, and was originally painted in oils a horrible bright blue colour, but afterwards hung with a red paper. It contained an oval table, a cupboard, a sideboard, and the usual dozen chairs.

Such was the shabby setting to Napoleon's dinner, served in magnificent silver plate brought over from France, of which the value, estimated at the weight of the metal, exceeded £3200 on the arrival at Saint Helena. Portions of it had been broken up and sold—the reader will recollect on what occasion—but there remained at least half of the 124 plates ornamented with palm-

leaves, the 124 plain plates, the 40 varied plates, the 100 knives, forks and spoons, the dish-covers surmounted by eagles of solid silver, the trays, soup tureens, and branched candlesticks made to match, of which it originally consisted.

The repast was composed of a soup course, a *relevé*, two *entrées*, a joint, and two sweets. The *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, carved the meats and placed them ceremoniously before the Emperor. Several footmen assisted him.

At dessert, an exquisite service of Sèvres china, a gift of the city of Paris, made its appearance, together with knives, forks and spoons of chased gold. Each plate, worth £24, represented a scene from the imperial drama, or some spot on its vast stage—a battle or a festivity, a palace or a landscape. The coffee-cups were ornamented with views of Egypt and ibises; their saucers with miniatures of Arab or Turkish chieftains.

Dinner, as a rule, was quickly disposed of. The forty minutes that seemed insufficient to General Bingham were a concession in favour of strangers. Although Napoleon had now time and to spare, he could no more abide long meals at Saint Helena than formerly at the Tuileries. After a brief half-hour, which, when Bertrand figured among the guests, he indulgently prolonged by a few minutes on account of the Marshal's excessive fondness for pastry and sweetmeats, he hastily pushed back his chair. All rose at this signal. Sometimes they were allowed to resume

their seats, and remained in the dining-room. At other times they returned to the drawing-room. In either case the Emperor sent for books from the library, and afterwards dismissed his servants, on whom he practised his English; for, having taken lessons from Las Cases and Countess Bertrand, he could stammer out a few words of that language, and even knew it sufficiently well to understand the gist of the newspapers and reviews which he glanced through whenever he was able to procure them. He would then say to the footmen: "*Go out, go to supper!*" Whereupon he would ask his company—"What shall we read this evening? What do you wish to hear? A comedy or a tragedy?"

They were well acquainted with his preferences, and therefore chose a tragedy. He opened Corneille, Racine, or Voltaire, and began an act or a scene. He read rather well and with feeling, waxed eloquent when he came to the fine passages, but lacked the poetic ear. Often, without noticing it, he destroyed the measure and the composition of the hexameter by adding to it a foot or two, by changing a word or a proper name. Thus, in his mouth, the celebrated verse:—

"Soyons amis, Cinna, c'est moi qui t'en convie"

always became, in a lengthened and modified form:—

"Scylla, soyons amis, Scylla, c'est moi qui t'en convie."

Another of his faults was perpetually to take up the same plays. So much so, that General Gourgaud

and Madame de Montholon, weary of hearing Voltaire's *Zaire*, had formed a plan to get rid of the copy in the library of Longwood. *Zaire* affected them in the manner of a powerful soporific. But willy nilly, they were obliged to listen to it, for the Emperor, who watched his audience out of the corner of his eye, always noticed the slightest tendency to slumber, and suddenly threw out the severe rebuke: "Madame de Montholon, you are asleep!" or this injunction: "Gourgaud, wake up!" After which he handed the volume over to one or other of the offenders by way of punishment, folded his arms, and invariably dropped off himself before five minutes had elapsed.

It may seem odd that he so highly appreciated the plays of Voltaire. Probably his admiration for the prose writer disposed him favourably towards the dramatist, whose defects, moreover, he discerned and pointed out. In general, he was an excellent judge and subtle critic of literature.

For instance, he explained his predilection for tragedy in this wise: "It gives a more faithful representation of great men than history. It shows them only in the crises that develop them, the supreme moments of their career. We are not wearied here by the labour of preparatory details and conjectures which historians often erroneously supply. This is all to the advantage of Glory, for man is beset with petty matters, with misgivings and vacillations, all of which should disappear in the hero. We should see

him as a monumental statue in which the weakness and tremors of the flesh are no longer perceptible."

When discussing the rule of the three unities, he said in relation to unity of time: "If the action in tragedy is limited to twenty-four hours, it is not arbitrarily so; but in order to seize passions at the highest pitch of their intensity, at that point where they cannot any longer be diverted from their object and must inevitably bring about a fatal issue. . . . At the outset the actors are agitated; in the third act sweating profusely; and bathed in perspiration in the last."

His ideas on each particular play were equally interesting. Thus, the stage suppression of the part of the Infanta, in the *Cid*, appeared to him a mistake: "This part," he asserted, "is extremely well imagined. Corneille desires to give us the most favourable opinion of his hero, and certainly for the *Cid* to be loved at the same time by the daughter of his king and by Chimene adds to his glory. Nothing sets off this young man so admirably as these two women who contend for his heart."

Occasionally his criticisms were rather unexpected, being elicited by other considerations than the plot or the composition of the drama.

After a reading of *Mithridate*, he declared discontentedly: "Racine did not know geography!"

In tragedy and epic poems the improbable and the inaccurate shocked him beyond measure. He thought highly of Voltaire's *Mahomet*, but was

irritated at finding details there "so entirely out of keeping with Arabian habits!" The wooden horse of the *Æneid* put him out of temper: "How can one possibly believe," he exclaimed, "that the Trojans were so stupid as to be the dupes of such a childish contrivance!" It also seemed absurd to him that a town of the importance of Ilion, which a hundred thousand Greeks had been unable to surround, was, in the space of three or four hours, invaded, gutted, and utterly destroyed by the Latin poet: "It took Scipio seventeen days to burn Carthage, abandoned by its inhabitants; it took eleven days to burn Moscow, although largely constructed of planks. Had Homer related the taking of Troy, he would not have treated it as the taking of a fort; he would at least have allowed the requisite eight days and eight nights. The *Iliad* throughout conveys the impression that Homer was once a warrior, while the *Æneid* inevitably suggests the work of a schoolmaster who has neither seen nor done anything."

It must not be imagined that the Emperor was always so peremptory, so cutting in his appreciations. Far from it. On many points he deemed himself incompetent, and had recourse to the literary authorities of the time, with a degree of simplicity that is pleasing to see in so great a mind. He often consulted the *Cours de Laharpe*, which he praised in these words: "It is the judgment of reason." He had sincere respect for the taste and critical sense of his former arch-treasurer, Lebrun, an excellent classical

scholar and an elegant translator of Greek and Latin. He quoted his opinions daily, repeating: "Lebrun told me. . ." And when he disagreed with him he seemed to excuse himself. For instance, "Lebrun," he said, "asserted that thoughts are only eloquent when they express the truth, and yet one cannot deny that Rousseau, a sophist in his eyes, is eloquent."

The evenings spent in reading and discussing all manner of works, but principally, and too frequently perhaps, tragedy, were less congenial to Napoleon's companions than those spent in conversation, when the Emperor gave full vent to his recollections and spoke of his life.

He was fond of looking back upon his early victories, and used to describe his emotions and the enthusiasm of an entire people on the morrow of Lodi, of Arcola, and of Rivoli: "What cries of 'Long live the liberator of Italy!' To think that I was only twenty-five years old! From that moment I realised what I might become; I felt as though carried away in the air; I saw the earth spread out beneath me."

Similarly, he liked to talk of Egypt and the Consulate, to recall the glorious days or the happiest dates of his reign: Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, the Peace of Tilsit, the interview of Erfurth, Eckmühl, Wagram, the marriage with the Archduchess Marie-Louise, the birth of the King of Rome, the festivities at Dresden.

But almost as often he broached the subject of his reverses and discussed the causes of his downfall in so calm a tone, with such quiet accents, that Madame de Montholon relates that she had at times this weird impression : " I thought that perhaps we were in the next world, and that I was listening to the Dialogues of the Dead."

Napoleon regretted his attempts against Spain and Russia. He deplored the defections at the end of the Empire. These defections, except on rare occasions, neither caused him surprise nor aroused his indignation, "for," he remarked, "men in the mass are weak, and changeable because they are weak; they seek fortune where it is likely to be found, reap their own benefits without wishing harm to their neighbours, and deserve pity rather than hatred."

What he could not understand was his defeat at Waterloo. Was it to be attributed to the rain of the 17th of June, to the untimely cavalry charge of Guyot's grenadiers, to the false move of Marshal Grouchy . . . ? "It was fated," he kept repeating. "Even with twenty thousand men less I ought yet to have won the battle. . . . My regrets are not for me, but for unhappy France!"

On days when the Emperor thus gave way to painful recollections and revived the tragic hours of his history, he would often say: "I should have died at Moscow! My institutions, my dynasty would be maintained . . . my son reigning . . ."

His son was ever present in his thoughts, though a sort of paternal reserve, the reserve of deep feeling, prevented him from showing it, from unbosoming himself to his companions. He hardly ever alluded to the Duke of Reichstadt under this Austrian title, but, apparently only by mere hap of reminiscences, turned the conversation at every moment to the birth and infancy of the King of Rome. And his tenderness is further revealed by the delight he took in gazing at a poorly executed bust; in the notes he vainly addressed to the British Government at the outset of the Captivity to obtain news of the child; in the feverish researches he made in the newspapers to discover a line concerning him; finally, and above all, in so many clauses, so many pages of his will. In moments of rare effusion he expressed his secret hope aloud: "My martyrdom will restore the crown to him!"

He seemed to look upon his end as near, and appeared preoccupied about the problem of the Great Beyond. "The Emperor," says Madame de Montholon, "devoted much attention to religious questions at Longwood." He turned once more to the Old Testament, the Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the Epistles of Saint Paul, seeking proofs which he did not discover; and in the course of the evening conversations, his disappointment would find expression in these remarks: "Did Jesus Christ exist? I do not believe that a single historian mentions him, not even Josephus. Nothing is said

about the darkness that came over the earth at the moment of his death. . . . The idea of a god is certainly the most reasonable, but why so many creeds and systems since the beginning of the world? Why Moses, Confucius, Socrates, Mahommed? . . . Everything appears to be organised matter. When hunting, I had the stags cut open before me, and saw that their interior was the same as that of man. The latter is merely a more perfect being than dogs or trees. . . . Where is the soul of a child, of a madman? The soul is in subjection to the body; it increases with the child and decreases with the old man. If immortal, it has existed before us, and is therefore devoid of memory! . . . What are electricity, galvanism, magnetism? There lies Nature's great secret. I am inclined to think that man is the product of these fluids and of the atmosphere; that the brain pumps up these fluids and imparts life; that the soul, in fact, is composed of these fluids, which, after death, return to the atmosphere, whence they are pumped into other brains. . . . My dear Gourgaud," the Emperor concluded, addressing that member of his audience with whom in preference he discussed philosophy and religion, "my dear Gourgaud, when we are dead, we are quite dead!"

Nevertheless, he would also declare at times: "Only fools boast they will die without confession. There is so much that one does not know, that one cannot explain!"

Thus, in conversation and reading, they whiled away their evenings at Longwood. Napoleon noticing increasing signs of weariness on the part of his companions, a general inclination to sleep, suddenly asked: "Is it so late?" When they answered: "It is eleven o'clock," or "midnight," he showed satisfaction: "Yet another victory over time," he said, "one day less! Let us go to bed."

It is true that on landing at Saint Helena he expected to lead a joyless life there. But he had imagined it extremely different, foreseen it melancholy rather than sad. Was he not assured, he thought, as a last benefit and solace, great calm, serene repose after so much agitation! Now that he had paid his debt to fame, he would find a bitter kind of pleasure in aloofness and immobility. The sympathy and solicitude of a few faithful followers would help him to endure his adversity, and the English would doubtless respect it.

But his gaolers had delighted in molesting him by outrageous treatment, in harassing him with vexatious regulations. And his circle — his circle gave him more annoyance than satisfaction, more anxiety than consolation. Discord reigned at Longwood.

It is generally supposed that isolation and trials, borne in common, draw men closer together and dispose them to mutual good-will and affection. It is a mistake. When the explorer Nansen returned from his amazing voyage to the North Pole, one

of the many subjects that justly elicited the astonishment of his friends, was to hear that he had been able to live eight long months in the boreal waste, and in the narrow confines of a snow hut, without quarrelling with his companion Johansen. Continual contact, dangerous enough in every-day life between voluntary associates, is still more so between people united by force of circumstances and embittered by sufferings. Among prisoners huddled together in restricted quarters, for example, among exiles compelled by expatriation to form groups, misunderstandings are almost inevitable. Inclined at first to be friendly and full of reciprocal indulgence, they soon break out in reproaches. They reach a point at which they find each other odious for faults that seemed insignificant at the outset, but of which they feel the repeated manifestations the more exasperating, in that they have no means of avoiding them, and so end by taking a violent dislike to everything in one another: mannerisms, expressions, attitudes, even words too often recurring, even gestures too often made.

The Frenchmen of Longwood could scarcely escape this law. Their situation was one of those that have a baneful influence on character and tend to acrimony. Misfortune alone had brought them together. They were undergoing a severe ordeal on a lonely little island, rendered still more dreary and narrow to them by defences, barriers, a foreign tongue and customs; an island where the very

climatic conditions, the sky generally overcast, the fog that envelops and hems in the landscape, all conduced to aggravate their confinement. Three generals, very young in years, although old in service—on the arrival at Saint Helena Marshal Bertrand was barely forty-two, Montholon and Gourgaud only thirty-two—were prematurely reduced to inaction after the stirring life of the Empire, and an amazing military Odyssey. The Countesses Bertrand and de Montholon, two brilliant women accustomed to society and luxury, suffered from isolation and privations. How could they avoid becoming somewhat soured and ill-humoured?

A fellow-feeling, their veneration for Napoleon, was unable to keep them united. On the contrary, it contributed to their disunion. What interest, what occupation could they find in their new and aimless existence, except a wrangle for the favours of the genius whom they admired, of the sovereign whom they had followed of their own accord? And so, during the whole period of the exile, a secret rivalry and strained relations existed between the Bertrand and the Montholon families. The direction of the Emperor's household should by right of office have devolved on the Grand Marshal; but he lived outside, and his wife, who was always piteously bewailing the tedium of Saint Helena, engrossed him too much, so that Count de Montholon replaced him. The Grand Marshal was hurt by the sub-



GENERAL GOURGAUD (1844).

stitution, and Mesdames Bertrand and de Montholon, on this account and for various other motives of jealousy, were not on good terms, and scarcely saw each other.

But of all the inhabitants of Longwood, General Gourgaud was the most embittered, and showed himself the least sociable. His character, as well as circumstances, tended to bring about this result. In the existing portraits of him, the salient feature of his physiognomy is a projecting mouth, under which the chin recedes abruptly. This lower part of his face calls to mind the muzzle of a snarling dog ever ready to bark and bite, and reveals the whole nature of the man. His stay at Saint Helena was marked by one unbroken sequence of noisy complaints and fits of passion: complaints on the score of a poor old mother left in France without resources, if he is to be credited, for whom, during twenty-nine months, he solicits and refuses a pension by turns; complaints on the score of his youth, condemned to celibacy, and reduced to mulatto women; complaints again on the score of his ruined career, of sacrifices and devotion not appreciated according to their deserts; fits of passion against Count de Las Cases at The Briars, because Las Cases alone, at that period, shares the modest dwelling of Napoleon; fits of passion against Count de Montholon, immediately upon the instalment at Longwood, because Montholon occupies a place at table to which, he maintains, he himself is by right

entitled. Innumerable fits of passion follow later, on the occasion of other questions of precedence, about everything, even the most trifling matters: a water-colour in which Marchand, an ingenuous and inexperienced painter, represents him too far from His Majesty; a brief eulogy by the latter of the military capacities of Marshal Bertrand; a jewel the Emperor happens to give to Madame de Montholon. Gourgaud's jealousy was never at rest. It would be daring even to assert that he was not jealous of the children of his comrades in exile when, on namedays and birthdays, Napoleon distributed sweets and kisses to them.

Nobody at Saint Helena had more to suffer from the defects of this character than he whom one expects to see protected from them, both by the greatness of his misfortune, which called for so much regard, and by the extremely rigid etiquette in force at Longwood. But so long as certain outward forms of respect were observed, the Emperor allowed his associates to express their feelings with considerable candour, and permitted the utmost liberty of speech; behind the severe sovereign was an extremely patient and good-natured man. Gourgaud knew this, and, in spite of the unbounded devotion of which he boasted, took advantage of it in the most unscrupulous and pitiless fashion. The journal which he has left is astounding. In his conversations with his master he shows himself constantly disagreeable, as he admits, constantly

irritated, and at times insolent, whereas Napoleon never ceases to be calm, gentle and conciliating. Any one of these little domestic scenes of the Captivity, no matter which, may serve as an example. They invariably originate in absurd recriminations and the everlasting pension. To mention one is to relate all.

“Whatever crisis may have occurred between us,” said the Emperor to the General one afternoon, “you have no right to refuse what I propose to do for your mother. Besides, it is in recognition of your past services, and does not place you under any obligation. You are free to leave whenever it pleases you to do so, but to persist in your refusal would denote a lack of respect towards me. You treat me as your equal then; you regard me as a private individual, since you behave in this manner. You misunderstood me the other day. I did not say your sentiments were interested, but that your words seemed to be those of an interested man, which you certainly are not. I know very well how good-hearted you are, how clever and talented; but you are too fond of arguing. You always wish to annoy and contradict me. Whenever I make an assertion, immediately you set your logic to work—and, indeed, you have plenty—and your skill, to look at the question from a contrary point of view. You gave me frequent cause for vexation in the time of Las Cases. What right had you to object to my seeing him so often? You are jealous of everything. . . .

"To return to the point, I repeat, I never asked you to go away. I merely said that if you did not accustom yourself to life at Saint Helena, if you could not endure your present situation, you had better go away."

"Sire," Gourgaud interrupts in a surly tone, "it is not so much Saint Helena that is unbearable, but the unfair dealings of Your Majesty!"

"Yet I do not treat you badly," the Emperor gently rebukes. And once more he sets about reassuring and pacifying his unreasonable aide-de-camp.

Sometimes, by dint of patience and good-nature, by calling him "Gorgo, Gorgotto, my son Gorgo," by pinching his ear in friendly fashion, by affectionately slapping his cheeks, he eventually succeeded, but it was never for more than a day. On the morrow the mad fellow was again *in his tantrums*, as Napoleon used to say. Not only was he personally intolerable, but he also aggravated the discord between the Bertrand and Montholon families by constant interference. Importuned by disputes, weary of recriminations, the Emperor was obliged, at certain moments, to adopt the course of shutting himself up in his room, where he preferred to dine in sad solitude rather than at the common table. At length he also became embittered, began to feel irritable and harsh; his even temper and calm disposition were disappearing.

A scandal brought about the departure of a com-

panion whom he could, without much exaggeration, brand with the following reproach, that places him on the same level as Hudson Lowe for evil-doing: "You and the Governor make life a burden to me." Gourgaud, the universal tormentor, accused everybody of misdeeds with regard to himself. Nevertheless, it is against Count de Montholon that he believed he had the most serious grievances: Montholon disparaged him to His Majesty; Montholon took precedence of him everywhere; Montholon obtained fabulous sums of money from the Emperor, so little inclined to be generous with others! Driven to extremities, the imaginary victim decided to challenge Count de Montholon to a duel, and afterwards quit Saint Helena. This two-fold resolution brought about a scene which must be cited, as it completes the portrait of the individual and gives an idea of his pride, his mad jealousy, his frenzied susceptibility, and his extravagant complaints. Here is the story in his own words.

"I beg Your Majesty," Gourgaud announces to Napoleon, "to permit me to leave the island: I cannot endure the humiliating position in which I am placed. I have always done my duty; I have incurred Your Majesty's displeasure; I do not intend to be a burden to any one."

"The Emperor, taking fire, declares that he has the right to treat Monsieur and Madame de Montholon as he thinks fit. He tells me angrily that I ought to be on good terms with Monsieur de Montholon, and

visit him. 'Sire, they have injured me too greatly, but I am wrong in mentioning the subject to you; it is with Monsieur de Montholon that I have to deal.' The Emperor, in a rage, exclaims: 'If you threaten Montholon you are a brigand!' He calls me an assassin, I become as furious as he, and pointing to my head: 'Look,' I cry, 'at my hair which I have not cut for several months, nor shall cut until I am revenged on the man who has driven me to despair! Your Majesty calls me a brigand. He takes advantage of my respect for him. Assassin! I do not think I can be accused of that. I have killed nobody; it is my enemies who desire to assassinate me, to bring about my death by anxieties!'—'I forbid you to threaten Montholon. I shall fight for him, if you yourself . . . I shall curse you!'—'Sire, I cannot allow myself to be ill-used without calling the author to account . . . it is the law of Nature . . . I am more unfortunate than the slaves; there are laws for them; for me only those of caprice. I have never done a low action, and never shall.'—'Come, come, if you fight he will kill you!'—'Well, Sire! It has always been my motto that it is better to die honourably than to live shamefully.'

"This remark offends the Emperor, who again waxes furious. The Grand Marshal is leaning against the wall, and does not utter a word; in vain I appeal to him, and beg him to state that for a long time I have been imploring him to tell His Majesty he is wrong to treat me so badly, and I shall make



GENERAL DE MONTHOLON (1834).

Monsieur de Montholon suffer for it. Bertrand makes no reply. To incense him against me, His Majesty maintains that I have spoken ill of him and his wife. Seeing me firm, and having exhausted all contrivances, he asks me what I want . . . to precede Montholon . . . always to dine with His Majesty . . . to see him twice a day? I retort bitterly that a brigand has no right to ask anything. The Emperor then apologises: 'I request you to forget my expressions.' I am disarmed, and consent to abstain from challenging de Montholon, if His Majesty will give me an order in writing to that effect. He promises to do so."

Some days later Gourgaud took leave of Napoleon, who, moved in spite of everything, patted him a last time on the cheek, and said: "We shall see each other again in another world. Well, good-bye! . . . embrace me! . . ." On the 14th of March, 1818, he set sail for Europe, having previously obtained authorisation at Plantation. At the same time the Balcombe family, exposed to Hudson Lowe's enmity, also fled the island. Before their departure, Betsy and her sister Jane had come to see the Emperor, who had given them two of his fine china plates filled with sweets as a souvenir. The Governor compelled them to return this gift, which had been accepted without his consent.

On leaving Longwood, Gourgaud stated: "His Majesty need never fear that I shall report what takes place here." He did not keep his word. In London,

still irritated and bitter, he made to Henry Goulburn, Under-Secretary of State, the most scandalous revelations : a mixture of truths that he should have left untold and of falsehoods for which he should have blushed. The British official was delighted to learn, for example, " that General Buonaparte was not, as far as bodily health was concerned, in any degree materially altered ; and that the representations on this subject had little, if any, truth in them. Dr. O'Meara was certainly the dupe of that influence which General Buonaparte always exercised over those with whom he had frequent intercourse."

For a long time Hudson Lowe had been complaining of Napoleon's physician to Lord Bathurst. At the outset of the Captivity O'Meara, who was accommodated close to the Emperor, had consented to inform Plantation about whatever his position enabled him to know of daily life at Longwood. But the Governor insisted on obtaining too complete details, desired to learn even the invectives and epithets provoked by his character and his actions. He soon took a great dislike to the subordinate whom he compelled to repeat to him the *Sicilian myrmidons*, the *gaolers*, the *idiots*, the *staff-office clerks*, and the *hangmen* of Napoleon. Their relations became strained, quarrels arose. O'Meara took refuge in silence, an unpardonable crime in the eyes of the grand inquisitor of Saint Helena ! It must be admitted, moreover, that the English surgeon had incurred just reproaches on other grounds ; his

sympathy for the Emperor had grown more and more pronounced ; he gave him news of the island—the fact has already been mentioned—provided him with newspapers, and, in one way and another, did him many a little prohibited service. Those who are indignant at the Captivity must not imitate its panegyrists ; they should tell the truth unreservedly ; they can afford to do so. On their side of the bar everything can be pleaded, everything supported. As a British subject and naval doctor, with the rank and duties of an officer, O'Meara was certainly not entirely free from blame. But he can only be accused of kindness, of generous actions, which are rendered excusable by the odious system of vexatious regulations contrived against genius and misfortune. As Napoleon remarked, the man who committed the offences was, in other respects, a loyal servant of his country : he would never have assisted an escape either actively or tacitly.

In spite of Hudson Lowe's hostility, O'Meara succeeded in retaining his post at Longwood for several years. He had influential protectors in London, one of whom, Lord Melville, was a Cabinet Minister. He kept up a sort of semi-official correspondence with a clerk of the Admiralty, named Finlaison, which the members of the Government read with great interest. Finally, and above all, Lord Bathurst was afraid of creating a scandal by removing him from Napoleon, whom the Opposition declared to be in ill health.

But when General Gourgaud had described the Emperor as glowing with health and Dr. O'Meara as his dupe, it became an easy matter to contradict the Opposition, and the surgeon's friends abandoned him. On the 25th of July, 1818, Hudson Lowe received permission to dispose of his enemy. He immediately issued orders for his arrest and for his removal from Longwood, without allowing him to take leave of Napoleon. In the hope of discovering compromising papers, he had his trunks examined and his desk broken open during his absence. In the course of the search, which led to no result, some jewels and valuables, presents from the Emperor, disappeared. O'Meara, about to return to England where he was to lose his rank, and, meanwhile a prisoner in the roadstead of Jamestown, on a vessel ready to sail, lodged a complaint with Admiral Plampin, his immediate chief. Vain appeal! Plampin, as may well be imagined, was in the habit of sanctioning all Hudson Lowe's acts, and did not feel the slightest inclination to take the part of that "*scoundrel O'Meara*" against the Governor. An inquiry took place for form's sake only, and the doctor never recovered his property.

The departure of his physician, following so closely upon that of one of his companions, affected Napoleon painfully. Henceforth he could no longer be blind to the fact that solitude was increasing around him and threatened, in course of time, to become complete.

In 1816 he had been deprived by Hudson Lowe of Count de Las Cases and his son Emmanuel, of Captain Piontkowski, and three servants, Rousseau, Santini, and one of the brothers Archambault.

Now—during the year 1818—his society was again reduced, and the number of his servants still diminishing. Some weeks before the departure of General Gourgaud, the *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, when waiting one evening on the Emperor at dinner, had been suddenly seized with intestinal pains so intense that they caused him to writhe on the floor and utter frightful cries of agony. Two days later, on February 26th, he expired. Next, in the month of May, the head-cook Lepage, who had grown sullen and ill-humoured, stated that he could no longer endure staying at Saint Helena, and went to Plantation to request his repatriation to Europe, which he obtained. Bernard, a servant of Marshal Bertrand, also overcome with home-sickness, followed his example, about the time when Dr. O'Meara left the island.

At the beginning of 1819 the French Colony of Longwood was reduced to half the original number. Napoleon retained no other society than that of the Bertrand and Montholon families, no other servants, of those who had come with him, than the two valets, Marchand and Saint-Denis, the butler, Pierron, the third valet, Noverraz, the footman, Gentilini, and the groom, the elder Archambault. "If this continues," he remarked sadly to Marchand,

who was young, being scarcely twenty-seven, and whose fidelity he considered unswerving, "If this continues, only you and I will remain here. You will read to me, you will close my eyes, and return to France to live there on the legacy I shall leave you."

Another six months went by, and Napoleon had a fresh loss to regret. Countess de Montholon, having been seized with a liver complaint, re-embarked for Europe. When the ship that bore her was about to set sail and quit the Jamestown roads, her husband wrote her: "The Emperor shows great sorrow at your departure. His tears have flown for you, perhaps for the first time in his life."

To such a plight had the Governor, illness and tedium—especially tedium, the intolerable tedium of Saint Helena—brought the little band of Longwood in less than four years! Tedium overcame Napoleon's servants one after the other like an epidemic; tedium threatened to snatch from him his very last companions in exile. Tedium is, in part, responsible for the desertion of General Gourgaud, and, previously, for the strange behaviour of Las Cases, who, when urged by Hudson Lowe to return to Longwood after his arrest, had refused to do so, giving the pompous but meagre reason, *that having been stigmatised by despotic proceedings, he could not appear again in the Emperor's presence*. And now Count de Montholon, influenced in his turn by tedium, spoke of rejoining his wife in France, and

Madame Bertrand, whom tedium never ceased to afflict, urged the Grand Marshal more and more every day to leave the island.

Nobody, however, suffered so much from tedium as the man whom every one wished to abandon. The days at Saint Helena, long and odious to all, appeared terribly dreary and empty to Napoleon. How could such trifling pursuits as chats, historical essays, chess, cards, and the perusal of a few books occupy, or even while away, the time of the genius who had lately governed half Europe; the head of the state who, at the Tuileries, hardly asked more of his ministers than to be his secretaries—who personally directed all the administrations of a vast empire: finance, public works, justice, education, foreign affairs, the Church, Admiralty, war, and yet, meanwhile, found vacant hours for court ceremonies and leisure moments for reading and conversing?

How could the conqueror, who has covered the greatest distances, satisfy his physical energy, beguile his imperative need of movement on a little island, had he even paced up and down its length and breadth from sunrise to sunset? Does the captive lion obtain the illusion of space and freedom by turning round and round in his cage? From the first year of exile the Emperor had tired of driving along the over-restricted course of two or three roads. And as for riding! As he himself remarked, there was barely room to gallop within his boundary lines. Walking was equally uninviting. He knew

every gum-tree, every tuft of grass, every pebble of the Longwood plateau.

If to retrace the same insipid steps filled him with disgust, so also did the incessant resumption of the same conversations with the same interlocutors, of the same games of cards or chess with the same adversaries, of the perusal of the same books of a poor library!

Even his memoirs failed to interest him in the end, and he abandoned them.

In the middle of 1819 Napoleon had finished all the commentaries he has left about his career and campaigns; henceforth he rested content with revising portions of them—with adding to his literary work only a few pages on other and somewhat incongruous subjects. For instance, to while away some of his sleepless nights, he dictated to Counts Bertrand and de Montholon the *Précis* of the wars of Marshal de Turenne and the *Précis* of the wars of Frederick II.; to Marchand the *Précis* of the wars of Julius Cæsar, some remarks on Voltaire's *Mahomet* and the *Æneid* of Virgil, and a note on suicide!

The Emperor had found several excuses for interrupting his history, the only tolerably efficacious pastime of his captivity. He had lost two of his secretaries, Las Cases and Gourgaud; two of those collaborators with whom he examined and discussed his narratives before setting them down in writing. Documents almost indispensable to him were lacking:

entire years of the *Moniteur*, his correspondence, his despatches, recent military or political publications. He also fancied that his memory, to which he was obliged to have constant recourse, was failing. No doubt such obstacles might well discourage him. But, in forsaking his work, he had above all given way to a general and ever-increasing disgust. Intellectually, as well as physically, he was falling into that state of inertia, of apathy, which makes people say of everything, with gestures of discouragement, "What is the use?"

He sometimes tried to react against it. Occasionally, after a morning passed in complete idleness on the sofa of his bedroom, he would enter the topographical room in the afternoon, intent on resuming the records of his campaigns, on spending his time over the necessary researches and notes. But he would simply glance at a few maps, look through a few pamphlets, and, quickly wearied, leave the table littered with papers to go to the window-door which opened out on the verandah. There he remained standing for hours, drumming on the panes, watching the flight of the sea-gulls as they wheeled around Flagstaff peak, following in the sky, with melancholy gaze, the processions of clouds continually renewed by the trade-wind. Often Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon, when present, and Noverraz, who was generally in attendance in the apartment, heard him murmur: "What weariness! What a cross!" . . .

The information supplied by the records makes it possible to picture, in a tolerably precise manner, the Emperor's days at Longwood, and to realise their sadness. But the days are only half—and not the worst—of the anguish of Saint Helena. How can we form an idea of the accompanying nights, those nights in which Napoleon, never a great sleeper, had no longer either his companions or his servitors around him, but was left to suffer alone? “You speak of your sorrows,” he once said to Gourgaud. “And I! What sorrows have I not had! What things to reproach myself with! Do you think that, when I wake, I do not pass through dreadful moments, recollecting what I was and seeing where I am now?”

During these hours of insomnia in which the Emperor goes from the little iron bed of his bedroom to the little iron bed of his study, seeking fugitive sleep now in one, now in the other, or else walks up and down, wrapped in his dimity dressing-gown, his head lowered, and his hands behind his back, what thoughts absorb him, obtrude themselves upon him? It is only permissible to suggest a few from his conversation during the day: “No one,” he nobly declared to Dr. O'Meara, “no one but myself did me any harm; I was, I may say, my sole enemy.” And to his habitual evening listeners: “I undertook too many things . . . Would to God that a bullet from the Kremlin had killed me! Posterity would have placed me beside

Alexander and Cæsar, whereas now I shall be a mere nobody!"

He exaggerated the blow dealt to his renown by his defeats and under-rated his achievements. He had, it is true, failed in the material conquest of Europe, but had he not succeeded as far as its moral conquest was concerned? Propagated by this son of the Revolution, the French idea of equality and the spirit of reform were everywhere at work undermining the petty tyrannies, destroying absolutism, abuses, and privileges, emancipating the nations, and giving increasing impetus to the progress of humanity. It would appear that, at Saint Helena, this aspect of his career often escaped him. During his sad nocturnal meditations, he probably inferred from the apparent failure of his wars the folly of his political aspirations, and sometimes considered his course across the world and his dictatorship of the peoples as accomplished in vain, so greatly was he struck with his personal disaster and his present nothingness. . . .

Of what avail was it to him to have stretched France so far beyond her natural boundaries, as far as the Elbe to the North and as far as the Tiber to the South; to have taken Holland from the House of Orange, Naples and Spain from the Bourbons, Milan, the Tyrol, and Venice from Austria; Westphalia from the German Electors and from Prussia, and given them as vassal territories to princes of his family; to have possessed, in short,

an empire vaster than that of Charles the Great, planted his eagles at the four extremities of a continent, made triumphal entries into almost all the capitals of Europe? Of so much power, of so many victories and kingdoms, what remained to him? Nothing but that silver watch before which he paused at times in his nightly walk . . . the watch of Frederick II., which, on the morrow of Jena, whilst visiting the Palace of Potsdam as Lord and Master, he had seen on a table and put in his pocket!

And so Napoleon would go over the stages of his downfall, the steps at which he might have stopped it without irredeemable loss. Why had he not concluded peace at Prague in 1813? He would still be Emperor of the French and King of Italy. Why had he not accepted the subsequent proposals of Frankfort? He retained France, with her magnificent rational frontier, the Rhine. Why even had he not agreed to the conditions of Chatillon, those of 1814, and awaited his opportunity?

And why also, why, when prepared to check the flight of his ambition and to inaugurate a new era in his policy, why had he not succeeded in his supreme attempt of Waterloo?

Waterloo! Ofttimes Napoleon, musing thus, must have fought over again that fatal battle, of which he could not understand the issue. No doubt he directed that nocturnal review conceived by the German poet: raised his *Grognards* from their graves,

brought to life his lost veterans, urged on his dead squadrons to charge once more and rush upon the foe, in order to restore to him his throne and the freedom of his genius! But the steps of the English sentinels ever resounded before his door.

Poor man! yes, poor man! as Henry says. If he committed faults, by what terrible torments he atoned for them! Did ever, in a human life, such wretchedness follow so much splendour; such decay so much power?

To have dwelt in the Tuileries, the Elysée, Saint Cloud, Trianon, Malmaison, Fontainebleau, Compiègne, Rambouillet; possessed palaces at Brussels, Amsterdam, Mainz, Turin, Parma, Florence, and Rome; passed through Potsdam, Schönbrunn, and the Kremlin, to come to this hovel, these mud walls, the pasteboard roof of Longwood!

From Napoleon, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Mediator of the Swiss Confederation, to have become again General Bonaparte, out of derision! Had he even kept a name? Hudson Lowe and Lord Bathurst, in their correspondence, thought it amusing to call him alternately General Bonaparte, Bonaparte for short, Buonaparte, or Buonaparté!

After having reigned over eighty million souls, to be placed under the authority of an English official! To have to account to him for his expenses, his movements, his every action! To receive only those visits that were sanctioned by him! To read no other

books and newspapers but those he was kind enough to let pass! To be unable to write even to his mother, even to his wife, even to his son, without revealing to this stranger the intimacy and tenderness of his letters!

For a moment a slight hope had sustained him in this martyrdom. The Liberal opposition, in England, disapproved of the humiliations, the treatment inflicted upon him, protested that his imprisonment was contrary to the law of nations. A member of the British aristocracy, Lord Holland, pleaded his cause in Parliament. At the Court he was aware of the sympathy of Princess Charlotte, the daughter of the Regent. But Princess Charlotte died in 1817, and the English Liberals did not replace the Conservatives at the head of affairs either then or afterwards. Moreover, even supposing that Lord Holland became Prime Minister, would he be set free? Parties govern turn by turn in London; the policy hardly changes. To imagine that he would ever be allowed to live as a private person in the United States, or else to end his days in England as a guest, a disquieting guest who would have to be watched, was, on calm reflection, an illusion.

Would he even be given another prison? No, for none could appear as safe as this one. In the middle of 1819, after nearly four years of captivity, the Emperor no longer doubted that the torture of Saint Helena, his cross, as he said, was to endure to the last. And now that he had abandoned all hope,

now that he expected nothing from the future but aggravation of his ills, dread at times seized him—the dread of a lingering existence.

Still to vegetate for years and years on this mass of rocks besieged by waves, winds and mists—under this gloomy sky always saturated with rain—in this damp hut infested by rats! Here, at Longwood, to await the age of decay and infirmities, an object of inquisitive pity for the Englishwomen, wives of officials or officers, who visited the island on their way back from India! After such ruin, himself to become a ruin; to fall a prey to cacochymy, asthma, catarrh, gout—perhaps to end his days an idiot! Faugh!

“Man,” Goethe has said, in a paradoxical form which contains a foundation of truth, “Man lives as long as he wills not to die.”

Napoleon no longer desired to live.

CHAPTER V.

THE ILLNESS OF THE EMPEROR.

FOR a long time already the Emperor had been physically as well as morally ill.

Before Saint Helena Napoleon had enjoyed marvellous health, when one thinks of the giddy pace of his career, the ubiquity of his effort, the expenditure of bodily energy necessitated by actual achievements that surpass the legendary labours of Hercules. Goethe, to quote once more the great German poet, remarks with admiration: "He has sometimes been called *a man of granite*. The term is a happy one. Was there anything he did not, and could not, exact from his person? What countless marches, battles, nocturnal bivouacs, from the burning sands of Syria to the snow-drifts of Moscow! What terrible hardships and fatigues are suggested! Little sleep, little food, incessant and intense activity of the brain! When one reckons all Napoleon effected and endured, it would seem that at forty he must have been utterly worn out. Far from this being the case, at that age he was still advancing, yet a perfect type of the hero."

During the entire period of his life as artillery

officer, general, Consul, and Emperor, he only suffered from a few ailments and caught a few diseases: neuralgic pains in the face, according to Bourrienne; bilious attacks, according to Meneval. So much for the ailments. As for real diseases, he had but two. He was afflicted for a time with hemorrhoids in Italy, where he also complained of pains in the bladder, of a dysury which he attributed to the keen mountain air. Although these disorders subsequently broke out again at intervals, they never assumed a serious character nor gave the slightest cause for anxiety, and even in the last bad days of the Empire, during the terrible years 1812, 1813, 1814 and 1815, Napoleon retained nearly to the full his great vigour and endurance.

Now comes the Captivity.

During the voyage from Europe to Saint Helena, and his seven weeks' residence at The Briars, the Emperor remained in good health. He merely lost—it was rather a matter for self-congratulation—a little of that stoutness which was so noticeable on his return from Elba, and threatened to become excessive.

For about six months after his installation at Longwood he continued to keep well. But Hudson Lowe then inaugurated his office and his vexations. He reduced the perimeter of the circumscription within which Napoleon could move about without guards from twelve miles to eight. And every day he modified and displaced the new circuit. At a

spot within bounds on the previous day the Emperor would be stopped in his stroll by a sentry on the morrow. As a protest against such arbitrary proceedings and the other offences of the Governor, he confined himself inside that four miles' enclosure, clearly defined by a low wall, and appertaining so to speak to his house, of which his right to every portion was indisputable.

This space, unfortunately, was narrow, and afforded none but terribly monotonous and depressing walks, so that during the whole of the last half of the year 1816 the Emperor only went out riding once and ten or twelve times driving. Although more frequent, his outings on foot were also neither sufficiently numerous nor sufficiently long, and his health soon became impaired.

Napoleon had an extraordinary slow action of the blood. His pulse often marked scarce fifty-four or fifty-five pulsations a minute: "I have never felt my heart beat," he was wont to remark. "I sometimes wonder whether I have one." Dr. Corvisart, it is stated, had formerly warned him that, should he some day cease to lead a very active life, his circulation would slacken still further, and thus cause him all manner of discomforts: particularly cold and œdema in the extremities of his limbs. This prediction was now being fulfilled. The Emperor's legs swelled, and he could only keep them warm by frictions. He suffered, besides, from perpetual headaches, sore throats, and inflammations. His teeth, once so fine, began to

decay, and O'Meara had to draw three molars in succession. The surgeon earnestly recommended him to increase the number of his walks and to prolong their duration. "How is that possible," Napoleon replied, "in a wretched island where one cannot go for a mile without being drenched; of which the English, although accustomed to damp, themselves complain? An accursed island, where there is neither sun nor moon to be seen for the greater part of the year! Constant rain and fog! I hate this Longwood. The mere sight of it fills me with melancholy."

Henry devotes a page of eulogy to the climate that exasperated the Emperor. He sings the praises of the trades' invigorating blast and the cool plateau inhabited by Napoleon, under a tropical sky agreeably veiled. Forsyth and Seaton are enchanted with this favourable testimony. And yet entirely divergent evidence abounds for citation. In 1859, for instance, Captain Masselin, of the French Engineers, was sent by his Government to Saint Helena, and stayed there two years. He has left a very sober, and, to all appearances, a very accurate account of his mission. This is his appreciation of the coolness extolled by Henry: "No hygrometrical observations comparable with those registered in other damp climates have as yet been made. It is natural to suppose, however, that the atmosphere is constantly at its highest degree of saturation. Certain indications noted in the household of Longwood bear out that assumption :

silk stuffs and gloves, even when placed in closed boxes, become quickly covered with ineffaceable reddish spots; leather articles are, in the space of a few days, thickly coated with mildew." Is it necessary to add the opinion of a man whose authority nobody can challenge with regard to the place of residence assigned to the Emperor? Mr. John Charles Melliss, civil engineer in the British Colonies, spent a great part of his life at Saint Helena; for several years he was engaged in studying its geology, its meteorology, its flora and fauna. In 1873 he published a voluminous, conscientious, and learned work, the best description of the island that exists. He says: "Longwood is a bleak, cold, exposed situation, and the complaints of Napoleon's staff against it as such were not without some reason."

No doubt even continual icy blasts and excessive dampness do not make a spot uninhabitable. Physical activity is a defence against such defects of climate. Thanks to their compulsory occupations, and the perpetual movement necessitated by a military life, the assistant-surgeon, Henry, and the English officers quartered close to the Emperor's house bore them cheerfully, as may readily be conjectured.

But for a man in Napoleon's position, Longwood could not possibly be a harmless dwelling-place. Movements made for no other than hygienic reasons, walks taken solely in order to obtain exercise, are at best a moderately agreeable and inviting pastime, with which one dispenses on the slightest pretext;

and the pretexts here were indeed only too often real hindrances. For half the year the plateau, dry, hard, and impervious just below the surface, was covered with a slimy coat of mud, a mire extremely discouraging to the pedestrian. If by chance the Emperor contemplated going out, rain, as a rule, began to fall in fine, close, relentless drops. On the cessation of the shower, when the sky cleared up and let through the first rays of the sun, the whole elevated plain, saturated with water, steamed like a volcano, exhaled white vapour, mingling as it rose with fragments of clouds swept by the trades along the level of the ground. Even in fine weather the outings were far from pleasant. Under shelter of the Longwood buildings or in depressions of the soil the air quivered with heat, the tropical sun blazed fiercely. In exposed regions the south-east wind blew in icy gusts. Differences of eighteen and even twenty-seven degrees Fahrenheit were experienced at intervals of a few yards and of a few seconds. The Emperor was extremely sensitive to these sudden variations. For his constitution, so hardy in action, was delicate and exceptionally susceptible at rest, and became more so every day. "I seldom go out," he remarked, "without getting a headache, a cold, or rheumatic pains." The abrupt changes of temperature also affected the texture of Napoleon's skin by contracting it excessively, and impeded his cutaneous functions. They obstructed an old exanthema, an eruption, which, for the good of his health,

had to make its appearance periodically on the outer side of his thighs, and the discontinuance of which never failed to bring about painful relapses of his dysury.

The year 1816 was hardly out when Dr. O'Meara expressed the opinion that Napoleon, his body enfeebled by various disorders, could not henceforth support a serious disease. This disease was in process of development, and already existed in a latent state. It became manifest the following year. In October, 1817, the Emperor complained of a pain in the right hypochondriac region, immediately above the cartilage of the ribs. He felt, as he explained, a need of leaning, of pressing his side against some hard object. This was the first definite sign of the cancer which was to perforate his stomach and bring about his death.

Napoleon had previously experienced, at the same spot, what he called *pallor*, a slight and casual cold sensation, owing to which he gradually acquired the habit of laying his hand upon his groin and rubbing himself there. For some time O'Meara attached no importance to this vague discomfort. But now, on examination of the affected part, he found it sensitive to the touch, and visibly swollen; and, abiding also by further observations, he concluded that his august patient was afflicted with hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver.

The English surgeon has been censured for this error in his diagnosis. There are, however, several reasons that render it excusable. Not to mention

the frequent similarity of other symptoms, inflammation of the liver, as well as cancer of the stomach, causes pain in the epigastrium, and reveals itself externally by a protuberance. And, as regards the particular case of Napoleon, the Emperor considered his stomach excellent: "I have never suffered from it," he often said to Las Cases. He certainly gave O'Meara the same assurance. On the contrary, his bilious temperament, which was indicated by his complexion, inevitably disposed the doctor to the theory of hepatitis—a disease deemed endemic at Saint Helena, and of which, rightly or wrongly, all or nearly all the residents in the island complained. The reports of the three foreign Commissioners should be read on this subject. In December, 1816, the Marquis de Montchenu says, in a letter to the Duc de Richelieu: "Mortality is the chief fashion here now; it is considerable, but as long as it does not attack Longwood I feel sure it will spare me. Congestion of the liver is especially common. Count Balmain has already been seized with it, but his case was taken in time. . . ." Baron Sturmer, in a letter dated January 10th, 1817, writes to Prince Metternich: "A great number of Englishmen are suffering from obstructions of the liver and inflammatory diseases." And, subsequently,—if further testimony is required—a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* informs the London newspaper: "Liver complaints, dysenteries, and bowel affections of the most violent nature prevail here to a most alarming extent. Perhaps in

no given space of the same extent of the world is hepatitis so frequently found, or under such formidable appearances, suppuration frequently taking place in the few days from the first attack, whilst others are spun out to a more protracted, but equally fatal termination. Not a day passes without our ears being dinned with the lugubrious sound of the funeral bell, tolling for two or three who have fallen victims to its mortality."

Dr. O'Meara accordingly treated the Emperor for liver complaint. In order to purify the blood and stimulate the biliary secretion to its normal activity, he first prescribed anodyne purgatives, and then had recourse to mercurial pills and calomel, which is also partially composed of mercury. The only effect of this metal was to add colics, nausea, and vomitings to all the ills from which Napoleon already suffered. Naturally, the pain in the epigastrium did not disappear. When O'Meara left Saint Helena, in the middle of the year 1818, the malady remained stationary.

In spite of the mistake made by the English surgeon, one cannot help regretting that he was removed from the Emperor. His successors, Doctors Stokoe and Antommarchi, were not to surpass him in perspicacity, but simply to repeat the same errors of diagnosis and treatment. True enough, Hudson Lowe on various occasions recommended other physicians, who, had they been consulted, would, according to some, have proved more discerning.

They would, to be sure, have carefully avoided declaring for hepatitis, for neither the Governor nor the British Government would admit the existence of that affection in the island. But would they have suspected cancer, about which so little was known at the opening of the last century? One example makes it doubtful. Dr. Arnott, held in high esteem professionally, and chosen with the approval of Plantation, was called at the eleventh hour to the bedside of the dying Emperor. He only formed a correct opinion with regard to Napoleon's malady after his death, at the post-mortem examination, when his corpse lay opened on the dissecting-table.

The question of treatment was, moreover, rather a matter of indifference in the case of the Emperor. For he had no faith in medicines and hated them. Mercury turned his stomach, to use an expressive vulgarism; he refused to take it except in small doses, and, after each experiment, soon gave up its employment; the havoc wrought by this dire metal only too fully justified his fears. Indeed, he disputed the properties of the simplest and commonest remedies: "I prefer to let nature take its course," he declared to O'Meara; "chicken broth is more efficacious than all your drugs." And he almost always relied on his own therapeutics. He sought relief from his epigastric pain, which was still dull, and from his intermittent dysury, by taking very hot and prolonged baths. To restore the cutaneous functions, he had recourse to perspiration, had his bed thoroughly warmed

and overloaded with blankets. When he wanted to cure a cold he drank decoctions of barley and honey. If perchance he suffered from indigestion, which began to occur at this period, he immediately dieted himself. The medical practitioners could hardly shorten the life of a patient so full of common sense, however great their blunders. Unfortunately, it was equally hard for them, assuming their skill and clear-sightedness, to prolong it. Cancer, combined with despair, that other terrible ill of the Emperor, was, in a given time, to accomplish its inevitable evolution and its work. In such cases the doctor obtains but few results from his science. If he continues to play a part, it is almost entirely because his attendance never loses its moral value. Although powerless to heal, and often even incapable of assuaging physical agony, he yet creates, at certain moments, the illusion of affording assistance to the sufferer. When his person is pleasing, and his acquaintance of long standing, he is besides, at the supreme moment, an additional friendly figure, as it were, at the bedside of the dying man. Such would O'Meara have been for the Emperor; he had made himself agreeable to Napoleon, who had grown accustomed to him. Let it be said once more, his departure from Longwood is to be regretted.

It is doubly to be regretted. For the English surgeon kept a very complete diary of the doings which he witnessed, and had he remained at Saint Helena, we should know many things about

the last years of the Captivity that are hidden from us.

The diary in question has been extremely severely dealt with. O'Meara, in his capacity as a doctor, has only incurred fairly moderate criticisms; in his capacity as a memorialist he has been made, and still remains, the butt of furious attacks. The partisans of Hudson Lowe pursue him with deadly hatred; no witness unfavourable to the Governor is so odious in their eyes. Perhaps no writer exists whose authority has been more strenuously assailed in every way, and particularly by the impeachment, the aspersion, the defamation of the man himself. O'Meara has been reproached for having lost, previous to Saint Helena, while assistant-surgeon of a regiment, owing to an affair of honour, a rank in the army that he almost immediately recovered in the navy. The *affair of honour* consisted merely of a duel in which he participated as second. He has been reproached for having married, after Saint Helena, a woman older than himself. Had he led a bride of even a hundred summers to the altar—in 1823—what interest could the matter have in connection with Napoleon's captivity?

As for that, with regard to Saint Helena itself, the reproaches made O'Meara assume a more serious character. His diary for three years, in the terms in which he published it, shows him always taking the side of the Emperor and denouncing all the vexations of Hudson Lowe. Yet for a considerable time he

felt in reality but little sympathy for Napoleon, and displayed no disapproval of the Governor, as his correspondence with the clerk, Finlaison, and others besides, has revealed. Thereupon his adversaries triumphantly cry : " The man was double-faced. He kept changing his sentiments and opinions ; he is an unreliable witness, devoid of sincerity and conviction ; he does not deserve a hearing, and should have no voice in the controversy."

To explain O'Meara's position at Saint Helena is to dispute this impeachment.

When leaving Europe, the Emperor asked the French doctor, Maingault, to follow him. On his refusal he requested the services of O'Meara. The latter was at that time surgeon on board the *Bellerophon*. He was allowed to become Napoleon's physician, but did not cease to belong to the British Navy, and retained his rank and pay. The arrangement was regrettable : in this manner he combined his former situation and his new functions, was destined to be too much influenced as to his line of conduct, now by the one, now by the other, and to forfeit more or less esteem in both capacities. Out of desire to please his chiefs, he rendered himself guilty towards his illustrious patient of a lack of respect and professional discretion ; later, on the Emperor's behalf, he transgressed his military duty.

At the outset of his office at Longwood O'Meara lets himself be dominated and guided by his judgment as an officer and his English sentiments. He is,

naturally enough, somewhat prejudiced against the French and Napoleon. He shows it in the first details about Saint Helena that he communicates to his friend Finlaison of the Admiralty, and Finlaison in return informs him, on July 3rd, 1816: "Your letters of the 16th of March and 22nd of April came duly to hand, and furnished a real feast to some very great folks here. . . . The moment they came they were given to Mr. Croker, who considered them extremely interesting, and circulated copies among the Cabinet Ministers. . . . I conjecture also that your letters have even amused his Royal Highness the Prince Regent: they are written with such discrimination, good sense, and naïveté, that they could not fail to be acceptable. . . ."

Is it surprising that a mere naval surgeon, flattered and beside himself at such a compliment, loses his reserve as a doctor, becomes loquacious, and tries his hand at a few satirical reports at the expense of Napoleon and his companions? If, in addition, in another correspondence, to which his position at Longwood gave rise—this time with Hudson Lowe, Gorrequer, the secretary, and Adjutant-General Thomas Reade—O'Meara speaks in terms more than malicious, in terms really uncivil, of Las Cases, Bertrand, Gourgaud, and de Montholon, he has still this excuse: he shares the narrow, irritating life of the French exiles, he lodges near them, is to a certain degree associated with their quarrels, and, to a certain degree also, takes on their bitterness. What is less

pardonable, on his part, is his indulgence in unseemly, and, at times, indecent jests about Mesdames Bertrand and de Montholon, at which Forsyth and Seaton are most justly indignant. But is he alone responsible with regard to these jests? He wrote them, it is true, but who read them? Hudson Lowe and his staff; and for all we know the Governor never forbade nor even discountenanced them. He therefore tacitly encouraged the surgeon, and became an accomplice as blameworthy as the man whose unbecoming behaviour he tolerated. His responsibility is still greater. For if O'Meara, a subaltern, who frequented the mess and the guard-house, may, in a certain measure, be forgiven for having so far forgotten himself as to circulate soldier-like scandal about women, Hudson Lowe, a general, an important official and master of Plantation, is in nowise excusable for having listened to, and taken marked pleasure in, such scandal. So well aware of the fact was he, that neither at Saint Helena, when the doctor, weary of his inquisitorial curiosity and proceedings, rebelled and openly championed the Emperor's cause, nor after Saint Helena, when O'Meara vehemently attacked him in writing, did he dare to divulge, by way of retaliation, a correspondence of so compromising a character. It was Forsyth, his biographer, who, acting less cautiously, revealed it.

In short, O'Meara had his failings, but the man himself was as estimable as many another. The same holds good for the writer. His books contain a few

inaccuracies, and are at variance with his correspondence on certain points. Is this sufficient reason for declaring them to be of no account, for denying them all merit as documents of reference? Where, in all history, is the absolute, the entire truth to be found? Where, especially, in this history of Saint Helena, of which—it must ever be remembered—the chief recorders were also the actors? As Lord Rosebery points out at the beginning of *The Last Phase*, when examining and reviewing the sources of which he is about to make use, not a single one of the memorialists of the Captivity deserves implicit confidence; not one of them but, here or there, misrepresents a fact, sometimes in favour of Napoleon, sometimes in favour of Hudson Lowe: "There seems," he says, "to have been something in the air of Saint Helena that blighted exact truth; and he who collates the various narratives on any given point will find hopeless contradictions. . . . There is a strange mildew that rests on them all, as on the books and boots in the island." However, books and boots coated with mildew are not always thrown away; and in spite of their imperfections the records of the Captivity should not be rejected. The experienced historian does not lack means of verifying them, and can separate the tares from the wheat. If we adopt this method with O'Meara, it will be seen that the process is favourable to him.

He has published two works. The first is a smart reply to the dithyrambic pages in which the

facetious Theodore Hook, inspired by Hudson Lowe, celebrates the agreeable exile of the Emperor and the Eden-like beauty of Longwood. There is an appreciation of this writing by de Gors, a man in an excellent position to judge and estimate it at its proper value. In a report to the Cabinet in Paris, the secretary of the Marquis de Montchenu states that it contains details that are certainly erroneous, but "far fewer exaggerations and many more truths" than Hook's volume. He acknowledges particularly the accuracy of O'Meara's remarks about the climate of Saint Helena.

The surgeon's second book, his journal, is of much greater importance. Nothing, however, is so simple as to criticise and appraise it, if only the trouble of classifying its contents and examining its every subject separately be taken.

To begin with, it is manifest—nobody, or hardly anybody, has ever dreamed of casting a doubt on the score—that O'Meara reports faithfully the opinions expressed by Napoleon on his wars, his policy, his family, on points of history, military science, administration and religion. He has evidently no interest in misrepresenting these opinions, and, although he heard them in Italian and then translated and published them in English, in no other memorialist of Saint Helena, with the exception of Gourgaud, are the Emperor's conversations, his mode of thought and turn of phrase, so readily recognisable. The fact that with regard to about a half and such an inter-

esting part of his journal, O'Meara is undeniably reliable already speaks in his favour, as will be freely granted.

He is equally so when he describes Napoleon's habits and way of living at Longwood, as comparison with other accounts shows. Besides, in these matters also, why should he deceive the reader?

Two subjects, about which his veracity may reasonably be suspected, remain.

Is his information with respect to the Emperor's health during the years 1816, 1817 and 1818 correct? Does he falsely represent Napoleon as seriously ill from the outset of the Captivity, with the intention of bringing the harsh treatment of Saint Helena into stronger relief and thus arousing greater indignation?—The habitual duration and slow ravages of cancer justify a negative answer.

But, lastly, O'Meara is at least guilty of erroneous allegations, of accusations against Hudson Lowe that appear excessive? Here one is obliged to reply in the affirmative—that is the defect, the sole defect, perhaps, of his journal. The English surgeon does not speak with all the impartiality desirable of the man who tore him brutally from Longwood, and ruined his military career; he is unable to resist the temptation of adding a few black traits—quite superfluous!—to the sombre countenance of the Governor. Yet, if in the portrait he sketches of his enemy certain incorrect details are noticeable, this portrait remains on the whole an extremely faithful likeness. Other

pictures enable us to verify it. To take those by the Emperor's companions as standards of comparison would appear partial, and to do so is besides in no wise necessary. A French Legitimist, the Marquis de Montchenu ; a Russian diplomatist, Count Balmain ; an Austrian, Baron Sturmer ; an English admiral, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, offer sufficient guarantee for the general truth of O'Meara's statements.

He represents Hudson Lowe as worrying him daily with interminable questions about Longwood, never satisfied with the answers given, always growing more exacting as to their number and precision. The Governor has protested, and Forsyth and Seaton maintain, that he was not of an inquisitive disposition, that he detested cross-examining people, and that if Napoleon's doctor made him long reports, it was spontaneously and without any solicitation or constraint on his part. One would do well to read the correspondence of the three foreign Commissioners, and the inquiries to which he had the insolence to subject the Marquis de Montchenu, Count Balmain, and Baron Sturmer ! O'Meara shows Hudson Lowe as often illogical, extravagant, and absurd in conversation. Again, one would do well to read the foreign Commissioners. O'Meara accuses Hudson Lowe of indulgence in vulgar expressions, in rude remarks, and in violent scenes. Once more, one would do well to read the Commissioners ! Finally, O'Meara asserts that Hudson Lowe could not remain on good terms with anybody, and saw nothing but traitors and

treachery among his compatriots and subordinates. To verify this assertion, one has only to glance through the notes, in which Lady Malcolm relates how the Governor insulted her husband, the Admiral, by his suspicions, and the disgraceful system of spying established in the island of exile over English officers!

No! *A Voice from Saint Helena*, by which all those matters were first revealed to Europe, is not a lying voice, as some, finding in the title an easy subject for the display of their wit, would have it; O'Meara's journal is not a wretched book, as Lord Rosebery, who, in the main, speaks so judiciously of the memorialists of the Captivity, has thought fit to grant as a concession to the yelping of Mr. Seaton, a poor imitator of Forsyth's baying. *A Voice from Saint Helena* is an excellent historical book, in spite of defects. What book is without them! What man, too, is free from reproach! It is elementary psychology—the remark is an old one—to expect a character to be perfect, to be endowed only with good qualities, and to be always consistent. O'Meara was changeable, O'Meara sometimes lacked straightforwardness, reserve, and decorum, but O'Meara was so placed as to commit faults, and these faults, moreover, do not prevent his testimony from being almost unanimously confirmed.

As regards his wrongs towards Napoleon, they were fully redeemed by his devoted, if unenlightened, attendance on the Emperor in his professional

capacity, by the amiability and kind services which made him an invaluable guest at Longwood ; finally, by the zeal he displayed, during the greater part of his residence at Saint Helena, in defending the great captive against the Governor's vexations. In spite of everything, he has deserved these verses by Lord Byron :

“And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his cause,
Hath lost his place and gained the world's applause.”

Poets have a sense of what is true and just, that enables them to discern, without the help of documentary evidence, the merits of certain men in certain situations. Byron's judgment well counterbalances Mr. Seaton's opinion.

After O'Meara had been removed from him, in July, 1818, Napoleon was for a long while deprived of medical attendance. Strictly speaking, Hudson Lowe had placed a new physician at Longwood : Surgeon-Major Verling, of the Artillery. But his services were not accepted by the Emperor, who claimed the right of choosing his own doctor, as was natural enough on the part of a patient.

The state of Napoleon's health remained unchanged ; he continued to feel a dull pain in his right side, to be subject to œdema of the legs, to intermittent cutaneous affections, and to relapses of his dysury. Sensitive, as has been stated already, to sudden changes of temperature, and ever more disgusted with the site and climate of Longwood, he still further restricted the number of his outings, and

even less frequently left his apartments, where, dreading the damp, he acquired the habit of insisting on so large a fire that Counts Bertrand and de Montholon would often feel indisposed, and that his headaches, until then of a mild order, became violent and were accompanied by fits of giddiness. Another excess did him equal harm. He took occasionally as many as three hot baths a day, sometimes to obtain relief, sometimes merely for comfort's sake. In the last months of 1818, these continual immersions, the hot-house atmosphere in which he persisted in living, and no doubt also the secret progress of his cancer, had considerably enfeebled him; he began to look really ill. On the 10th of October, Captain Nicholls, the English officer attached to Longwood, reported to Hudson Lowe that he had caught sight of General Bonaparte, and that "his countenance appeared excessively cadaverous and ghastly."

On January 1st, 1819, the Emperor's legs swelled to such an extent that he was no longer able to stand. On the 6th, he had a slight syncope while engaged in a work of dictation, and on the 7th, a Sunday, between midnight and one o'clock in the morning, a genuine attack of apoplexy that made him lose consciousness.

The assistance of a physician was imperative. Napoleon had forbidden recourse to Dr. Verling under any consideration. Marshal Bertrand wrote out an urgent letter and requested Captain Nicholls to send it on to Dr. Stokoe.

What followed is so characteristic of the sordid transactions of Saint Helena, that it must be related at some length.

Dr. Stokoe was the surgeon of the *Conqueror*, the vessel of the line which sported the flag of the glorious Admiral of The Briars in Jamestown harbour. The Emperor knew him slightly, having seen him once in O'Meara's company, and having, on another occasion, authorised the latter to call him in for a consultation. Stokoe, apprehending difficulties with Hudson Lowe, on account of the opinion which he would be obliged to express, had declined. At the present juncture, in spite of his fears of fresh personal annoyance, he could no longer hesitate, for the case appeared serious. He, moreover, received orders from Sir Robert Plampin to proceed to Longwood.

He did not arrive there until about seven o'clock, for Marshal Bertrand's message only reached him on board the *Conqueror* after having gone to the Governor at Plantation, and then to the Admiral at The Briars: a hierarchical journey that allowed the apoplexy ample time to accomplish its work. But the Emperor's hour had not yet come. He had recovered his senses, asked for a bath, and now seemed to be quietly resting.

Stokoe was requested to await his awakening.

He obtained detailed information about the circumstances of the night and the general state of the patient. Napoleon's fainting fit, following after extreme oppression and giddiness, was described to

him, and further, the dull pain in the right groin which the Emperor had long felt, and which now became acute and was accompanied by twitches in the shoulder. Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon apprehended especially the return of similar attacks, necessitating prompt assistance. No doubt, as they were well aware, Dr. Verling lived beside them, and was entirely at their disposal. But Napoleon would always refuse the aid of a surgeon designated by Hudson Lowe alone, and imposed upon him after the brutal expulsion of O'Meara. He intended to choose his own physician, one in whose zeal and character he could have confidence.

The Frenchmen proposed to Stokoe that he should become that physician; their anxiety would be considerably lessened by his presence, and for his personal tranquillity, articles would be drawn up and presented to the Admiral and the Governor for their approbation, which would clearly define the duties he was to assume towards the Emperor, and those which his chiefs would still be entitled to claim from him. In spite of all these precautions, Stokoe considered the appointment and the honour replete with danger. He resisted for a time, but finally gave in to the repeated entreaties of Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon.

During these negotiations, towards eleven o'clock, Napoleon awoke. The doctor was shown in to his room.

The Emperor's face was still congested. The pain in his right side had not abated, and a slight pressure on the spot he indicated made him cry out. Stokoe committed the same error as O'Meara, and diagnosed affection of the liver. He wrote out a bulletin stating in conclusion: "From the evident tendency of a determination of blood to the head, it will be highly necessary that a medical man should be near the patient, in order that immediate assistance may be afforded in case of a recurrence of the above alarming symptoms, as well as for the daily treatment of chronic hepatitis which the above symptoms indicate."

The doctor left Napoleon at two o'clock. He called on Admiral Plampin at The Briars, and submitted to him the document containing the articles proposed by Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon.

By the terms of this document, which the Emperor had desired to dictate, the surgeon of the *Conqueror* was, with the consent of his chiefs, to fill at Longwood the post left vacant since the departure of O'Meara. He was to be temporarily freed from all military duty or discipline, and to be considered as an Englishman holding a civil employment. He would thus enjoy the requisite measure of independence that his predecessor had lacked. In brief, in his new capacity, he was to be regarded solely as Napoleon's physician. He would draw up medical bulletins and transmit them to the authorities of Saint Helena, but was not to be obliged to render an account of what he might

see or hear at Longwood, unless anything—such as a plan of escape—should come to his knowledge the concealment of which in his judgment might compromise his oath of allegiance to his country and his sovereign.

Sir Robert Plampin read the document, and merely remarked : “ I shall refer the matter to the Governor ; ” whereupon he dismissed the surgeon of the *Conqueror*, who returned to his ship.

The Frenchmen, however, had sent a copy of the Act to Plantation by Captain Nicholls. At five o'clock, without leaving The Briars, the Admiral was in possession of the notification he desired for his guidance. Hudson Lowe wrote him :—

“ SIR,—I do myself the honour to enclose to your Excellency a letter and a paper I have this moment received from the orderly officer at Longwood.

“ In transmitting them for your Excellency's consideration, I think it right at the same time to mention I have as yet no information whether Mr. Stokoe has seen General Bonaparte, what may have been the nature and extent of his communications with Count Bertrand, or what may have been the arguments used by either to prevail on Mr. Stokoe to give his assent to proposals of such a nature as those enclosed, which were in no wise to be anticipated from the suddenness and occasion of his call to attend on General Bonaparte at so very early an hour this morning, without, it appears, any previous reference to, or consultation with, either your Excellency or me.”

This meant, when read between the lines, that Hudson Lowe did not intend to appoint a physician to Longwood who would only act in his professional capacity; he expected more from Dr. Verling, could he but succeed in thrusting him upon the Frenchmen, and henceforward his mind was made up to set aside Stokoe. He began by incriminating him, by seeking grounds for complaint against him. He expressed surprise at his omission to call at Plantation and give an account there of his visit to Napoleon, and blamed him for having acceded with suspicious haste to an unauthorised agreement. With regard to the visit, the surgeon of the *Conqueror* had made his report to Sir Robert Plampin, his immediate chief, in accordance with the Admiral's instructions. With regard to the agreement, he had made proper reservations, and stated that, willing as he was, the consent of his superiors was essential. Hudson Lowe learned this from Captain Nicholls, who had been kept constantly advised of the negotiations; but it suited his plans to appear unacquainted with the fact, and to regard a purely conditional arrangement as a settled affair.

During the evening, the Emperor's state gave rise to fresh anxiety on the part of the Frenchmen, and they deemed it necessary to call again upon the Governor, and sound him in order to ascertain his frame of mind, and to secure as promptly as possible the regular services of Dr. Stokoe. About nine o'clock Count de Montholon, escorted by an officer, and two soldiers carrying lanterns, proceeded to

Plantation House in intense darkness and pelting rain. An interview took place there, at which Major Gorrequer, Hudson Lowe's secretary, was present, and of which he took notes. No account could show as well as his with what scepticism or indifference the authorities of Saint Helena greeted the alarms of Longwood, and how shamefully they grudged Napoleon the help of a doctor.

"Count de Montholon," says the military recorder, after a few remarks in guise of preamble, "declared *in a very serious manner* that he expected the Emperor would have a return of the attack that night which he had experienced the previous one, and that he dreaded *un coup d'apoplexie*, that the blood rushed up into his head *comme d'un coup de piston*, and it was necessary to have some one at hand to bleed him, should a recurrence of this last take place. As Mr. Stokoe was the only medical man in whom the Emperor had ever manifested any *confiance*, he (Count de Montholon) trusted that the Governor would make no objection to his remaining at Longwood while the question of his permanent establishment there was under consideration.

"The Governor expressed himself not averse to Mr. Stokoe giving his medical aid until his decision on the proposals transmitted to him regarding that person should be communicated. He explained at the same time to Count Montholon that Mr. Stokoe was under the Admiral's authority, and that he could not dispose of his services.

“Count Montholon said that the Governor represented the Prince Regent there, and would give his orders to all those under him.

“The Governor replied that Count Montholon was under an error in this point; that the naval Commander-in-chief, the head of another service, was entirely independent of him, and he could give no orders whatever to persons under his authority. He would, however, confer with the Admiral on the matter, *‘mais qu’il était décidé à ne pas se laisser pousser à donner réponse,’* until he had consulted with him, which he, however, would do as soon as he could. He added that Mr. Stokoe would be there next morning, or else his decision would be known by that time. . . .”

In short, Hudson Lowe made no promises, and Napoleon was left without the assurance of medical attendance.

The conference, tragic enough as regards the circumstances that occasioned it and the events that might ensue, only led to this burlesque result: the declaration of Sir Robert Plampin’s independence!

Count de Montholon had not yet returned from Plantation House when, the Emperor being again seized with violent pains in the head, Marshal Bertrand felt obliged to send a fresh messenger to the Governor, demanding Stokoe’s immediate presence. But Hudson Lowe had resolved henceforth not to worry about the appeals of *those people at Longwood*, as he designated Napoleon’s suite. Although in possession at mid-

night of a letter intended for the doctor, he kept it for twelve hours, and only forwarded it on Monday, the 18th of January, at midday. By then, such a kind attention was to no purpose. The surgeon of the *Conqueror* had not delayed so long before visiting Napoleon. With the Admiral's consent, he had been by the Emperor's bedside since six o'clock in the morning.

The state of his patient seemed to confirm his diagnosis of the previous day, and he called attention to the fact in a second bulletin :—

"It appears from the symptoms of chronic hepatitis (the first appearance of which he experienced sixteen months ago) that this is the principal cause of the present derangement in his health, and although they are described as having increased considerably of late, yet, judging from present appearances, I do not apprehend any immediate danger, although it must be presumed that in a climate where the above disease is so prevalent, it will eventually shorten his life.

"The more alarming symptom is that which was experienced on the night of the 16th, a recurrence of which may soon prove fatal, particularly if medical assistance is not at hand."

Stokoe signed his own warrant by these emphatic statements.

He was bold enough to declare, in opposition to the opinion expressed by the Governor and the English Ministry, that Saint Helena was an unhealthy island, where Napoleon's life would doubtless be shortened.

Such excessive frankness could not be tolerated ; so tactless a doctor must quickly be silenced and punished.

In the afternoon of the same day, when the surgeon of the *Conqueror* called at The Briars and reported his visit to Sir Robert Plampin, he found the Admiral severe, malevolent, and hostile. He was subjected to an insulting inquiry into his conversations with the Frenchmen. After which he was informed that, in the future, he must procure a pass before going to Longwood in answer to their appeals. To subject him to this formality was equivalent to regarding him as a suspicious character. It was, in fact, treating him as though he were a stranger who had craved permission to attend Napoleon, and obtained the privilege as a signal favour. So far from this being the case, Stokoe was acting in compliance with orders : he was placed, and even kept, at the disposal of the sick Emperor.

So much so, that during the evening of this very day, Captain Nicholls wrote to Count de Montholon—

“ I am desired by the Governor to acquaint you that, having conferred with Rear-Admiral Plampin in respect to the continuance of Mr. Stokoe’s medical attendance at Longwood, the Admiral has acquainted him that he cannot dispense with Mr. Stokoe’s service in the squadron so far as to admit of his being entirely removed from it. . . . The Governor himself will have no objection to Mr. Stokoe affording his medical



DR. JOHN STOKOE.

After the Portrait in "Napoléon Prisonnier."

assistance to Napoleon Bonaparte whenever so required, but he is desirous in each case that Mr. Stokoe's visits should be made in conjunction with the physician who is at present in attendance at Longwood."

Hudson Lowe, on mature reflection, thought it inadvisable formally to forbid Stokoe to call on the Emperor. He preferred to discourage him by indirect and underhand means. He therefore instructed Sir Robert Plampin as to the attitude he was to adopt, suggested certain obstacles and annoyances, and insisted upon the unacceptable presence of Dr. Verling at Stokoe's visits.

Summoned by the Frenchmen for the third time, in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 19th of January, the surgeon of the *Conqueror*, gathering courage from his professional duty, which he wished to fulfil as long as possible, resigned himself to the humiliating formality of the pass, and once more wended his way to Longwood. With Captain Nicholls, he first saw Count Bertrand, whom he earnestly entreated to persuade Napoleon to accede to the Governor's stipulation concerning Dr. Verling. The Count, as was only to be expected, replied that the Emperor would never receive this physician, and preferred to dispense with medical attendance. Yet his condition was still more serious, for he was too weak to stand, and had not left his bed for twenty-four hours.

Captain Nicholls retired at this juncture, and Stokoe considered for a moment whether he had not

better follow his example. He was well aware of his chiefs' hostile intentions and clearly perceived the aim they had in view. Hudson Lowe and Sir Robert Plampin were evidently only awaiting some ostensible fault, a mere pretext, in order to punish him for contravening their hidden purposes. But besides the fact that his conscience did not permit him to forsake his illustrious patient at a critical moment, it also appeared to him as dangerous to refuse to see Napoleon as to consent to do so. Supposing, for instance, that, shortly after his departure from Longwood, complications arose, the Governor would certainly hold him responsible: "I only expressed a wish that Dr. Verling should accompany you," he would say. "A wish is no command. You should have paid your visit all the same."

The doctor, therefore, proceeded to the Emperor's room. Marshal Bertrand had not been guilty of exaggeration. Napoleon was even more seriously ill, and seemed in a weaker condition than on the previous days. His pulse marked an extraordinarily rapid increase of fever. Stokoe feared that the character of the supposed hepatitis was changing from a chronic to an acute form. Apprehending also, from the violent rushing of the blood to the head, a return of Sunday's attack, he decided to spend the night at Longwood, and acquainted Captain Nicholls with his intention.

To stave off the impending crisis, he begged Napoleon to allow himself to be bled. But the

Emperor was a bad patient. In vain Stokoe pointed out that apoplexy menaced him, and might supervene at any moment. He received the warning with the complete indifference of a fatalist. At length—towards five o'clock in the morning—the pains in his head having become unbearable, he consented, and obtained some relief from the operation.

The surgeon, being only half-reassured, would gladly have spent the whole of Wednesday, the 20th of January, at Longwood, but at midday the order reached him to return to Jamestown. He obeyed at once, and, calling at The Briars on his way, handed to Sir Robert Plampin a report relating to the events of the night, of which the following were the concluding words: "I took this opportunity of more particularly examining the liver, and am fully persuaded of the diseased state of that viscus, having distinctly felt a degree of hardness. . . . I therefore advised the immediate adoption of a course of mercury, with other medicines in such form as best suited the constitution of the patient."

The Admiral did not in any way reproach Stokoe for having visited Napoleon without being accompanied by Dr. Verling, but left it to the Governor to appreciate the fact. However, he picked a quarrel with his subordinate about another matter. As on a previous occasion, he questioned him about the few commonplace words exchanged in conversation between him and the Frenchmen. He found fault with them, and, at last, in a furious rage, treated the

surgeon of the *Conqueror* so shamefully, that the latter, completely discouraged, wrote the following petition on regaining his vessel: "The experience of to-day points to the necessity of my declining all further communication with Longwood. I therefore humbly beg leave that, in case my services are again demanded in aid of General Bonaparte, you will be pleased to cause Count Bertrand to be acquainted with my wishes on this head."

Stokoe had only just finished writing these lines, and had not yet forwarded them, when the Frenchmen again summoned him. Returning to The Briars in the evening, he himself delivered the letter to Sir Robert Plampin, whom he found at dinner with his mistress. The Admiral refused to read it, nor would he listen to the doctor. In a tone which brooked no reply, he told him to obey the summons, and, if necessary, to spend the night at Longwood, but to return the next day without fail by half-past ten at the latest.

Since no particular duty on board the *Conqueror*, to which an assistant-surgeon was attached, demanded Stokoe's presence there on the Thursday, these precise instructions evidently originated in a secret desire that he might be detained at Longwood by some chance circumstance, and also in the Admiral's preconceived intention to consider any involuntary delay as an act of disobedience. The plan was successful. A consultation, prolonged somewhat at the Emperor's request, and then a fall

from his horse on the steep road leading to The Briars, prevented the doctor from reaching the house of his chief at the appointed hour. It was midday of the 21st of January when he handed the following report to Sir Robert Plampin :—

“I saw General Bonaparte yesterday, and his fever was slight, but he complained more of pain in the side. This morning the pain in the side continued nearly the same.

“I recommended a warm bath, which he took immediately, and in which he remained at my departure.

“I urged the necessity of his immediately commencing a course of medicines, saying that I had already prepared some, and would send others from town, with instructions, as I could not continue my visits to Longwood under the unpleasant circumstances I was exposed to, and that I had already requested you to make known my wishes on the head to Count Bertrand. He replied that he would take no medicine that he did not receive from the hands of his own surgeon.

“I beg that you will take into consideration that in this business, my reputation and honour being equally implicated, I cannot take upon myself the charge of a patient of such consequence and so seriously ill in the disagreeable situation in which I am placed, not at liberty to give my assistance at every moment. Hereafter, in the event of any sudden catastrophe which may occur, I beg that my

name may not be mentioned unless I am placed in the situation of Mr. O'Meara, in accordance with the articles offered for your consideration the other day. If not, I desire to remain as surgeon of the *Conqueror*, and to be relieved from that responsibility which now weighs upon my name, and of which I foresee the alarming consequences."

Stokoe never returned to Longwood. His chiefs had brought their tactics to a successful issue and thus gained their end. He expressed himself, in the above letter, weary of an ill-defined situation, the state of mind to which Sir Robert Plampin had desired to reduce him. Circumstances placed him ostensibly in the wrong, and a certain number of accusations could be plausibly formulated against him. This was precisely what Hudson Lowe had been waiting for.

After the trials which have just been set forth, Stokoe's five visits to the Emperor were to deprive him of his rank, his position, the advantages of twenty-five years' service in the Royal Navy.

He was presently informed that the Admiral and the Governor intended trying him by court-martial for breach of discipline and disobedience. Anywhere else but at Saint Helena, so unfounded an accusation would have made him laugh, or at least would have left him unperturbed. But he knew the kind of men and the state of things on the island, and grew anxious. Arguing that the principal desire of his persecutors was doubtless to rid themselves of his

presence, to remove him from Saint Helena, so as to render it impossible for Napoleon again to demand his medical attendance, and complain of being deprived thereof, he resolved to apply for leave of sufficient duration to last until the moment, eight or nine months distant, at which he would be entitled to claim a pension. He had suffered recently from the climate, and, by the fall from his horse, had lost temporarily the use of one arm. On these grounds he asked permission to return to Europe, which was granted immediately. On the 30th of January, 1819, he resigned his functions on board the *Conqueror*, bade farewell to the roadstead of Jamestown, and left for Portsmouth.

He thought his sufferings were at an end, but was mistaken.

By the same vessel on which he was sailing, Hudson Lowe forwarded a report, addressed to the Lords of the Admiralty. Hardly had Stokoe landed in England, when he received instructions to return to Saint Helena. On the 21st of August, after two fatiguing passages, lasting in all 188 days, he beheld once more the detestable shore of the island. So entirely ignorant was he, so free from any suspicion as to the motives for his recall, that he felt convinced his return was a sign of the approval his conduct had met with in London. He regained the *Conqueror*, was there and then placed under arrest, and brought up for trial on the 30th. A mock court-martial, devoted to the interests of Hudson

Lowe and Plampin, sentenced him to be dismissed from the Navy.

Among other crimes, he was found guilty of having disobeyed the Admiral by delaying to report himself at The Briars after one of his visits, and . . . of having, in conversation with the Frenchmen, discussed topics entirely unconnected with medicine!

Two of the charges brought against poor Stokoe deserve to be quoted verbatim. Forsyth, who relates his history at some length, omits them, although he declares himself, at the beginning of his book, too impartial and too honest to conceal any matter relating to Saint Helena.

In his second bulletin, the surgeon of the Conqueror had inserted this paragraph: "The more alarming symptom is that which was experienced in the night of the 16th instant, a recurrence of which may soon prove fatal, particularly if medical attendance is not at hand," intending thereby, contrary to the character and duty of a British officer, to create a false impression or belief that General Bonaparte was in imminent or considerable danger, and that no medical assistance was at hand, he, the said Mr. John Stokoe, not having witnessed any such symptom, and knowing that the state of the patient was so little urgent that he was four hours at Longwood before he was admitted to see him, and further, knowing that Dr. Verling was at hand, ready to attend if required in any such emergency, or considerable danger.

He had, *knowingly and willingly designated General Bonaparte in the said bulletin in a manner different from that in which he was designated in the Act of Parliament for the better custody of his person, and contrary to the practice of His Majesty's Government, of the Lieutenant-General, Governor of the Island, and of the said Rear-Admiral, and he had done so at the especial instance and request of the said General Bonaparte or his attendants, though he, Mr. John Stokoe, well knew that the mode of designation was a point in dispute between the said General Bonaparte and Lieutenant-General Sir Hudson Lowe and the British Government, and that by acceding to the wish of the said General Bonaparte, he, the said Mr. John Stokoe, was acting in opposition to the wish and practice of his own superior officers, and to the respect which he owed them, under the general printed instructions.*

What name had Stokoe so rashly employed with reference to General Bonaparte? The Emperor, no doubt? Not at all. The ex-Emperor, the ex-Sovereign? Never. He, a doctor, had called him . . . the patient . . . in a medical report!

That is the supreme, the unique reason for his condemnation: no one on the island of exile had the right to say that the health of the prisoner of Longwood left anything to be desired. Napoleon's lot already aroused only too great interest in Europe. When he was afflicted with an illness, Theodore Hook's example should be followed, and the illness

regarded lightly, as an amusing subject for a jest, as a political device.

His hepatitis, his complaints about the climate, were merely pretences destined to move the world to pity, to obtain the relaxation of just measures of severity and a change of residence. Hudson Lowe and the English Ministry certified that General Bonaparte lived in the most healthy land on the surface of the earth, and one altogether free from endemical diseases.

It is well known at the present day that Napoleon was mistaken as to the nature of his malady, and suffered from a cancer to which very likely he would have been a victim and finally have succumbed in any other spot. But that does not in the least excuse the signal dishonesty of his gaolers. In spite of their denials, hepatitis — as quotations have shown — appeared to be of common occurrence at Saint Helena. The Emperor, who had but too many reasons for doubting the much-vaunted salubrity, could well believe himself attacked by it. Throughout the whole of the Captivity his house, and indeed the entire island, resembled a hospital.

Madame de Montholon and several of his attendants in succession fell ill from liver complaint. Gourgaud, Countess Bertrand, nearly all the children and nearly all the servants at Longwood had dysentery. Cipriani died of inflammation of the bowels.

Napoleon witnessed this spectacle in his own abode, and on making inquiries as to the sanitary

situation outside, he learned news of the following description :—

In the Jamestown roads, during the years 1817 and 1818, the ship, the *Conqueror*, lost a sixth [of her crew: 100 out of 600 men. Other vessels, of smaller tonnage and effective force, attached to the naval station, suffered proportionally as much, if not more, at different periods. Diseases carried off from the *Racoon* 16 of her 100 sailors, 11 out of 65 from the *Leveret*, 15 out of 85 from the *Griffon*, and 24 out of 100 from the *Mosquito*.

In a passage of his book, Henry calls attention, by way of compensation, to the fact that, in the space of a year, not a single death took place among the soldiers cantoned with him at Deadwood. But why does he speak of one year only? A few lines back, he has just admitted, at least, that in March and April, 1818, when the season was particularly rainy, intestinal complaints were extremely numerous in the camp. Granted that his battalion had not any deceases to lament at Saint Helena, the 2nd battalion lost 56 men there in twelve months, during the years 1816 and 1817. Moreover, the assistant-surgeon prudently refrains from mentioning the 53rd and the 20th Regiments, which suffered greatly from their residence on the island.

According to Dr. Arnott, the surgeon of the 20th, dysentery among the troops was the result of insufficient precautions against the atmospheric changes, of alcoholic excesses, and the fatigues of an extremely

arduous service. Not only is this possible, but it may also be admitted that hepatitis was not endemical at Saint Helena, and was as a rule brought there from India or elsewhere. At the present day, in spite of its too sudden alternations of heat and cold, and although constantly damp, disagreeable, and enervating in some of its elevated regions, such as Longwood, the tropical island on which, from 1815 to 1821, so many illnesses broke out and so many deaths were registered, does not appear at all fatal to strangers, and mortality hardly seems greater there than in Europe. But when it comes to deciding who was right with regard to the climate of Saint Helena, Napoleon or his gaolers, the question is not whether Saint Helena is healthy at the present day, but whether it appeared to be so at the period of the Captivity. The reports of the Marquis de Montchenu, Baron Sturmer, and Count Balmain, the letters in the London newspapers, and the above details and statistics give the answer. Hudson Lowe and the British Government, it may safely be asserted, could not possibly believe in the salubrity of the place where they had it proclaimed by court-martial that the Emperor was feigning to be ill. They manifestly had no greater faith in this salubrity than Napoleon himself.

So seriously ill indeed was the Emperor that, a few days before the scandalous condemnation of Stokoe, he deemed it prudent to make provision against his death. Let it not be maintained that

Napoleon was still playing a part. For neither the Governor nor the English officials ever learned the fact; it was only known at Longwood, and revealed long after the Captivity.

Accordingly, in the middle of August, 1819, the Emperor drew up a will, which he entrusted to Count Bertrand, and whereby he left his arms, silver, china, and best books to his son. He bequeathed a sum of £12,000, the money he possessed at Saint Helena, to his companions and servants, and of this sum he assigned £4800 to the Grand Marshal; £2000 to Count de Montholon and Marchand; £800 to Saint-Denis, Noverraz, and Pierron; £400 to Archambault and Gentilini. Mesdames Bertrand and de Montholon were to divide his diamonds between them. He settled, with equal care and attention to detail, the appropriation of the remainder of his fortune, amounting to about two hundred and forty thousand pounds, deposited with the banker Laffitte, in Paris. He further gave instructions that his memoirs were not to be published until they had been verified by means of all the documents which he lacked.

At the moment when, in anticipation of his end, Napoleon was thus expressing his last wishes, Hudson Lowe added a serious mental annoyance to his physical sufferings by a fresh vexation. For a long time the Governor had been irritated at his inability to obtain anything but meagre reports about what was passing at Longwood. After his failure to induce the Emperor to accept the medical attendance of

Dr. Verling, by whom he would have been kept better informed, he strove to compel Napoleon to receive Captain Nicholls. He had just ordered that officer to enter General Bonaparte's apartments, if necessary by force, and to satisfy himself daily of his presence there. To this the General, in spite of the poor state of his health, replied by the following energetic statement :—

“On the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 16th of August, 1819, attempts have been made for the first time to break into the apartments inhabited by the Emperor Napoleon, which had hitherto been respected. He has resisted these acts of violence by closing his doors and locking them, and thinks fit to repeat a protest already made on several occasions, that no intruder will cross his threshold without first passing over his body. In order to shield himself from insults, he has been living for the last three years in the confinement of six little rooms. If the authorities of the island are mean enough to grudge him this retreat, it can only be they have resolved to leave him no other than a tomb. For two years he has been afflicted with chronic hepatitis, an endemic disease in this country, and owing to the removal of Dr. O'Meara in July, 1818, and of Dr. Stokoe in January, 1819, he has been deprived of medical attendance for a whole year. He has had several attacks which have obliged him to remain in bed for periods of fifteen to twenty days at a time. And now, while in the midst of particularly violent suffer-

ings, and laid up for the last nine days with no defence against illness but patience, regimen, and baths, he is worried by the threat of having his privacy violated: an outrage to which the Prince Regent, Lord Liverpool, and the whole world are well aware he will never submit. . . .”

Napoleon—several narratives leave no doubt on the subject—would, at all costs, as he declared, have defended his poor interior, his last miserable refuge. Hudson Lowe realised this, and, reluctant to face the possible consequences of a decisive action, relinquished his claim to thrust upon the Emperor the daily visit of Captain Nicholls, although at the same moment he was also obliged to abandon definitely all hope of placing Dr. Verling at Longwood.

For, on the 20th of September, 1819, the French physician whom Napoleon, deprived of O'Meara and Stokoe, and seeing the difficulty of retaining an English surgeon, had demanded some time back from the British Government, and his family, arrived at Saint Helena.

This physician, for whose selection Cardinal Fesch was responsible—unfortunately, and at best, a mediocre choice—was Doctor Antommarchi, a young man of thirty who lacked professional experience, and proved presumptuous, careless, and frivolous.

The Emperor had also requested his uncle to find him a learned and broad-minded priest with whom he might discuss religious questions. The Cardinal had again displayed his want of discernment or

solicitude, and, doubtless considering that quantity could make up for quality, sent a gouty, deaf old man whose tongue was almost paralysed: the Abbé Buonavita, and a young mountaineer, like Antom-marchi a Corsican, a raw recruit from the seminary, almost illiterate and deficient in manners and conversation: the Abbé Vignali.

Two new servants, who had come with the priests and the doctor, were alone to give Napoleon entire satisfaction.

One of them, Coursot by name, became butler in place of Pierron, now promoted *maître d'hôtel*, a post that had remained vacant since the death of Cipriani.

The other, called Chandelier, became the Emperor's last cook. It is chiefly thanks to the information he gave Carême on his return to France, and which the latter has published, that the culinary tastes and diet of Napoleon during the Captivity are known. These tastes and diet possibly influenced to some extent the progress of the Emperor's disease, only briefly described here, and should be taken into account by doctors wishing to study it at greater length and treat it scientifically.

Napoleon had soup served at each of his principal meals: at lunch and dinner. He was in the habit of taking it almost boiling; and on that subject Madame de Montholon mentions in her *Souvenirs*: "He said that prisoners, who bear the greatest privations, always break down at the ordeal of really cold soup." He liked especially vegetable soups,

sorrel soups, and *soupe à la reine*, a kind of *lait de poule*, an extremely sweet mixture of milk and the yolks of eggs, to which he ascribed refreshing and laxative properties.

As for meat, he preferred leg of mutton, well done, mutton cutlets, and breast of mutton, the last two fried in bread crumbs with clear gravy; chicken in every possible shape, and with every description of sauce, roast, stewed, or fricasseed: *à la provençale*, without garlic—he could not endure either garlic or onion—*à l'Italienne*, *à la tartare*, *à la Marengo*. He also had a weakness for pork-butcher's meat, for *crêpinettes* and *boudin à la Richelieu*.

In the matter of vegetables, he appears to have shown a predilection for the broad beans of Soissons and lentils prepared in oil.

The gurnet of the Mediterranean constituted one of his delicacies in Europe; and at Saint Helena he would often regret the absence of this fish from his table.

He had also a great liking for fried dishes, pies, and pastry.

The arrival of Chandelier caused the Emperor pleasure. Since the departure of Lepage, in 1818, his household had, strictly speaking, been in want of a cook. An Englishman called Laroche, a worthy fellow left on the island by the Amherst embassy, had filled the situation for a short time, but his culinary science was limited, and, moreover, the gases emanating from the cracked range rendered him ill and almost

blind ; then, in default of a professional chef, Pierron, the butler, succeeded him. Pierron was a remarkable confectioner, whose architectural constructions in amber-coloured sugar remained ever fresh in Betsy Balcombe's memory, and made her mouth water even after a lapse of twenty-five years. But, in spite of his zeal, he could not acquire great competence and rise to the proficiency of a Vatel. Chandelier, a past master in the art of cooking, lately in the service of Princess Borghese, arrived most opportunely to relieve this *locum tenens*. Having obtained information about Saint Helena from Laroche in London, he came provided with various utensils that were wanting at Longwood, and set up other ranges immediately on entering upon his functions. Carême relates that the Emperor displayed a keen interest in the event, visited the kitchen and congratulated the new chef : " It is very fortunate you met Laroche before coming here," he told him. " Now that there is no longer that horrible coal smoke, you will keep your eyesight, have less trouble, and be able to make me little pies for lunch more often. . . ."

Chandelier gratified Napoleon's wishes in this respect, and also indulged his taste for *vol-au-vent*, *bouchées à la reine*, *timbales de macaroni*, *étouffé à la génoise*, *pilau à la milanaise*, and *tailleraings à la Corse*.

Many of these concoctions were doubtless not the most suitable to a man who ate rapidly, hardly masticated, and suffered from a cancer of the stomach. It may further be added that, generally speaking, the

dishes constituting Napoleon's diet at Saint Helena proved inferior, as regards quality, to those in Europe.

Butcher's meat left much to be desired in the island. The cows, mostly imported from Benguela, and only partially recovered on poor pasture land from the hardships of a long passage, usually supplied tough and stringy flesh. Sheep, of the fat-tailed species wittily described by Henry, were sent over from the Cape, whence they arrived in an emaciated condition, and on filling out again turned to tallow. By way of sole compensation, excellent pork could be obtained from pigs of native breeding.

Fowls remained mediocre, in spite of all the care devoted to them, and the experiment made at Longwood of a poultry-yard merely resulted in the rearing of lean chickens, lean turkeys, and lean geese.

Although the coast of Saint Helena abounds in fish, little else but mackerel was caught there. Now and then there appeared at the Emperor's table a kind of gilt-head, rather good, and known by the quaint name of old-wife ; a sort of smelt ; a variety of dolphin, not unlike salmon in flavour ; and stump, a large crustacean somewhat similar in taste to lobster.

Fresh vegetables, cabbages, cauliflowers, salads, new peas and beans were rare. Dry vegetables sometimes dated from two or three years back, and only mediocre potatoes were to be had.

The island yielded neither pears, nor apples, nor cherries, nor strawberries. Orange-trees flourished

splendidly, but, except in two or three favoured places like Plantation, their oranges did not ripen well. Lemons were a little more successful; vines bore large, yet indifferent, grapes; apricot-trees hard apricots, peach-trees wretched little yellow peaches. On the whole, figs, mangoes, and bananas were the only passable fruits. Chandelier steeped the bananas in rum and made fritters with them.

It was hard to procure good bread at Longwood. In various pages of Gourgaud's journal, the Emperor is seen to complain on this score; one day he declares that soldiers' biscuit would be better, and gives orders to buy some. The fact is, the flour used at Saint Helena either came from Europe, in which case it was overheated by a stay of at least three months on board ship and the crossing of the line, or else from the Cape of Good Hope, fairly near, but where mills of soft stone were used to grind the wheat, and mingled grains of sand with the meslin; so that the pastry served at the Emperor's table often tasted of grit, and set the teeth on edge. It also frequently smelt rancid, for Chandelier had hardly any other than salt butter, which he was obliged to wash with extreme care and then squeeze until the water ran off. Like the macaroni and parmesan, the dry vegetables and the greater part of the preserves, this butter remained so long in the storehouses of the East India Company, which supplied it, that it grew stale.

A moderate drinker—half a bottle of claret at

each of his meals sufficed him—Napoleon was also no great eater. The indifferent cooking that the poor resources and the bad provisions of the island alone permitted, often disgusted him now that he suffered from his stomach, and had grown nice about his food. Notwithstanding the zealous efforts and the genuine culinary talents of Chandelier, he would take a violent dislike now to one dish, now to another, and many a time abstained either from lunching or from dining.

In spite of this ever-increasing lack of appetite, a sudden and most unexpected change for the better occurred in the Emperor's health at the period reached by this narrative.

Even the most inexorable diseases have often, in the course of their progress, a brief moment of respite. So also for the mental suffering caused by despair; however eager to die, few men quit this world without finding at some time a renewed sweetness in life. For about a year—from November, 1819, to November, 1820—Napoleon both physically and morally seemed to enter upon a fresh phase of existence.

Various circumstances contributed to this semblance of a regeneration, to this transitory revival of vital energy, the last pale flickering of the great human flame which was about to die out.

The arrival of Dr. Antommarchi, the Abbés Buonavita and Vignali, of Coursot, of Chandelier, and, previously, that of Etienne Bouges, a servant

who replaced Bernard in the service of Count Bertrand, had just made good part of the losses sustained by the little French colony at Saint Helena. Longwood was repeopled, and became more animated. These six new members of Napoleon's household had brought, as it were, something of the vivifying air of Europe to the dull atmosphere of the island, and restored the contact between the Emperor and the world from which he was cut off, by informing him of recent political events, by answering his questions about France, his family, and his son.

About the same time, the relations between Longwood and Plantation became less strained. Hudson Lowe appeared to become aware of the odium of his vexations, and Napoleon, for his part, grew tired of making complaints, too frequently vain. The daily dispute, the snappish and fruitless correspondence which fills so many pages of the history of Saint Helena, and renders it in the end so monotonous and wearisome, ceased almost entirely. A tacit peace was established.

Lastly, Dr. Antommarchi, in spite of his incompetency, succeeded at first in giving the impression of being a good doctor. He prescribed a few anodyne remedies that were apparently efficacious, and, since the Emperor was deprived of walks by his determination to keep within the narrow limits of the four-miles' enclosure, he recommended him to take to gardening for want of other exercise. The idea

chiefly pleased Napoleon as a means of somewhat embellishing the dreary precincts of his house. He obtained the necessary tools and mobilised his entire household, his Chinamen, his English ostlers, his French servants, the doctor and the priests, Count de Montholon and Marshal Bertrand. For the space of seven months, from November, 1819, to May, 1820, the whole population of Longwood was occupied in turning over a sterile soil, busily digging, sowing, and raking. Earth walls were erected for protection from the pernicious blast of the trade-wind, and reservoirs hollowed out to collect rain-water. Rose-bushes, peach-trees, and orange-trees in blossom were arranged in groups. The Emperor bought twenty-four big trees, traced an avenue of willows, and had an oak transplanted to a spot before his windows.

Every day at sunrise, when fine, he gave the signal for work to begin by ringing a large bell, and supervised his labourers, stick in hand, attired in his white dressing-gown and wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat. He would often call for a spade, or take up a rake or a watering-can. Lutyens, the orderly officer who had just succeeded Captain Nicholls at Longwood, was surprised one morning to see General Bonaparte handing sods of turf to Count de Montholon, who fixed them to a bank with the aid of a mallet.

Benefited both mentally and physically by these distractions and this exercise, Napoleon resumed his

afternoon readings and dictations. He took a fresh interest in details which for a long time had left him indifferent. For instance, he demanded improvements in his apartments, and was delighted at obtaining some new wall-papers and pieces of furniture. Beside the present habitation, a more spacious and comfortable house was being built for him; but he had always refused to bestow any attention upon it, saying that he would be dead before its completion. Now, however, reconciled to the idea of living, he displayed much solicitude as to the daily progress of the work.

Several acts of courtesy on the part of the Governor, at this moment, must be acknowledged. He supplied the necessary carts and men for transporting the trees brought to Longwood. Better still, he extended the limits within which the Emperor was free to move about without the escort of an English officer so as to include about a quarter of the island, and thus induce him to take the extremely beneficial exercise of riding.

Napoleon only availed himself of this increase of open space on two occasions, when his taste for gardening was over and his health seemed already to be once more giving way.

On the 18th of September, 1820, for the first time in the last four years, he left the four-miles' enclosure for a short gallop, after which he felt so tired that he was obliged to remain in bed the whole of the next day. In the following month, he tried

another longer outing : he was anxious to see again a site which, on a former visit at the outset of the Captivity, had greatly struck him.

About seven o'clock in the morning of Friday, October 4th, he set out from Longwood on horse-back accompanied by Marshal Bertrand, Count de Montholon, the groom, Archambault, and three other servants. The little party followed the Jamestown road as far as the Devil's Punchbowl, and then turned into a lane that presently scaled the slopes of Diana Peak. After a zigzag ascension for a mile and a half through a strange vegetation of bristling cactuses, of aloes as sharp as swords, of bracken curled like the forked tongues of serpents, of parasol-shaped cabbage-trees, of daturas with innumerable white bells hanging from their branches, they reached the mountain-top. The view obtained there was somewhat similar to that already described at the beginning of this book, but of a much wider range, for it embraced, together with immense tracts of ocean in all directions, the part of Saint Helena invisible from Alarm-House : the extinct crater of Sandy Bay. Looking down on that side, at the foot of Diana Peak, was a cottage called Mount Pleasant. It was inhabited by an old man, Sir William Doveton by name, a leading Yamstock and former Member of Council in the island. He had recently returned from London, where he had been unexpectedly honoured by a reception at Court and knighted by the Prince Regent, George IV. Ever

since, the English residents of Saint Helena, somewhat jealous of his distinction, took delight in laughing at his expense, in representing him as simple-minded to an extreme degree. For instance, they would relate how on his arrival in the British capital, attributing the bustle of the streets to some public rejoicing, he asked Sir Pulteney Malcolm, whom he happened to meet, to defer their conversation until the procession had passed.

On the day in question he was enjoying the fresh morning air in his garden, when he noticed the approach of seven horsemen. He guessed that Napoleon was one of them by the scarlet and gold velvet trappings of his steed, his green coat, and his hat worn in martial style. A moment later Count de Montholon alighted at the gate of Mount Pleasant, presented Sir William Doveton with the Emperor's compliments, and begged him to allow the party to rest themselves in the cottage. The old gentleman, full of respect for the instructions of Hudson Lowe and the Government which had just knighted him, replied that *the General* was a welcome visitor, and that the entire house was at his disposal.

The Frenchmen entered. Napoleon seemed to be tired, and mounted the steps of the house with the aid of Marshal Bertrand. He was shown into the drawing-room, where the three little grand-daughters of his host soon made their appearance. He bade one of them sit beside him on the sofa, and, taking



SANDY BAY AND MOUNT PLEASANT (1815).

From an old Engraving]

a small tortoise-shell box from his pocket, distributed bits of liquorice to all. Mrs. Greentree, their mother, coming in at this juncture, he greeted her most amiably, and tapped the cheeks of a baby which she was holding in her arms.

Meanwhile a conversation was going on under some difficulties between Sir William, who did not know a word of French, and Count Bertrand, whose knowledge of English was very limited. They exchanged as many gestures as words to arrive at an understanding. The excellent knight pressed the General to do him the honour of breakfasting with him. He made the Emperor follow him into the dining-room, where he triumphantly pointed to a big piece of fresh butter as an irresistible temptation. Napoleon thereupon took hold of his ear in friendly fashion, but once more declined the invitation. Through the medium of Marshal Bertrand, he explained that his servants had brought from Longwood two baskets full of provisions, and proposed, with the consent of the master of Mount Pleasant, to have the table laid on the lawn in front of the house.

Sir William Doveton was asked to partake of the collation. The Emperor desired him to sit on his right hand. The breakfast consisted of potted meat, a cold pie, cold turkey and ham, curried fowl, a salad, dates, almonds, and coffee. The magnificent pat of butter was set before the guests, as well as a bottle of orange shrub made by Mrs. Greentree. At dessert,

Napoleon poured out a glass of champagne for the knight.

In spite of this enlivening wine and the clemency of the day—it was a morning of an austral spring; the air was delightfully mild and the sky of Saint Helena cloudless—melancholy reigned throughout the meal. Before the eyes of the Frenchmen, stretched a weird and impressive landscape.

The mountain range, green at its summit but bare at its base, to which Diana Peak belongs, surrounded Mount Pleasant. This range is merely the edge of the crater—one of the vastest in the world—which belched forth the island in prehistoric times, built it up with lava and scoria, and afterwards, opening out and falling in on one side, partially disappeared into the sea. The semi-circular district of Sandy Bay, enclosed on the north, the east, and the west by the high ridge, and bounded on the south by a nearly straight line of foam, the foam of a perpetual surf, is all that remains of the volcanic cauldron at the present day. It is scarred by deep crevices in all directions, and bristles with jagged eminences. A gigantic rock, called *Lot*, vaguely resembling a human form, towers with the vantage of its 300 feet above an indescribable chaos of monstrous and rugged crags, diversely tinted with brown, violet, purple, and orange. Saint Helena everywhere else suggested the uttermost ends of the earth, but here, with its convulsed and dumb panorama, its strange scheme of colour and fantastic shapes of inorganic matter, it appeared to be another world,

some unknown planet, one of those to which, perchance, souls find their way. A few tiny green oases, on which, as on the grassy terrace where the Frenchmen were sitting, grew large white arum-lilies, alone relieved the lifeless expanse. An imposing and desolate sight, indeed, well worthy of receiving, on days of ineffable sorrow, the visit of the great man who was soon to die.

Napoleon only remained a few hours at Sir William Doveton's. The return to Longwood seemed extremely painful to him, and as soon as the party had reached the Jamestown road, he dismounted and stepped into his carriage, which he had sent for. About midday he once more crossed the threshold of his house, so tired, that both Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon had to support him.

The excursion to Sandy Bay was the last long outing of the Emperor.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST MOMENTS AND THE DEATH.

FROM that day, Napoleon only went out for a few short rides and drives. He grew much weaker, and declined rapidly during the last months of the year 1820.

In November the pains in his stomach, hitherto moderate and intermittent, became acute and continuous. He began to vomit frequently; a recurrence of the œdema in his legs impeded his walk. A rasping cough fatigued him. Overpowering cravings for sleep, very different from those idle moods, those mere fits of drowsiness, to which he would formerly give way on his sofa, seized him frequently and made him take to his bed. He never could rest well in the daytime, except in the dark; but now he insisted on complete darkness: even with the shutters hermetically closed, and although his servants were obliged to feel their way in the room, he yet complained of being inconvenienced by the light. This hyper-sensitiveness in the Emperor's visual organ was accompanied by the failing of his sight, and he was hardly able to read any longer.

At the beginning of December, he fainted on

returning from a drive. Shortly afterwards, besides the increasing lividness of his complexion, his lips, his gums, and his nails were seen to lose their colour. His hands, cold as a rule, were pale as wax, and his legs at times chilled half-way up his thighs owing to stagnation of the blood.

On the 1st of January, 1821, Napoleon, contrary to his custom on such annual occasions, excused the colony at Longwood from paying their respects in a body to him. He deemed all wishes of health and happiness henceforth superfluous, knowing well that the new year would be his last. "There is no more oil in the lamp," he would often say, or else, borrowing from Voltaire the form whereby to express the same thought, he found a melancholy pleasure in repeating this verse :

" . . . A revoir Paris, je ne dois plus prétendre ! "

Throughout February he never ceased to suffer. On the 19th, Count de Montholon noticed that he rambled slightly in conversation. His lapses of memory became extremely frequent. He now described his pain in the right groin as one caused by thrusts with a penknife. His stomach rejected a number of nutriments, and scarcely retained any other animal nourishment than meat jelly. His circulation seemed to become still more sluggish, and in order to stimulate the blood in the lower extremities to something like normal activity, he was obliged occasionally to have recourse to six or seven

applications of warm towels. He would not believe in the high temperature of this linen, though it burned his servant's hands.

Dr. Antommarchi attended him badly. Influenced on his arrival at Saint Helena by conversations with Hudson Lowe and the principal officers of the island, he had accepted their version that the Emperor was feigning sickness for political reasons. After some time, however, he admitted that Napoleon appeared to be afflicted with hepatitis, and later he diagnosed cardiac and gastric disorders, but in his opinion none of these affections gave cause for grave alarm. Accordingly, the young doctor did not take his functions very seriously, and, as Count de Montholon relates, would absent himself from Longwood at every moment, to seek feminine distractions in Jamestown. Such singular conduct aroused the displeasure and tired the patience of the Emperor, who forbade Antommarchi to enter his bedroom, and, at the beginning of February, had just sent him a letter of dismissal containing the following severe reproaches: "During fifteen months of residence in this country, you have given His Majesty no ground for the least confidence in your moral character; you can be of no assistance whatever to him in his illness, and to prolong your stay would be useless." It was only on his formal, but desultory, promise to amend, that Antommarchi was permitted to retain his office.

The frivolous doctor was not alone, moreover, in realising his duty imperfectly. The days, so replete

with physical suffering, during which the Emperor feels the approach of death, are made still sadder by an almost general inclination of his household to desert him. After the recent departure of the footman, Gentilini, at the end of 1820, Chandelier and several other servants, whose health, it is true, was somewhat impaired, evinced a desire to quit the island. As late as the middle of February, 1821, Count de Montholon—the fact is shown by his correspondence with his wife—endeavoured to find somebody in Europe to replace him at Longwood. The Bertrands adhered at least as long to their intention of leaving. Napoleon's companions had evidently no idea that the ordeal of Saint Helena was to be brought to such a speedy conclusion. For some years now the Emperor appeared to be seriously ill and yet continued to live; little by little the Frenchmen around him had grown accustomed to regard him as one of those valetudinarians who give constant cause for anxiety, but in the end survive many healthier people.

Only in the last half of March did the truth become manifest; and then the shameful purpose of abandoning a dying man was relinquished by all. One more departure still took place, however: that of the Abbé Buonavita. But this old man, afflicted with a number of infirmities, really needed to flee the climate. On the 17th, Antommarchi took him on board a ship bound for Europe, and, according to his custom, dallied afterwards at Jamestown.

Whilst he was indulging in his favourite sport there, his services were in urgent demand and his return impatiently awaited at Longwood. The Emperor had been seized with atrocious pains in the bowels and had thrown up a clot of blood. From that time forth he was, so to speak, never to leave his bed.

A fresh attack occurred on the 19th, and the doctor was again absent. On the 21st, he chanced to be present when called in to examine some vomitings of black matter. Instead of counteracting these vomitings as far as possible, he thought fit to provoke their recurrence and aggravation, with the object of abating, to use his own words, a remittent gastric fever, the existence of which he now discovered. On three occasions, the 22nd, the 23rd, and the 24th of March, he administered to Napoleon an emetic. The effect of so irritating a salt on a stomach rendered additionally sensitive by cancer may readily be imagined. The Emperor suffered such excruciating pain, that he writhed on the floor in agony. He called Antommarchi an assassin, and declared he would have no more to do with him.

It then became imperative to seek medical assistance in another quarter. Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon bethought themselves of Dr. Arnott, who was, as has already been stated, the surgeon of the 20th—a regiment which had taken the place at Deadwood Camp of Henry's regiment, the 66th, recently sent to another part of the island. Hudson Lowe had for some time eagerly proposed

the services of this physician. Not that Napoleon's state of health alarmed the Governor, but because he again harboured the project of installing one of his subordinates at Longwood, so as to exercise there, in an indirect way, a surveillance more useful now than ever; for he had lately received a letter from Lord Bathurst, whereby the Minister expressed himself persuaded that General Bonaparte, doubtless informed of the unsettled condition of Europe, was beginning to entertain serious thoughts of escaping from Saint Helena! Actuated by anxiety of a very different nature, Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon succeeded, after many entreaties, in persuading the Emperor to consent to the attendance of Dr. Arnott.

His visits commenced on the 1st of April. Napoleon was henceforward so weak and his sufferings so great, that this date may be said to mark the beginning of his last moments, the outbreak of a struggle against death which lasted six weeks and must be related day by day.

The surgeon of the 20th, like too many people at Saint Helena, was full of scepticism as regards the illness for which his services were required, and at the outset he entirely failed to realise the gravity of the case.

It is, moreover, only fair to state that a certain circumstance struck him, not unreasonably, as strange and rather suspicious on the first evening when he was led to the Emperor's bedside. The room was

dark and remained so throughout, for Napoleon, being ill-humoured and peevish, would not allow a lamp or even a candle to be lighted. Dr. Arnott, therefore, found some difficulty in examining him, and failed to discover anything abnormal. He deemed the temperature moderate, the breathing easy, and the circulation tranquil. Accordingly, he reported to Hudson Lowe that the person he had just attended—*whether General Bonaparte or somebody else*—appeared to be in a state of considerable debility, judging from his pulse, but not in any immediate danger.

Early in the morning of the 2nd of April, the English physician renewed his visit. This time no obstacle arose to his examination: he saw his patient in broad daylight, but may well be said to have remained nevertheless in the dark; for though he thought the Emperor looked somewhat unwell, he attributed his terribly pale complexion and drawn features to excessive lying in bed, and urged him to rise frequently. When Napoleon complained of his shooting pains in the belly, of his vomiting, and obstinate constipation, he seemed to attach no importance except to the last symptom, and saw nothing to prescribe but a purgative.

His optimism tended rather to disquiet than to reassure the colony of Longwood. At the earnest entreaties of Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon, the Emperor restored to Antommarchi the right of admission to his bedroom, and authorised

him to resume his attendance in conjunction with Dr. Arnott.

On the 3rd of April, the two physicians visited Napoleon together. His pulse, they found, marked 76 pulsations — a figure frequently observed, but nevertheless considerable in a man whose habitual circulation was so slow. The heat of his body, on the same occasion, remained below 96 degrees. The patient appeared extremely low. He stated that he could not eat anything without a tendency to throw it up immediately. Moreover, he did not feel hungry, or thirsty either, though he expressed a wish to drink some wine. Antommarchi and Dr. Arnott allowed him a little claret, and, having also recommended him to take light nourishment, suggested nutriments easily digested, such as veal jelly, cream, and milk.

In the evening the pulse reached 80. .

During the night between the 3rd and 4th of April, Napoleon suffered atrociously from tension of the belly and vomiting; his breathing was uneasy; and he had an accession of fever, which continued until morning. A profuse perspiration then set in, the febrile symptoms abated, and by noon a marked improvement showed itself. Since the constipation had not ceased, the physicians urged the use of purgatives against it, but the patient, fearing, not unreasonably, that this kind of medication might cause his stomach to rebel, and render it still more sensitive, preferred to have recourse to laxative

enemata, although the results obtained from them were insufficient.

When Dr. Arnott called at Longwood on the 5th of April, Antommarchi informed him that the Emperor had passed a bad night and vomited glairy matter four times. A high fever, that abated about two o'clock in the morning, had seized him, and was followed by clammy perspiration, with tension of the abdomen. At the visit, the Emperor complained of feeling his penknife thrusts in the right groin.

On the 6th of April, he felt very weak and exhausted, in consequence of a fresh attack of nightly fever, not very perceptible in its hot-and-cold stages, but terminated by profuse sweating. In the afternoon, he consented to take an aperient, but insisted on so small a quantity that it had no effect. He suffered in the evening from coldness of the extremities, tension of the abdomen, cephalalgia, and vomiting.

Notwithstanding, the surgeon of the 20th was as optimistic as ever. So much so, in fact, that on the very same day, Adjutant-General Sir Thomas Reade, having questioned him about the Emperor, wrote to Hudson Lowe :—

“Dr. Arnott informed me that he had never found him, during any of his visits, in the state in which he had been described by Dr. Antommarchi. From what I could learn generally, out of Dr. Arnott's conversation, he appears to think that

General Bonaparte's complaint is not serious, or at least is chiefly mental. Count Bertrand had asked him his opinion ; he told him that he saw no danger whatever. During his visit this morning he recommended General Bonaparte to rise and get shaved. He replied he was too weak at present, that he would shave when he was a little stronger. He always preferred shaving himself. His beard is very long, and Dr. Arnott describes his looks in consequence to be horrible. I inquired if he appeared much emaciated? His reply was in these words: 'No, I feel his pulse frequently, and he has as stout a wrist, with as much flesh upon his arm, as I have ; neither does his face appear to have fallen away much. I see nothing very particular in his appearance except his colour, which is very pallid—cadaverous. I saw him vomit this morning, which is the only extraordinary thing I have observed ; he did not, however, vomit much.' ”

Such was the medical perspicacity shown about a man whose stomach was being gnawed by a cancer in its last stage, and who was to die four weeks later !

On the 7th of April, the Emperor again consented to take some purgative pills, which, this time, produced the desired effect and gave him considerable relief.

Then, feeling stronger, he rose, proceeded to dress, and shaved standing. Thus refreshed, and glad to be rid of a beard nearly a month old, he sat down in an armchair, glanced through some news-

papers that had just arrived from Europe, and bethinking himself a little later of the will he had drawn up in the middle of the year 1819, and entrusted to Count Bertrand, he ordered the Grand Marshal to fetch it. He read the document over once more, and, no longer satisfied, threw it into the fire.

During the night he had a fresh accession of fever, perspired profusely, and was obliged to change his linen several times.

On the 8th, a mild aperient produced the same beneficial result as on the previous day; but purgatives decidedly filled the Emperor with too much disgust, for he showed no disposition to continue them.

In the morning of that day, Antommarchi was called again to the sick-room after his visit with Dr. Arnott. He was sought everywhere in vain, having just left Longwood to take a ride along the Jamestown road, from which he did not return until evening. For the third time Napoleon sent word that he would not see him any more, and on the morrow the singular physician, humiliated and furious, requested Hudson Lowe's permission to return to Europe. He was only present at the bedside of the dying Emperor on account of the delay occasioned by the procurement of this permission.

On the 9th, Napoleon left his bed for an hour.

On the 10th, also, he was able to rise, and felt better, although exhausted. He told Arnott "that the fever was now past, and that he had returned to

the state he had been in for the last eight months—great weakness, and want of appetite.” Then, placing his hand on his right groin, he added: *C’est là, c’est le foie, docteur.* After having examined the hypochondriac region, the English surgeon assured him that the liver was in no way diseased, and at most that organ could merely be considered somewhat torpid.

In the afternoon the Emperor spoke of making his will again: “I shall see about it from to-morrow, if all goes well,” he replies incredulously to Count de Montholon, who ventures to remark that the precaution is not urgent.

But the following day, the 11th of April, was a very bad one. The vomiting had begun again during the night, and was now increasing to an alarming extent.

Throughout the 12th it still persisted. The matter thrown off the stomach had a viscid and mucous appearance, and the Emperor became more and more exhausted after each fresh attack. “I am convinced that medical aid can be of no avail to me,” he declared to Dr. Arnott. “I am labouring under a fatal disease.” He rose, however, and settled himself in an armchair, but after half an hour he felt a freezing sensation in his legs that threatened to invade his whole body. On being put to bed again, he inquired “whether a person ever died of debility, and how long one could live, eating as little as he did?”

He then took a small quantity of meat jelly, two biscuits, and a few spoonfuls of muscat, which he did not digest.

For the whole following night he could not sleep, being distressed by tension of the abdomen. He continued to vomit, and his shirt, his vest, and even the bandana neckerchief with which he covered his head, were drenched with perspiration. Seven times Count de Montholon and Marchand had to change his linen. As the Emperor would not abide any light in his bedroom, and only permitted the faint glimmer of a candle placed in the adjoining study, the operation was long and difficult, and at times he showed impatience.

On the morning of the 13th of April, he complained that he was growing weaker and weaker every day. During Dr. Arnott's visit, he was again seized with vomiting. To alleviate this, the physician administered an opiate, which had not the desired effect.

But the Emperor mastered his sufferings, and about noon he rose and shut himself up with Count de Montholon, to whom, for two or three hours, he dictated his will.

He began by declaring that he died in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman faith; not that his doubts appear to have ceased, but because he was born in this faith, believed it to be the best, and had re-established it in France by signing the Concordat.

Next, he expressed his desire of resting on the banks of the Seine.

His thoughts afterwards turned to the Duke of Reichstadt, his lineage, his hopes of a dynasty imperilled at the Court of Vienna. To whom was he to recommend this frail heir, only ten years old? Evidently to his mother, a Habsburg. But, since his fall, never had Napoleon received from Marie-Louise a single message of consolation ; never the least token of remembrance. He knew that his wife had forgotten him and become the concubine of Neipperg, the Austrian general. For some time he remained silent and appeared to hesitate, a prey to a violent inward struggle, and then bade Count de Montholon write : “ I have always had every reason to be satisfied with my dear wife Marie-Louise, for whom I retain to the last the tenderest affection. I beg her to see that my son be safeguarded from the snares by which his infancy is still surrounded.”

It is to the Duke of Reichstadt that he intends to leave the objects that have been in closest contact with him, his most intimate and personal property : “ the linen he wore and used,” sheets, shirts, handkerchiefs, bandana neckerchiefs ; the greater part of his clothes, his two camp-beds, his toilet cases, his silver wash-hand-stand, and his silver-gilt bidet. He assigns to him also his arms, the sword of Austerlitz, a dagger, a glave, his hunting-knife, and his pistols ; the saddles, bridles, and spurs which he used on his short and infrequent rides during the Captivity ; his plate and

Sèvres china, and four hundred volumes to be chosen among the books of the library at Longwood.

The Emperor hopes that these objects will prove dear to the child "in memory of a father of whom the whole world will speak to him."

Thirty-three other legacies follow: Napoleon lavishes largesses on his former generals, officers, and dignitaries, his companions in exile, and his servants.

He bequeaths £1000 to Coursot and Chandelier, £2000 to Archambault, £4000 to Pierron, Noverraz, Saint-Denis, the Abbé Vignali, and Count de Las Cases.

To Marchand he leaves £16,000, "because his services have been those of a friend"; to Marshal Bertrand £20,000.

Count de Montholon, who has kept him company at all hours for years, and now attends him every night, is to receive £80,000 "in recognition of his filial attentions." "Do you desire more?" the Emperor asks in conclusion. The Count is so deeply moved that he cannot reply. "Well! go and copy out what I have just dictated to you, and the day after tomorrow we will re-read this testament. You shall dictate it to me in your turn, and I will write it."

Napoleon had set himself a task which greatly fatigued him, but he slept well during the night, and, on the 14th of April, Dr. Arnott found him looking somewhat better: he did not suffer, appeared in good spirits, and got up twice.

Conversing a few moments with the physician, he spoke of the English soldiers, and praised Marlborough : " He was a man," said the Emperor, " who saw farther than the battlefield. He knew at one and the same time how to command an army and how to negotiate. Has the 20th the record of his campaigns ?"—" I do not think so."—" Then, doctor, please accept the copy I possess, and place it in the library of your regiment ; I esteem brave men of all nations."

This gift provoked an incident of which, by good chance, Napoleon was never informed. The book, a little later, was handed over to Lutyens, the orderly officer, who thought it his duty to address it to Major Jackson, in command of the corps for which it was destined. But Hudson Lowe, on learning the Emperor's courteous act, grotesquely interpreted it as an attempt on the part of General Bonaparte to seduce the 20th from its allegiance. The *Life of Marlborough* was confiscated by the Governor, and Captain Lutyens, who gave complete satisfaction at Longwood, was rated severely, and induced to resign his functions.

On the 15th of April, Napoleon's strength sank again considerably. His vomiting returned ; he perspired abundantly, and had difficulty in breathing.

This, however, did not prevent him from working anew at his will, of which he transcribed ten or twelve pages with a trembling hand at Count de Montholon's

dictation : an arduous and tedious task, that occupied him from four to five hours.

After finishing, he was not so tired as might have been feared, and even—contrary to all expectation—felt tolerably well on the morrow, when he took some food with appetite, and worked again at his codicils.

But on the 17th of April, Dr. Arnott noted an aggravation of all the symptoms ; the vomiting increased, the pulse was small, frequent, and irregular ; the whole body, cold. The patient fell into a state of coma, from which he awoke at intervals to complain of suffocation.

He refused to take a purgative, but obtained more marked relief than usual from an enema. After that, in the afternoon, the coma ceased ; the pulse became more regular and dropped to 70 ; the temperature rose. Napoleon, now himself again and almost cheerful, expressed a wish for some minced pheasant. He ate a little of it, and drank about a tablespoonful of claret.

He called for Count de Montholon, and as the latter on entering the room was struck by the feverish brilliancy of his eyes, he reassured him with these words : “ I am not worse, but I have been thinking about what my trustees should say to my son when they see him.” And the Emperor immediately dictates his instructions on that head : “ The Duke of Reichstadt must not think of avenging his death, but of profiting by it ; he should never forget that he was born a French prince, nor try to recover the throne

with the help of foreigners ; if, by way of imitation, and without absolute necessity, he were to undertake the same wars as his father, he would only be aping him, *il ne serait qu'un singe* ; he might reign as a pacific ruler, and still rank among the great sovereigns."

The night between the 17th and 18th of April was a bad one. From nine o'clock in the evening to five o'clock in the morning, Napoleon vomited continually. He felt better at daybreak, but remained depressed and silent. He then took a little vermicelli soup, which he at once rejected. He complained of a sensation of heat in the right hypochondrium and referred it to the liver, but Dr. Arnott assured him once more that this organ was not affected.

The English surgeon now grew seriously alarmed. He had pleaded in favour of Antommarchi, who again accompanied him on his visits.

On the 19th, the patient gave less anxiety to the physicians. He had slept fairly well, had not vomited, and had even taken some food about midnight. During the morning, he ate again. The pulse, though weak, was regular, and marked 76 ; the temperature normal. Napoleon seemed cheerful and inclined to conversation. The burning pain in the right hypochondrium had left him after a most efficacious enema.

He rose and had Hannibal's campaigns read to him. When, however, Count de Montholon expressed his pleasure at seeing his improved condition : " Do not deceive yourself about it," said the Emperor ;

"I am better to-day, it is true, but I feel none the less that my end is near."

The night between the 19th and the 20th of April was good, except that from eleven to three o'clock Napoleon was somewhat troubled by a sensation of heat in the abdomen, and of choking, accompanied by thirst; and, on drinking anything, had difficulty in swallowing. In the morning he was well. Towards evening he complained of a burning pain in the heart. He had a continual nausea, he also declared, and was only prevented from vomiting by keeping very quiet. A little nourishment he had taken, rested on his stomach.

He scarcely suffered on the 21st of April; his stomach was easy. In the afternoon he sent for the Abbé Vignali and asked him: "Do you know what a *chapelle ardente* is?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Did you ever officiate in one?"

"No, never."

"Well, you will officiate in mine."

He then entered into minute details. . . . "You will expose the Blessed Sacrament, you will say the prayer of the forty hours. After my death you will place your altar at my head and continue to celebrate mass, with all the customary rites, until my burial."

On the morrow the Emperor vomited a little, but his state remained on the whole satisfactory.

Likewise on the 23rd.

On the 24th, Antommarchi and Dr. Arnott noted

a remission of all the febrile symptoms, and the digestive organs worked regularly enough.

The improvement soon ceased. During the following, sleepless night, the vomiting was almost uninterrupted.

It increased on the 25th of April. Napoleon determined, however, to resume the labour of drawing up his last provisions. Shaking with convulsions, his mouth bitter with nausea, he pulled himself together to write down several codicils, wherein he dealt with innumerable objects, and mentioned a hundred names. He afterwards dictated and signed equally long and complicated instructions for his three executors, Count Bertrand, Count de Montholon, and Marchand.

On the 26th, he was seized with fever; he had been delirious in the course of the night, and complained of a violent pain in the epigastric and hypochondriac regions.

In the evening he talked with the Grand Marshal about his son. The Court of Vienna, he said, would endeavour, perhaps, to make a priest of him, a cardinal; the Duke of Reichstadt must never consent to this abdication; his French supporters should try to obtain intelligence about his education, and, if necessary, exert themselves as far as possible to counteract the influence of the Austrian tutors.

The 27th of April must be considered as the most wonderful of those closing days, when the Emperor, in the midst of atrocious sufferings, still displayed,

at intervals, such astounding mental activity and capacity for work.

At six o'clock in the morning, Napoleon, barely recovered from an attack of coma which had left him temporarily exhausted, dismissed Count de Montholon who was in attendance. He busied himself in Marchand's company about sealing his will and his codicils, and affixed his signature and arms to nine envelopes tied with red and with green ribbons. He called for three mahogany caskets containing a large number of snuff-boxes, *bonbonnières*, miniatures, spy-glasses, and orders. He had these caskets, which he assigned to the Duke of Reichstadt, emptied, and set about making an inventory of them.

He was frequently interrupted in his task by vomiting. Antommarchi and Dr. Arnott then arrived for their visit. They saw him throw up a dark-coloured fluid resembling coffee grounds : a sure sign, this time, of cancer of the stomach, or of an equally fatal ulcer.

On being urged to stop, to take at least a few moments' rest, Napoleon refused, saying : " I am very tired, but little time remains to me, I feel ; I must finish." His bed was covered with objects of every description ; he chose from out the number a diamond necklace and a gold snuff-box. The necklace he handed to Marchand. " Take this," he told him, " as I do not know the state of my affairs in Europe ; good Hortense, thinking it might be of use to me, insisted upon my accepting it when I left Malmaison. I believe it is worth £8000. It will enable you, once

in France, to await my legacy." The gold snuff-box bore no monogram; Napoleon laboriously engraved an "N" upon it with the point of a penknife, and destined it for Dr. Arnott. By this gift, he merely intended to show a mark of his esteem for the correct and affable manners of the man, for he had never expected, nor even desired, any serious medical assistance from the surgeon. "Give me some Constance wine," he said a moment later to Marchand,—“just a drop; it can do me no harm.” The devoted servant would have preferred to pour out for his master a draught of gentian and magnesia that the doctors had prescribed. “Bah! they do not understand anything about it. Give me a little wine, I tell you; it will strengthen me. To be sure, I do not mean to do anything to shorten my days, but I would not stir a finger to prolong them. There lies the trouble,” he added, pointing to his right groin, “. . . it is like being sliced by a razor.”

In the afternoon he dictated two letters, one of which was destined for Baron Laboullerie, ex-treasurer of his private estates, the other for the banker Laffitte, the depositary of his funds in Paris. He enclosed in envelopes promissory notes to the amount of £240,000, and wrote all the addresses himself. A simple sheet of cardboard, which he held in his left hand, served as a desk; with his right he dipped his pen into an inkstand held by Count de Montholon, who stood by his bedside.

He started vomiting again, and was so exhausted

that his head fell back on the pillow, his eyes closed, and about half-past three he dropped asleep.

At nine o'clock in the evening he got up. Wrapped in his dressing-gown and seated in an armchair before his little table, he gathered around him Count Bertrand, Count de Montholon, and Marchand, his three executors, and the Abbé Vignali. He ordered the Grand Marshal to draw up a list of the documents which he had sealed, and to which he requested the four Frenchmen also to affix their seals and their signatures.

It would appear that he had now settled and foreseen everything. Not at all. He was still intent upon settling the terms of a letter to be sent soon to Hudson Lowe. In a voice that was raised rather than lowered he dictated :—

“MONSIEUR LE GOUVERNEUR,—I have the honour to inform you that the Emperor Napoleon died on the . . . after a long and painful illness.

“I have been authorised by him to impart to you his last wishes, should you desire to know them. I beg you will be so good as to acquaint me with the arrangements prescribed by your Government for the conveyance of his remains to Europe, and also those concerning the persons of his suite.”

So deeply moved were the Emperor's companions, that they could scarcely refrain from tears. On finishing, he said to Count de Montholon : “You will sign this communication.”

The scene took place in the study adjoining the bedroom. A few days back, Napoleon had left the latter, declaring that he lacked air there. But the study was equally narrow and low. "It is terribly stuffy here," the Emperor again complained; "please, carry my bed into the drawing-room." He rose from his armchair, and as Marshal Bertrand and Marchand hastened to take him in their arms, he refused. "No; when I am dead. For the present you need only support me." And, still standing, he moved towards the somewhat more spacious apartment, where he was soon to breathe his last.

On the following day, the 28th of April, a recurrence took place of the vomiting of dark-coloured fluid, mixed with specks of blood. The Emperor's pulse beat faintly and he often talked incoherently. During a moment of respite, he said to those around him: "This incessant vomiting makes me think that my stomach is the seat of my malady, and I am almost inclined to believe that it is affected by the disorder that brought my father to the grave: a scirrhus in the pylorus. Yet it is remarkable that I have always had a very sound stomach, and, until recently, have never suffered from it. Besides, I have been abstemious, whereas my father had a strong liking for spirits and for highly-seasoned dishes. However that may be, I recommend you to have my body opened, and to inform my son of the post-mortem appearances, so as to forewarn him."

In the course of the same day, Hudson Lowe, to whom Dr. Arnott sent more and more pessimistic reports, placed all the physicians of Saint Helena at the disposal of Longwood. The Governor was convinced at last that the disease of which General Bonaparte had complained for years was a serious one.

On the 29th of April, Napoleon again vomited and was delirious.

In the night between that day and the following, towards four o'clock in the morning, the Emperor, awaking after a little sleep, and evidently under the influence of great febrile excitement, dictated to Count de Montholon a scheme for assigning a new use to the Palace of Versailles, and entitled this *Première rêverie*. Afterwards he made Marchand note down under the title of *Seconde rêverie* a scheme for the military organisation of France. He thought himself so well, that he declared he felt strong enough to cover fifteen leagues on horseback.

During the 30th, his intellect appeared more collected; the fever had left him; his pulse was regular, his respiration easy, and he hardly suffered. It was the lull that precedes the last convulsions, the customary truce before the supreme struggle.

About midnight Napoleon's body suddenly grew as cold as ice; his heart almost ceased beating. The sufferer gasped for breath, and filled the apartment with the dread sound of the death-rattle. It seemed as though his last hour had come.

The Abbé Vignali began reciting the prayers for the dying at an altar set up in the drawing-room.

But the fatal moment was not as near as was supposed, and Napoleon had still five days to live in an unconscious and delirious state.

On the 1st of May, he continued to be distressingly weak. A clammy perspiration drenched his linen; his pulse, small and frequent, marked as many as a hundred pulsations a minute. The singult recurred at intervals.

The Emperor refused everything that was offered him, either medicine or nourishment, with a shake of his head and a peevish "No, no." Antommarchi and Dr. Arnott remained all day by his side, and very often he failed to recognise them; he repeatedly addressed Dr. Arnott as *Stokoe*, and, surprised at hearing the name of Antommarchi, he asked: "Is not O'Meara still attending me?"

On the 2nd of May, the respiration was quick and oppressed, the singult almost incessant. The pulse, barely perceptible, reached 108. Napoleon had some vomiting. His memory failed him more and more, and he rambled. The few thoughts he could still gather were devoted to the Duke of Reichstadt, and in the evening he dictated to Marchand:

"I bequeath to my son, my house at Ajaccio with its dependencies; two houses with their gardens in the neighbourhood of Salines; all my property situated in the district of Ajaccio, bringing in an income of fifty thousand francs.

“ I bequeath ”

Marchand made a pretence of writing, for none of these Corsican possessions existed in reality.

On the 3rd of May, Napoleon only spoke with difficulty ; tormented by an ardent thirst, he tried to explain to his *maître d'hôtel*, Pierron, a sort of orangeade he desired, but he stammered so much that he could only articulate *orange, orange*.

Death being then to all appearances imminent, the Abbé Vignali brought in the viaticum to the Emperor. A solemn consultation took place between Antommarchi and Dr. Arnott, in the former's room, together with Dr. Shortt, physician to the Forces, and Dr. Mitchell, surgeon of H.M.S. *Vigo*. The four physicians decided to oppose the patient's constipation, which had now lasted for three days and added a very painful tension of the abdomen to his other sufferings. But, in spite of his prostration, Napoleon was still able to manifest his aversion to medicines ; and Dr. Arnott was obliged to have recourse to calomel, easily administered without his knowledge.

On the 4th of May, the digestive organs were freed by the successful action of this laxative. The Emperor showed less restlessness and anxiety, and seemed more sensible to objects around him. His debility, however, remained as great as before. The singult continued, and, with a view to relieving it, the doctors gave the patient a draught of opium tincture and ether. At the same time they tried to

maintain the little amount of strength which he still retained, with meat jelly and wine.

The night between the 4th and the 5th of May was passed in delirium. At two o'clock Napoleon painfully uttered the words, *France—armée*. Henceforth he was to speak no more.

But at the same moment he sprang out of bed with a convulsive leap, and such was his vigour that he dragged Count de Montholon, who endeavoured to restrain him, on to the floor, and nearly strangled him, so fiercely did he grasp his throat—the last effort, as Lord Rosebery remarks, of that formidable energy which had stirred the world. Archambault, who was in attendance in the adjoining dining-room, had to hasten to release the Count from the terrible clutch, and lead the Emperor back to his bed.

Henceforward Napoleon remained quiet. At five o'clock in the morning he vomited the same dark-coloured fluid as on the 27th and the 28th of April. Shortly afterwards he lost the power of deglutition. His thirst could only be assuaged by the pressing to his lips of a sponge soaked in water. Count de Montholon assumed this pious office. Ever and anon Antommarchi approached to replace him, but, each time, the dying man made a faint gesture to keep off the doctor, and repulsed him by his gaze.

A little later his eyes became fixed, his under-jaw dropped; the muscular tonus disappeared, and the lugubrious warning of the death-rattle was heard once more in the chamber.

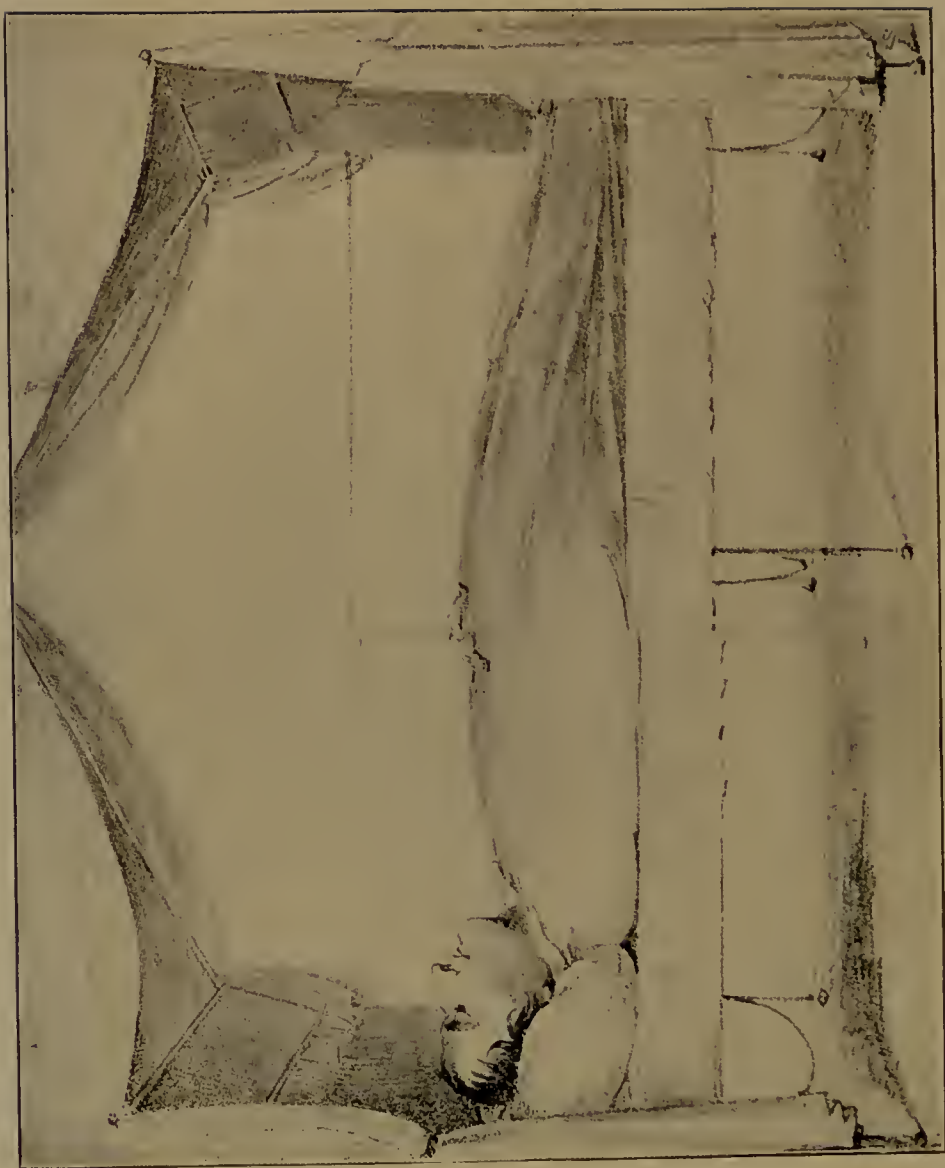
Even when further hope seems utterly vain, physicians still think it their duty to try the resources of their science. And so the two doctors of Napoleon apply sinapisms to his feet, and blisters to his legs and sternum. Neither sinapisms nor blisters take effect.

Throughout the day the Emperor remains motionless, reclining on his back, with his right hand hanging out of the sheets.

Arnott and Antommarchi, Marshal Bertrand, his wife and children, Count de Montholon, Marchand and the remainder of the household, Saint-Denis, Pierron, Archambault, Chandelier, and Coursot, await the end, gathered round the little iron bed, the camp-bed with the four silver eagles of Austerlitz and Marengo, whilst the Abbé Vignali murmurs prayers in an adjoining room. One servant is absent: Noverraz, afflicted with liver complaint and also laid up. Suddenly he makes his appearance with haggard look and streaming eyes. He knows that the Emperor is dying, and drags himself into his presence to see him for the last time.

The weather outside is gloomy. Rain falls incessantly. Beneath the motionless canopy of the sombre sky, livid clouds chase each other, elongated like trails of smoke, and the south-east wind, as though to increase the horror of the hour, blows in tempestuous blasts, wailing among the gaunt gum-trees where stands the house of tragedy.

Night approaches. At eleven minutes before six



NAPOLÉON ON HIS DEATH-BED.

From a Contemporary Sketch.

o'clock, the Emperor's body shivers from head to foot, his lips grow moist with white foam, his eyes turn upwards and remain wide open. The room in which the great captain has just expired is immediately filled with shrieks, with lamentations, and with tears.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AUTOPSY AND THE FUNERAL.

A FEW moments after this closing scene of the Saint Helena martyrdom, Hudson Lowe thought it befitting and chivalrous to say to Major Gorrequer and Dr. Henry, as they were walking together in front of Plantation House conversing on the character of the deceased, "Well, gentlemen, he was England's greatest enemy, and mine too, but I forgive him everything. On the death of a great man like him, we should only feel deep concern and regret."

On the following day, the 6th of May, the autopsy of the Emperor revealed the terrible havoc of a malady in which the magnanimous Governor had so long persisted in seeing nothing but a feint and a political comedy.

Napoleon's stomach was perforated, one inch from the pylorus, by an ulcer sufficiently large to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the viscus, pitted like a honeycomb with cells full of a dark-coloured pus, proved a mere mass of cancerous disease, or schirrous portions advancing to cancer.

The admissions contained in the official report of the post-mortem examination, and the fuller, private statement of Antommarchi, lead one to suppose, besides, that the lungs were affected with lesions. Tubercles and adhesions were discovered in them, and an overflow of a citrine-coloured fluid in the sac of the costal pleura.

The heart, although somewhat flabby, pale, and coated with fat, was sound ; and the kidneys also, it is true ; but the bladder contained a little gravel.

As regards the liver, there arose a noteworthy divergence of opinion.

It was very important to determine accurately the state of this organ, as Napoleon had so long complained of hepatitis, in the existence of which the British authorities refused to believe.

Five English physicians, Drs. Arnott, Shortt, Mitchell, Burton, and Livingstone, seconded by Henry and another assistant-surgeon called Rutledge, made the post-mortem examination together with Antommarchi. The lugubrious operation took place in the green-painted and crudely-lighted topographical room of Longwood. Adjutant-General Sir Thomas Reade, Major Harrison, and the orderly officer, Crokot, the successor of Captain Lutyens, represented the Governor ; Marshal Bertrand, Count de Montholon, and the Abbé Vignali, the French Colony. Marchand, Saint-Denis, and Pierron, who had brought in the Emperor's body and had laid it on a table covered with a sheet, were also present.

It had just been found that the most diseased portion of the stomach adhered to the liver, which stopped up the perforation near the pylorus like a plug. This circumstance might well, as some remark, have lengthened rather than shortened Napoleon's days, by preventing the discharge of purulent matter into the cavity of the abdomen. But could the liver render such a service without suffering from its contact with an ulcer?

It appeared enlarged. Dr. Shortt, the principal medical officer, on whom devolved the responsibility of affixing the first signature to a report destined to become historical, declared it to be so. The three delegates of Hudson Lowe were greatly annoyed at this opinion, and Sir Thomas Reade immediately intervened and insisted upon further examination. A discussion, which Marshal Bertrand, Count de Montholon, the Abbé Vignali, Marchand, Saint-Denis, and Pierron doubtless thought very long, arose round the gaping chest and entrails of Napoleon, whilst Antommarchi, who had undertaken the work of dissection, took up the imperial liver, ripped it open, slashed it with his scalpel, in short, handled it as though he were in an amphitheatre. Finally, Dr. Shortt persisted in his view, but the viscus was pronounced sound by the majority.

It may perhaps be of interest to add to these details the following particulars, of a different description, noticed by Henry. The assistant-surgeon states that Napoleon's heart seemed re-

markably small, and, he adds in Latin, *Partes viriles exiguitatis insignis, sicut pueri, videbantur*. Again: "There was something of feminine delicacy in the roundness of the arms and the smallness of the hands and feet."

After the autopsy the body was embalmed, and then dressed in the green uniform with red collar and cuffs of a colonel of the *Chasseurs à cheval de la garde*; and the Emperor, in white breeches, booted and spurred, a sword at his side, and the gold-embroidered mantle of Marengo spread under him, lay in state for twenty-four hours in the study preceding his habitual bedroom. The apartment, draped in black, and ablaze with lighted candles, formed a *chapelle ardente*. According to general testimony, the dead was supremely imposing. "The beauty of his delicate Italian features," says Henry, "was of the highest kind; whilst the exquisite serenity of their expression was in the most striking contrast with the recollection of his great actions, impetuous character, and turbulent life."—"I had never seen his face so handsome," . . . Major Gorrequer records. "All the superfluous flesh and sallowness had disappeared, and left a well-proportioned countenance, such as he might have had some twelve or fourteen years ago. A dozen of those who saw him concurred in saying that he did not look at the utmost more than forty, and he certainly did not—even less, I think. His hair retained its natural dark brown, and not a wrinkle or the slightest

contortion was on the face.”—“How very beautiful!” unanimously exclaimed the English soldiers who beheld Napoleon.

On the evening of the 7th of May, the body was placed in a triple coffin of tin, of lead, and of mahogany.

The Emperor had anticipated that the British authorities would probably not permit the removal of his remains to Europe, and had chosen for his burial-ground at Saint Helena a spot shaded by two willows, near a spring to which his servants were used to go every day to draw clear water for his table. This melancholy site, a green and silent ravine at the bottom of the precipitous Punch Bowl, has already been described, and is now known as *Geranium Valley*. Napoleon was carried there on the 9th of May.

The funeral car, draped in violet velvet, was preceded by the Abbé Vignali in his sacerdotal vestments; Marshal Bertrand, Count de Montholon, and the whole household of Longwood followed behind. After them came Hudson Lowe, the Governor, together with Admiral Lambert, Sir Robert Plampin's successor, General Coffin, and the Marquis de Montchenu. The population of the island, a crowd not over-reverent, had put on their gaudy holiday attire to see the procession pass. The garrison paid only the same last honours to the Emperor as to an English officer of the highest rank, and, as Henry remarks, “the golden letters of



Minden, and *Talavera*, and *Albuera*, and the *Pyrenees*, and *Orthes*, flaunted over the body from the colours, in strange mockery, as it passed."

Three poor salvoes of artillery saluted the greatest warrior as he was lowered into the grave.

Hard stone being scarce at Saint Helena, a kind of sarcophagus had been constructed at the bottom of the cavity, with six large slabs taken from the platform of a battery. It was first proposed that a seventh should be placed on the top of the tomb, but, on reflection, three large flag-stones, which paved the kitchen hearth at Longwood, were thought sufficient to answer the purpose.

No inscription marked the burial-place, as Hudson Lowe insisted that the name "Bonaparte" should be appended to the simple "Napoleon" proposed by Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon.

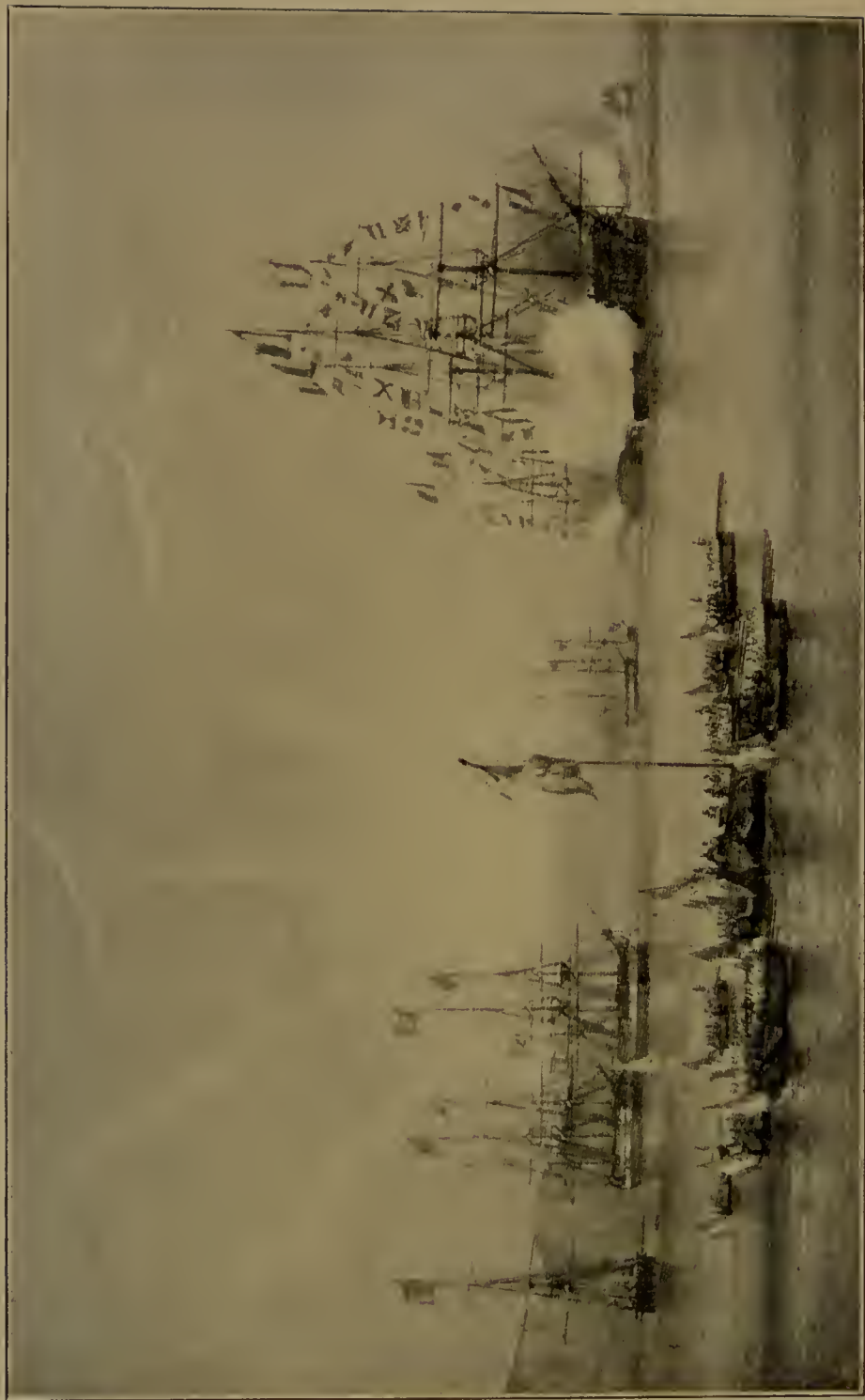
All manner of profanation ensued. The wretched furniture of the deceased, priceless to-day, was sold; his books, with the exception of those bequeathed to the Duke of Reichstadt and a few more taken away by the Frenchmen, were sent to London and dispersed by the auctioneer; and the empty house of Longwood became once more what it had been before, but should never have been again: a stable.

A farmer occupied it. He installed a winnowing machine in the apartment where Napoleon had died; in the imperial study and bedroom he kept horses, cows, and pigs.

It seemed as though all that British vandalism thought fit to retain of the great captive was his body. A guard was established in Geranium Valley, and sentinels with fixed bayonets relieved each other in a watch over it that never ceased until the 15th of October, 1840.

On that day, in the presence of Prince de Joinville, sent by King Louis-Philippe, and of Marshal Bertrand, General Gourgaud, Baron Emmanuel de Las Cases and Marchand, who had returned to Saint Helena, the tomb was opened; England at last consented to liberate her prisoner, and restored the ashes of Napoleon to France. After the coffin had been disinterred and placed in an ebony sarcophagus, over which was spread a magnificent pall embroidered with Imperial crowns and eagles, it slowly descended towards Jamestown harbour, on a hearse drawn by four horses caparisoned in black and led by the bridle, to the sound of funeral dirges and to the muffled rolling of drums. This time, the honours due to a sovereign were paid to Napoleon. The Governor, Major-General Middlemore, had requested the inhabitants to dress in mourning; the troops which lined the passage of the procession held their arms reversed, and the officers commanding them wore crape on their sleeves; the flags of the forts floated half-mast high; and minute guns marked the progress of the mournful but triumphant pageant.

And when the great dead reached the shore



THE EMBARKATION OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON ON BOARD THE FRENCH FRIGATE, LA BELLE POULE.

where the French frigate which was to bear him from the island of exile awaited him with squared yards, the upper and lower batteries of Jamestown boomed for the last time in homage to his glory, as they would have boomed for Queen Victoria.

· In 1821, England had thrown *General Bonaparte* into a nameless grave, beneath three stones torn from the pavement of a kitchen. It was with this pomp and respect, that, nineteen years later, and in noble atonement, she solemnised the exhumation of

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE END.

NOTES

Page 5. Let Mr. Seaton only give up his ready insults and vague generalities.

The following is the passage relating to the author in Mr. Seaton's book. It has not been thought worth while to cite it in the French edition, but it seems necessary to set it before the eyes of English readers for their appreciation.

"Another recent publication dealing with a part of the Saint Helena history is *With Napoleon at Saint Helena*, by M. Paul Frémeaux, which contains a portion of the diary of Mr. John Stokoe, the surgeon of the *Conqueror*. Seeing that Mr. Stokoe was in attendance on Napoleon for one week out of a period of five and a half years, the title is rather pretentious and misleading. While sympathizing with the piety of Miss Stokoe in her desire to vindicate the memory of her great-uncle, we cannot but think that her mode of publication is unwise and her choice of an editor unfortunate. Mr. Stokoe's diary furnishes material for one or two magazine articles, and would have been interesting enough if published by itself. But, as it is, the text of the 'diary' is swamped by what Lord Rosebery might call the 'murky compilation' of M. Frémeaux. No slur rests on the memory of Stokoe. He was a well-meaning but rather weak man, and, unfortunately for him, his person became for a few days the centre round which the storm raged at Saint Helena. A little cockboat has no chance among iron-clads, and Stokoe naturally suffered. He was sent home, not under arrest, as Mr. Henry states, and then immediately sent back to Saint Helena under arrest to be tried by court-martial for having violated certain standing orders. He defended himself with eloquence and spirit, but was found guilty and sentenced to be

dismissed, though subsequently allowed a pension on account of long and meritorious service. He certainly had hard measure dealt out to him both by the authorities at home and at Saint Helena, but there does not appear any evidence that the court-martial was terrorized by the Governor and the Admiral as is here represented. Admiral Plampin does not come well out of the affair, but there is nothing that reflects upon Sir Hudson Lowe. M. Frémeaux's contribution—which forms the larger portion of the book—is not worth criticizing, as his ignorance of the subject is so complete. He is sufficiently inept to place as a motto on the title-page the saying of Napoleon that he would have lived to eighty years if they had not sent him to that island. That Napoleon died of cancer of the stomach, and not of the climate of Saint Helena, has been generally accepted by those who regard facts since the post-mortem examination eighty-two years ago, though the climate theory still forms part of the Napoleonic legend. M. Frémeaux lets his zeal run away with him when he suggests that there was an 'unholy compact' between Sir Hudson Lowe and Admiral Plampin to the effect that, if the Governor would let the Admiral live as he liked (he had, in fact, being guilty of the folly of bringing a mistress with him), the Admiral would not interfere with the Governor's treatment of Napoleon!"

The author of this volume readily agrees with Mr. Seaton, that *With Napoleon at Saint Helena* is rather a pretentious and misleading title for his first modest production. But he begs to state that Stokoe's papers were lent to him by Miss Edith Stokoe on the condition that she should have the right of reproducing his commentary on them, and that he had no control over the English edition. For having drawn more than one or two magazine articles out of the same papers, he is personally responsible; may be, he was wrong to try to give the appearance of a substantial book to scanty materials, contrary to Mr. Seaton's method, which consists in making scanty books out of abundant materials. For having placed as a motto on a title-page the saying of Napoleon that he would have lived to eighty years had he not been relegated to Saint Helena, an apology is hardly necessary. The author is confident that everybody but Mr. Seaton easily understands that such a motto is only intended to impress the reader with the bad opinion Napoleon had of the place of his exile, and with the idea he harboured that his life would be shortened by captivity.

As for the rest of Mr. Seaton's assertions and his abusive terms, so unbecoming to a historian, the present volume will, it is hoped, be deemed a sufficient answer.

Page 6. For instance, in a pamphlet printed at Chateauroux in 1877, now extremely rare, a servant of General Bertrand, called Bouges, adds somewhat to our knowledge of private life at Longwood.

This pamphlet is entitled : *Le grand maréchal Bertrand, par le Dr. Fauconneau-Dufresne*. It is an account given verbally to Dr. Fauconneau by Bouges, and written and published by the former.

Page 9. As for the actual facts of my narrative, among the extremely varied publications which I have consulted, two were especially useful to me : a book and a pamphlet. The book is by Dr. Henry, like Stokoe, an English surgeon.

Henry's book, as is explained in another page of the introduction, first appeared anonymously at Quebec, in 1839, under the title : *Trifles from my Portfolio ; or, Recollections of Scenes and small Adventures, during Twenty-nine Years of Military Service, by a Staff-Surgeon*. It was afterwards published in London, in 1843, under the title of *Events of a Military Life : being Recollections after Service in the Peninsular War, Invasion of France, the East Indies, Saint Helena, Canada, and elsewhere, by Walter Henry, Surgeon of the Forces, first class*. Between the two editions there are, in relation to Saint Helena, variations in the text, which, if slight, are not unimportant, for they chiefly bear on what Henry says of Hudson Lowe, Count Balmain, and O'Meara.

Page 9. Hardly had Napoleon left Europe when William Warden broke the silence ordered about his name by publishing his *Letters*

Letters written on board His Majesty's ship the "Northumberland," and at Saint Helena (London, 1816).

Numerous editions of this work have been published, both in English and in French.

Extremely fanciful as far as the conversations of the author with Napoleon are concerned, it is nevertheless most interesting as a document, on account of the details it contains about the passage of the Emperor on board the *Northumberland*, his first habitation at Saint Helena, The Briars, and the first months of his residence at Longwood.

Page 15. Canada, where Henry terminated his career and rose to a high rank.

To the rank of surgeon of the forces, first class. He brought his service to a close as inspector-general of hospitals. Yet he was only one of those medical officers—very numerous at that period in the army and navy—to whom the title of doctor was given by mere courtesy. The author thought well to maintain this title when alluding to him in this book, and similarly in the case of O'Meara and Stokoe. All three deserved it for their medical experience, and needed no diplomas.

Page 20. It was called The Briars, and belonged to a merchant named Balcombe.

Balcombe seems to have been a sort of general dealer at Saint Helena, as well as an agent for the East India Company. He became the purveyor of Longwood, and catered for the Emperor's household during the years 1816 and 1817.

Page 23. People were greatly surprised, in 1843, when Betsy Balcombe published her *Recollections*. . . .

Only a part of them appeared then, in the *New Century Magazine*. Betsy gave a complete version the following year in a volume entitled: *Recollections of the Emperor Napoleon during the first three years of his Captivity on the Island of Saint Helena, including the Time of his Residence at her Father's House, "Briars," by Mrs. Abell (late Miss Elizabeth Balcombe)*. A second edition of this book, which, like Warden's work and the generality of the chronicles of Saint Helena, mingles a little romance with history, appeared in 1853, and a third in 1873.

Page 27. On that side Diana Peak, the giant of Saint Helena, rose to a height of 2700 feet.

Mountain ranges radiated from it in all directions towards the coast.

Strictly speaking, the radiations start from the range to which Diana Peak belongs ; but as Diana Peak occupies the middle of this range, and forms its culminating point and most conspicuous feature, it conveys the impression, when seen from Alarm-House, of alone being the orographical centre of Saint Helena.

Page 28. Six barracks, each of which could accommodate about a hundred men, housed the soldiers.

The battalion with which Henry had come from India, the first battalion of the 66th, composed only of three hundred soldiers, the staff, and the band of the regiment, would not have filled these barracks ; but it had been reinforced by two companies of the 2nd battalion, which was already at Saint Helena.

The troops cantoned at Deadwood Camp, and supplied successively during the Captivity by the 53rd, the 66th, and the 20th Regiments, always numbered from five hundred and fifty to six hundred men. As to the garrison of the whole island, including six hundred native militia, it comprised a little over two thousand men.

Page 32. The house had formerly been a farm, and the wood flooring covered a soil still impregnated with the manure of the stables ; rats swarmed beneath the half-rotten boards.

Dr. Holland Rose, in his *Life of Napoleon I.*, expresses a doubt as to the quantity of these unwelcome guests at Longwood : "If the plague of rats was really so bad," he asks, "why is it that Gourgaud made so little of it?" Why? Simply because in all probability this cantankerous memorialist was ever too busy inveighing against people around him to have any time left for vituperating animals. But most of the diaries of the Captivity teem with rats, and could easily be quoted on this head. Yet even so, as Dr. Holland Rose might very likely still contend that Napoleon himself introduced the disgusting vermin into the place of his exile with the malignant purpose of acquiring a further pretext for complaint, it is better to prove by the aid of two books—one anterior to the Emperor's detention, the other published long after—that rats have always evinced a partiality for Saint Helena as a residence, and have at all

times contrived to lead a merry life and to bring up large families there: ". . . The grounds," says the author of *A Description of the Island of Saint Helena* (London, R. Phillips, 1805), "seem not at all adapted to the culture of farinaceous grains. A little barley, indeed, has been raised, and it grows well, but it is destroyed by rats, which swarm here in incredible numbers, as do the caterpillars." "Rats," states Mr. John Charles Melliss in *Saint Helena, a Physical, Historical, and Topographical Description of the Island* (London, Reeve & Co., 1875),—"rats abound everywhere, from the water-edge to the mountain-top, building their nests either in holes or in high trees, just as rooks and crows do in England. . . ."

Dr. Holland Rose treats his subjects too superficially. This is not the place to point out all the venturesome assertions of his *Life of Napoleon I.*, but in that part of the work alone which deals with Saint Helena we further find the following remark: "That Napoleon was fastidious to the last is proved by the archives of our India Office, which contains the entry, December 11th, 1820: 'The storekeeper paid in the sum of £105 on account of 48 dozen of champagne rejected by General Bonaparte' (Sir G. Birdwood's reports on the old records of the India Office, page 97)." Now, how can Dr. Holland Rose know whether Napoleon was right or wrong in finding fault with the champagne in question? Did Dr. Holland Rose ever taste it? Has he even any information as to the brand? Everybody is well aware that there are all sorts of champagne, and, in particular, a detestable kind which has long been fabricated elsewhere than at Epernay and Rheims, and is put into bottles with necks enveloped in deceptive silver paper for export to the Colonies. Moreover, if Dr. Holland Rose were to pay a visit to the India Office, instead of resting content with the acquaintance he has obtained of its records from Sir George Birdwood's meagre extracts, he would learn that the public storehouses at Saint Helena were somewhat badly managed during the Captivity. He would discover a decision of the Council of the island, dated May 29th, 1817, which runs thus:—

"Resolved that Mr. De Fountain be called upon to make good the deficiency of the value of stores to the amount of £3375, 19s. 11d.; that the Governor and Council further are of opinion that the continuance of Mr. De Fountain in the office of storekeeper is not attended with sufficient pledge against a prevention of similar defalcation to those that have already been the subject

of investigation, and that he should cease his functions in consequence at the close of the year of account, unless the Honourable Court of Directors should please to signify their intentions to the contrary ;

“ Resolved that, to mark the sense of the Governor and Council of the great inattention manifested by the Deputy Storekeeper and junior officers of the Store Department who were acting under his immediate direction, Mr. Blenkins shall be removed from the office of Deputy Storekeeper, and that Messrs. Lambe and Seale shall be severely reprimanded and admonished.

“ Mr. Blenkins is also to refund to Count Montholon the sum of £10, 18s., that being the surcharge of four pair of epaulets which were sold for £32, and brought to account at only £5, 5s. 6d. per pair . . .” (*Saint Helena*, vol. lxxxiii, fol. 210).

It is seen here, among other things, that the officers of the Store Department did not disdain to make unlawful profits from the French exiles.

In volume lxxxv, fol. 471, Dr. Holland Rose will further find this entry, dated November 30th, 1820 :—

“ The storekeeper having reported that he had collected a considerable quantity of flour that has fallen from the casks in the different cellars, as also that hams have been returned from Longwood establishment as unfit for use, he was directed to sell both the above articles at public auction, taking care to give due notice to the inhabitants.”

Again, in the same volume (fols. 439–440), Dr. Holland Rose will come across the following lines, written on the 9th of November, 1820, by Captain Sampson, Major Cole, and W. Janish to Thomas Brook, secretary of the Saint Helena Council :—

“ We have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 6th inst., and beg to report to you that in pursuance of the directions therein contained, we have inspected such pipes of wine as have been shown to us by the storekeeper, and that we found eight pipes and seven half pipes bad, and unfit to be issued to the troops.

“ We beg to remark at the same time that it appears to us the wine contained in the above number of pipes (that in the half pipes excepted) was of a good quality originally, but spoiled in consequence of the pipes not being properly cleaned before the wine was put into them, and wish to draw your attention to that point.

"We deem it necessary also to observe to you that, although great part of the wine was such that we could not well condemn it, it being fit for immediate use, we still are under the impression that a great many of the pipes if *chemically* examined would prove to contain unwholesome and pernicious wine."

Although one of those historians who, while caring little for the niceties of style and the literary aim, never miss an opportunity of displaying their documentary knowledge, and though all his publications swarm at the bottom of the pages with notes hardly less numerous than the rats beneath the floors at Longwood, not only does Dr. Holland Rose omit to search the archives assiduously enough, but he neglects to read carefully such books as are his principal authorities. For instance, to confine ourselves still to the part of his *Life of Napoleon I.* that concerns the Captivity, there is a work which he quotes complacently and should peruse again: *Notes and Reminiscences of a Staff Officer, chiefly relating to the Waterloo Campaign and Saint Helena matters* (London, Harrison & Sons, 1877). It is said of the author, Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, that he is so partial to Lowe because he was his kinsman. This assertion once gave rise to discussion, and was acknowledged to be erroneous. Dr. Holland Rose rejoiced thereat, but, unfortunately, would not rest satisfied with so strong a point. He wished it to be further demonstrated that Jackson and Lowe were quite ignorant of each other's existence until they met, by the most extraordinary of chances, on a little island in the southern hemisphere. And so it occurred to him one fine day to interview Miss Lowe about it, and ask for her testimony. The late Miss C. M. S. Lowe, a daughter of Sir Hudson Lowe, was then, in 1902, eighty-four years of age. Even supposing she had fully retained her memory, her recollections of the Captivity or anything connected with it could not fail to be very slight, for she was only just born at Saint Helena (1818) when Napoleon died there (1821). Moreover, it is not usual to make historical researches at houses of respectable but doting old ladies. Yet Dr. Holland Rose thought his idea a brilliant one, and persisted in it. He called on Miss Lowe. The result, as might well be expected, was ludicrous in the extreme. Colonel Basil Jackson relates in his *Notes and Reminiscences* (page 7), that in 1814 he was at Brussels with Sir Hudson Lowe, then quartermaster-general there, and even that at that period—two years before they both went to Saint Helena—he

acted occasionally as aide-de-camp to him. Here, on the other hand, is the information which Dr. Holland Rose was so clever as to obtain from another source: "Miss Lowe," he says gravely, and without a suspicion that he is contradicting the Colonel's reliable statement,—“Miss Lowe assured me that Jackson did not see her father before the Saint Helena days.”

Page 41. Pierron, the butler at Longwood, has left an account-book which has been published.

In a volume that appeared recently: *Les indiscretions de l'Histoire, du docteur Cabanès, quatrième série* (Paris, Albin Michel, 1907). Some newspapers had previously given a few extracts from the same account-book.

Page 55. A recent publication, the diary which relates Sir Pulteney Malcolm's stay at Saint Helena, supplies a particularly striking proof of this.

This diary, *A Diary of Saint Helena, edited by Sir Arthur Wilson* (London, A. D. Innes, 1899), is the production of Lady Malcolm, the Admiral's wife.

Page 78. His dress was that of a general of French infantry when it formed a part of his army. The coat was green, faced with white; the rest was white, with white silk stockings.

Warden is doubly mistaken here. The coat worn by Napoleon when he embarked on board the *Northumberland* was that of a colonel, blue, with white facings: the coat of the *Grenadiers à pied*, or—as is less probable—that of the *Garde Nationale*, quite similar but for the buttons. On leaving Europe, the Emperor took with him only five military coats: two of a colonel of *Chasseurs à cheval de la garde*, green, with red collar and cuffs; two of a colonel of *Grenadiers à pied*, and one of a colonel of the *Garde Nationale*, blue, with white facings. The last is now the property of Prince Victor.

Page 86. In all, nine people, of whom three have related their impressions: Henry Ellis, the naval surgeon, MacLeod, and Dr. Abel.

The account given by Ellis has appeared in three publications : the *Morning Chronicle* of October 7th, 1817; the *Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China*, by Henry Ellis (London, 1817); and the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by Walter Scott. Scott gives the longest and most interesting version.

Page 94. The impressions of Ellis, MacLeod, and Abel, relating to Napoleon, lead naturally to the record—connected with them by the circumstances of its origin—that Captain Basil Hall has left of his visit to Longwood.

In a book entitled, *Narrative of a Voyage to Java, China, and the great Loo-Choo Island* (London, 1844). A version of the same record had previously appeared in the *Mémoires et Voyages du capitaine Basil Hall* (Paris, 1834), and still earlier, in 1827, in the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by Walter Scott, to whom Basil Hall communicated his journal.

Page 106. Being tall themselves, as a rule, they were inclined to regard him as very short, although his height was about 5 feet 6 inches.

Dr. Antommarchi, who measured Napoleon on his death-bed, assigns 5 *pieds*, 4 *pouces*, 4 *lignes* to the body : viz., about 5 ft. 6½ in. But it is better to judge by another measurement, taken at Saint Helena in the Emperor's lifetime.

Henry, who occasionally called on Madame Bertrand, relates in his book : "One day, after a long causerie, when in particularly good humour, she said, 'Come here, doctor, come here, I am going to pay you the highest possible compliment; I shall measure your height by the standard of the Emperor's stature.' So saying, she led me to a white door, and pointed out two pencil lines, one of which she had drawn as the height of Napoleon when he stood with his back to the door, and the other he had made when she took his place. It was a comfort when considering the immense disproportion of our intellectual stature, to know that I beat him by two inches in the physical. Madame Bertrand, who was very tall, also beat him by an inch. The Countess playfully remarked, when pencilling my height a little above the other two marks,

‘There, doctor, yours is a proud position, standing above the tallest lady in the island, and the greatest man in the world.’ Of course my reply could only be, that my enviable position was due to the kind condescension of the finest woman either in one or the other.”

It does not occur to Henry to give the figures inscribed on the white door, but they are to be found in the *Récits* by Count de Montholon, and in Gourgaud’s *Journal*.

“The Emperor,” says Count de Montholon, under date of August 22nd, 1817, “walked towards General Bertrand’s house, which he entered to take a moment’s rest. To while away the time, he had himself and all of us measured.—The Emperor, 5 *pieds*, 2 *pouces* in his pumps; Madame Bertrand, 5 *pieds*, 4 *pouces*, 5 *lignes*; General Bertrand, 5 *pieds*, 4 *pouces*; General Gourgaud, 5 *pieds*, 4 *pouces*, 9 *lignes*; myself, 5 *pieds*, 3 *pouces*, 3 *lignes*.”—“We all measured ourselves on the door,” says Gourgaud, at the same date, the 22nd of August, 1817. “The Emperor is 5 *pieds*, 2 *pouces*; Madame Bertrand, 5 *pieds*, 4 *pouces*, 5 *lignes*; myself, 4 *lignes* more, but in my boots; Bertrand 4 *lignes* less.”

If we reduce these old French measures to their English equivalents, we see that the Emperor’s height in his pumps was 5 ft. $6\frac{1}{17}$ in. We learn at the same time that General Gourgaud measured 5 ft. $8\frac{9}{10}$ in. in his boots; Madame Bertrand, 5 ft. $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.; General Bertrand, 5 ft. $8\frac{1}{10}$ in.; and Count de Montholon, 5 ft. $7\frac{1}{3}$ in. As for Henry, he boasts: if he was but two inches taller than the Emperor he could be only from 5 ft. $7\frac{7}{10}$ in. to 5 ft. $8\frac{1}{10}$ in., and, therefore, was smaller than Madame Bertrand.

Page 126. What a change to be transferred to a little lonely island, ten miles in length and seven in breadth, poor, gloomy, and barely inhabited!

According to two books, *A History of the Island of Saint Helena*, by T. H. Brooke (London, 1808), and *Tracts relative to the Island of Saint Helena*, by Major-General Alexander Beatson (London, 1816), the population of Saint Helena shortly before the Captivity was about 2100, of which number 600 were whites, 1100 blacks, and 400 Chinese or Lascars. Over and above this, a garrison of 500 men existed. According to a third book, *A Tour through the Island of Saint Helena*, by Captain Barnes (London, 1817), the population in September, 1815, was reckoned at 2871, and comprised 776

whites, 1255 blacks, and 800 Chinese or Lascars. To this number, 1400 to 1500 English troopers must be added for the period 1815 to 1821.

Page 140. The former Treasurer of Mauritius appeared before a tribunal, and was condemned at civil law to refund the seventy-two thousand dollars, but acquitted on the criminal charge.

Henry says that the embezzlement of which Hook was accused had not, it was believed, been committed by him, but by one of his clerks. However that may be, the man did not show himself over scrupulous, for, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* remarks, "Though for many years receiving an ample income from his pen, he never attempted to discharge any portion of his admitted liability. . . ."

Page 151. For two years, a diplomat, whose likeness is not to be found in Henry's caricature, courts Miss Johnson. Being greatly enamoured of the young lady, his keenest desire, for the success of his enterprise, is to live on good terms with her stepfather, Sir Hudson Lowe. He makes every effort to do so, but cannot attain his object, so that hardly for an instant does his correspondence cease to be unfavourable to the impossible official to whom he is to be allied.

See *Le prisonnier de Sainte-Hélène, d'après les rapports officiels du gouvernement russe* (1816-1820), *Revue Bleue* du 8 mai au 12 juin 1897.

On the 1st of March, 1819, Count Balmain writes to Count Nesselrode at Saint Petersburg :

"In conversation with the Governor, I asked him whether he intended to obey his instructions and at last remove the impenetrable barrier of Longwood. He replied with some hesitation, 'That the French had not yet drawn up the list of the inhabitants who were to form their society.' Now this list was drawn up last June, and is headed by M. de Montchenu, de Gors and myself. He further stated, 'That, far from opposing such innocent meetings

and pleasures, and especially the visits which persons of distinction might wish to pay General Bonaparte, he persistently urged them to call at Longwood, and had no intention or desire to isolate the people there.' His conduct towards Admiral Malcolm and the Commissioners of the allied powers, who rank among the said persons and have a right to his confidence, is in contradiction with such an assertion.

" 'I have been assured,' I told him, 'that you had forbidden the officers of the 66th to hold conversations with Madame Bertrand, and that they avoided meeting her as far as possible.'

" 'No!' he exclaimed, 'it is untrue, it is a calumny! The officers would not dare be so rude either to her or to her husband.'

" Yet for twenty-six months he has been incessantly cavilling about our chance and quite insignificant meetings. The other day he besought me on his knees neither to see them nor to speak to them. What is one to think of such behaviour? What folly to consent to a thing and to oppose it at the same time!"

In another letter, dated April 22nd, 1819, Count Balmain informs Count Nesselrode:—

"One day, when he was in a great state of agitation, he told M. de Montchenu that I was a Bonapartist, and that every one at Saint Helena ought to be ultra-Royalist. . . .

"In one of his notes, the Governor maintains that the various complaints of Bertrand and the other Frenchmen are calumnies. In my opinion they are not so, for nothing could be more absurd, more impolitic, and less generous than the treatment of Napoleon by the English."

Page 151. Is it not amazing that Count Balmain, on the point of entering the Governor's family, should be obliged to criticise, to blame his actions, just like Baron Sturmer, whose orders directed him to remain in constant agreement with Plantation, and like the Marquis de Montchenu, a man of meagre intelligence, no doubt, but a fervent Legitimist, a representative of a form of government and of a king pre-eminently hostile to Bonaparte?

See *Baron von Sturmer, Berichte aus Saint Helena zur zeit des dortigen internierung Napoleon Buonaparte's, herausgegeben von*

Hanns Schlitter (Wien, Gerold, 1886). See *La captivité de Sainte-Hélène, d'après les rapports inédits du marquis de Montchenu, par Georges Firmin-Didot* (Paris, Firmin-Didot, 1894).

Yet on their arrival at Saint Helena the Commissioners were quite disposed to be on good terms with Hudson Lowe. The Marquis de Montchenu, especially, was so much so, that he requested the Duc de Richelieu to confer on the Governor the order of *Commandeur du Mérite Militaire*! He repeated this request to the French Minister of War in a curious letter which has been published in the *Gil Blas* of July 9th, 1907, by M. Jean de Mitty.

Page 152. Unfortunately, as has already been said, the Emperor refused to receive them.

In their official capacity, but Napoleon was willing to keep up private relations with the Marquis de Montchenu, Baron Sturmer, and Count Balmain. One day, when the three Commissioners had come on an excursion to a valley near Longwood, he sent his servants to them with a collation; another day he even invited them to dinner, but they thought they could not enter his house unofficially, and begged to be excused.

Page 157. In the morning, as far as possible, he prolonged his slumbers.

The author thinks it as well to point out that in describing, in the pages that follow, the Emperor's days at Saint Helena, he has only attempted to give an idea of his most ordinary and habitual days, and especially those of the years 1817 and 1818. Napoleon's mode of life naturally varied somewhat during the six years of the Captivity. On his arrival at the island, for instance, the Emperor generally rose early. The dinner-hour—to mention another example—was frequently changed at Longwood; it was appointed by turn at eight, seven, and six o'clock, and even four, three, and two o'clock.

Again, as regards the description of Napoleon's apartment, and still for the sake of rapidity and clearness, it has not been thought possible to take into account a few unimportant modifications in the furniture and its arrangement, which appear to have been made at various periods.

Page 157. Then he rang for Marchand, and asked that faithful valet, who had served him since 1811, and had already followed him to the Island of Elba. . . .

The majority of Napoleon's French servants at Saint Helena, Rousseau, Santini, Cipriani, Pierron, Noverraz, Saint-Denis, Gentilini, and the Archambault brothers, were also in the Emperor's service before the Captivity.

Page 163. It (*the library*) was only used as a warehouse for about a thousand volumes at the beginning of the Captivity, for three thousand to three thousand five hundred at the end.

See, on this subject, two pamphlets: *La bibliothèque de Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène, par Victor Advielle* (Paris, Lechevalier, 1894), and *Les bibliothèques particulières de l'Empereur Napoléon, par Antoine Guillois* (Paris, Henri Leclerc, 1900). See also the preface of the *Mémoires de Fleury de Chaboulon, publiés par Lucien Cornet* (Paris, Edouard Rouveyre, 1901).

According to certain English documents, the number of volumes at Longwood at Napoleon's death amounted exactly to 2700. But, to judge by a passage of Forsyth, this figure would appear to be inferior to the reality, and, perhaps, the 400 volumes bequeathed by the Emperor to the Duke of Reichstadt were not included in it, as also those which Marshal Bertrand and Count de Montholon were able to carry away with them on their departure from Saint Helena.

Page 164. There are, however, works—among others a book by Fleury de Chaboulon—that he thought fit to annotate completely, covering them with copious commentaries and refutations in his hieroglyphical hand.

The book by Fleury de Chaboulon deals with *the private life, the return, and the reign of Napoleon in 1815*. The copy annotated by the Emperor is now in the museum of Sens, together with other relics of Saint Helena.

Page 166. Such as it is, the work is yet considerable, and fills six large volumes, which were published in 1867. Its magnitude alone would do credit to a professional writer.

The six volumes are the *Commentaires de Napoléon 1^{er}* (Paris, imprimerie Impériale), commentaries which also form volumes xxix, xxx, xxxi, and xxxii of the *Correspondance de Napoléon 1^{er}, publiée par ordre de l'Empereur Napoléon III.* (Paris, imprimerie Nationale, 1858-1859).

The literary work of Napoleon at Saint Helena has been studied thoroughly, although chiefly to sustain a very questionable thesis, by M. Philippe Gonnard, professor at the *Lycée* of Lyon, in a recent book, *Les origines de la légende napoléonienne* (Paris, Calmann-Levy, 1907). We are also indebted to M. Gonnard for two excellent productions: *Un Lyonnais à Sainte Hélène* (Lyon, Rey et Cie., 1903)—a pamphlet relating to Jean-Claude Gors, secretary to the Marquis de Montchenu; and *Lettres du comte et de la comtesse de Montholon*, 1819-1821 (Paris, Alphonse Picard et fils, 1906).

Page 186. His son was ever present in his thoughts.

The fact is shown by M. Frédéric Masson in *Napoléon et son fils* better than it is, or could have been, in this volume.

Page 197. On leaving Longwood, Gourgaud stated: "His Majesty need never fear that I shall report what takes place here." He did not keep his word. In London, still irritated and bitter, he made to Henry Goulburn, Under-Secretary of State, the most scandalous revelations: a mixture of truths that he should have left untold and of falsehoods for which he should have blushed.

Gourgaud had begun already at Saint Helena to give out this mixture of truth that should have been left hidden, and of lies that he ought never to have invented. Shortly before leaving the island, he told Hudson Lowe that Napoleon had no difficulty in communicating clandestinely with Europe; that a large sum of money had been

received at Longwood at the very moment that the plate was broken up there in order to simulate straitened circumstances. He commended Bertrand to the Governor as "the greatest dissembler and liar in France; and withal so blindly devoted to Napoleon, that the Emperor could make him believe that black was white." Gourgaud further revealed to Major Gorrequer that Captain Poppleton, Captain Blakeney's predecessor, had accepted a gold snuff-box from Napoleon on quitting his functions as orderly officer at Longwood. In a conversation with Baron Sturmer, on being asked whether the Emperor could escape from Saint Helena, he replied: "He has had numerous opportunities, and could still do so at the present moment. Is anything impossible with millions at one's disposal? He can leave the island and go to America whenever it pleases him." "If so," the Austrian Commissioner remarked, "why does he remain? The great point is to be out of this place." "We have all advised him to flee, but he has never failed to oppose our arguments and resist them. However unhappy he may be here, he secretly enjoys the importance attached to his custody, the interest that all the European powers take in it, and the care with which they collect his every word." Baron Sturmer states in one of his reports to Prince Metternich, that he also sounded Gourgaud as to Napoleon's health: "He will outlive us all," he answered. "He has an iron constitution." When the Austrian Commissioner further questioned him about the swelling of the Emperor's limbs: "That dates from Moscow," Gourgaud said, "and his insomnia too. As long as I have known him, he never could sleep for several hours at a stretch. As for the pain in his side, no one has ever been able to discover what is the matter." Lastly, Gourgaud entrusted Count Balmain with this threatening message for the Grand Marshal: "Remind Bertrand that I am in a position to make it very unpleasant for the Emperor by revealing his secrets; that my journal of Longwood is worth twelve thousand pounds in London; and that he had better not drive me to extremities."

Let us now see the confidences which Gourgaud made to Henry Goulburn on his arrival in England. They are recorded in the following letter, written by the Under-Secretary to the Colonial Minister, Lord Bathurst:—

"DOWNING STREET, *May* 10, 1818.

"MY LORD, — In obedience to your directions, I have had several conversations with General Gourgaud, for the purpose of

ascertaining whether he was disposed to afford any further details upon the several points adverted to in Sir Hudson Lowe's more recent despatches. The information which I have received from him, although given in considerable detail, is in substance as follows :—

“General Gourgaud had no difficulty in avowing that there has always existed a free and uninterrupted communication between the inhabitants of Longwood and this country and the Continent, without the knowledge or intervention of the Governor, and that this has been made use of, not only for the purpose of receiving and transmitting letters, but for that of receiving pamphlets, money, and other articles of which the party at Longwood might from time to time be in want ; that the correspondence has for some time been carried on direct with Great Britain, and that the persons employed in it are those Englishmen who from time to time visit Saint Helena, to all of whom the attendants or servants of Bonaparte have free access, and who, generally speaking, are willing, many without any reward, and others for very small pecuniary recompense, to convey to Europe any letter or packet entrusted to their charge. It would appear, also, that the captains and others on board the merchant-ships touching at the island, whether belonging to the East India Company or to other persons, are considered at Longwood as being particularly open to the seduction of General Bonaparte's talents ; so much so, indeed, that the inhabitants of Longwood have regarded it as a matter of small difficulty to procure a passage on board one of these ships for General Bonaparte, if escape should at any time be his object.

“General Gourgaud stated himself to have been aware of General Bonaparte having received a considerable sum of money in Spanish dollars, namely, £10,000, at the very time that he disposed of his plate, but on being pressed by me as to the persons privy to that transaction, he contented himself with assuring me that the mode of its transmission was one purely accidental, that it would never again occur, and that such being the case, he trusted that I should not press a discovery, which, while it betrayed its author, could have no effect either as regarded the punishment of the offenders, or the prevention of a similar act in future. The actual possession of money was, moreover, not likely, in his view of the subject, to afford any additional means of corrupting the fidelity of those whom it might be advisable to seduce, as it was well known that any draught,

whatever might be its account, drawn by General Bonaparte on Prince Eugène, or on certain other members of his family, would be scrupulously honoured.

“He assured me, however, in answer to my inquiries, that neither Mr. Balcombe nor Mr. O’Meara were in any degree privy in the above transaction, and that the former, although much dissatisfied with his situation, had never in any money transaction betrayed the trust reposed in him. He declined, however, most distinctly, giving me the same assurance with respect to their not being either or both privy in the transmission of a clandestine correspondence.

“Upon the subject of General Bonaparte’s escape, he confidently stated that, although Longwood was from its situation capable of being well protected by sentries, yet he was certain that there was no difficulty in eluding at any time the vigilance of the sentries round the house and grounds, and, in short, that escape from the island appeared to him in no degree impracticable. The subject, he confessed, had been discussed at Longwood, and the individuals of the establishment separately desired to give their plans for effecting it; but he expressed his belief to be that General Bonaparte was so fully impressed with the opinion he should be permitted to leave St. Helena, either upon a change of Ministry in England, or by the unwillingness of the English to bear the expense of detaining him, that he would not at present run the hazard to which an attempt of escape might expose him. It appears, however, from the statement of General Gourgaud, and from other circumstances stated by him, that General Bonaparte has always looked at the period of the removal of the allied armies from France as that most favourable for his return; and the probability of such a decision, and the consequence which would follow from it, were urged by him as an argument to dissuade General Gourgaud from quitting him until after that period.

“Upon the subject of General Bonaparte’s health, General Gourgaud stated that we were much imposed upon; that General Bonaparte was not, so far as bodily health was concerned, in any degree materially altered; and that the representations on this subject had little if any truth in them. Dr. O’Meara was certainly the dupe of that influence which General Bonaparte always exercises over those with whom he has frequent intercourse; and though he (General Gourgaud) individually had only reason *de se*

louer de M. O'Meara, yet his intimate knowledge of General Bonaparte enabled him confidently to assert that his bodily health was not at all worse than it has been for some time previous to his arrival at Saint Helena."

For a considerable time all these culpable assertions were unknown to the general public. It was only several years after the rapid end of the Emperor—the very robust Emperor whom O'Meara wrongly declared to be ill and who was to live to such a ripe old age!—that Sir Walter Scott revealed them in his *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, published in 1827. Gourgaud, extremely annoyed thereby, immediately replied by a pamphlet: *Lettre à Sir Walter Scott* (Paris, Ambroise Thomas), in which he refuted nothing. His sole serious argument in self-defence consisted in maintaining that the document cited against him lacked authority, and merely deserved "the measure of confidence accorded in all countries to police reports." The Under-Secretary of State, Goulburn, especially, had misunderstood and incorrectly noted down his words—a fact, moreover, which should not afford surprise, "considering how difficult it is to reproduce the terms of a conversation held in a foreign tongue." Unfortunately for this line of defence, there exist two letters by another of Gourgaud's confidants, one whose knowledge of French can hardly be said to have been as bad as Goulburn's. For this person is the French Ambassador at London, the Marquis d'Osmond, on whom Gourgaud called during his stay in England with a letter of recommendation from the Marquis de Montchenu and a short eulogistic note from Hudson Lowe. On the 12th of May, 1818, the Ambassador wrote the following account of the interview to the Duc de Richelieu:—

"I opened the conversation by an allusion to Sir Hudson Lowe's opinion. My interlocutor began an apology for his conduct, which was witty and modest, and appeared to me frank: our intercourse lasted until five o'clock, but lengthy as it was, I did not learn all I desired to know. The fear (genuine or false) of being taken for a traitor, constantly leads in the conversation of this man to reticences for which he begged my pardon; I thought wise not to insist upon them, wishing to inspire confidence which—if I am permitted by the King to win it—will inform us *better* and *more fully*. Whilst awaiting instructions to offer inducements, I have taken what was given me, and what I was able to glean for the interest of the moment, adds little to Sir Hudson Lowe's dispatch.

The doubts instilled into him by Gourgaud will surely have caused him to increase his precautions and to anticipate the orders which will be sent in all haste without my solicitation.

“The part that Bonaparte has played, the cost of his crimes, the evil he may yet do, all contribute to give importance to the slightest detail of his Hundred Days, of his catastrophe, the voyage which ensued, his actual existence, his schemes and his hopes. And, in spite of the reservations, I was extremely interested by M. Gourgaud’s account; without the *lacunae*, it would become the subject of a most curious memorial. These are the positive facts I have gathered from it for present needs :

“The prisoner of Saint Helena is not ill, and takes good care of himself; his somewhat numerous communications are facilitated by inhabitants and soldiers. I believe O’Meara and Balcombe to be among the number of his devoted adherents; the latter is in London with his family, possibly not altogether of his own accord.

“The funds necessary for any enterprise are not lacking at Longwood. The escape would already be effected if the exiles there knew whither to go: this difficulty is their constant pre-occupation, and they urge their master to return to France, and spend the rest of their time picking quarrels with each other. Every vessel sighted through a telescope always directed towards the sea, becomes a motive for fear or for hope. The loss of Cipriani, after an illness of three days, has greatly distressed his master, who does not so much regret the *maître d’hôtel* as the active, intelligent, discreet, and enthusiastic confidant he had in him. Bonaparte had at first undertaken the writing of his memoirs, but he only worked at them by fits and starts and disconnectedly. Treating of different periods, according to the works which reach him, he dictates them in a fluent manner; the secretary afterwards writes them down; and the result is a chapter to be placed when the moment comes to arrange the materials. On the whole, it appears, more time is devoted at Longwood to the future than to the past; but for baffled ambitions, the present there is sweet enough. The climate, accommodation, food, and treatment do not in any respect justify the complaints to order. The death-rate of St. Helena is the same as that of London—one in thirty.

“Gourgaud, no less eager than the others to liberate Bonaparte, would kill him, he says, as soon as he set foot in France; he attributes his own disgrace to this French resolution. It is quite

credible, but in that case other schemes of escape must have been planned, and this is what I shall probably discover, or else never know, according to the instructions which will reach me. I enclose a letter for Gourgaud's mother; were it borne by an intelligent person who should afford the economical and sure means of answering by the same channel, perhaps light would be thrown on the subject of which I might avail myself."¹

On the 15th of May, 1818, the Marquis d'Osmond again writes to the Duc de Richelieu:—

"The letter I had the honour of sending you on the 12th will have confirmed you in the opinion you imparted to me on the preceding day, relating to the projects about Saint Helena, but it will have given you the hope of a redoubled surveillance. In spite of his reticences, Gourgaud had told Sir Hudson Lowe and the Commissioners more than was necessary to arouse their attention. Sturmer, on the 14th of March, did not believe in the probability of Bonaparte's departure, although he had learned (as I knew) what the prisoners thought of it. Gourgaud seems to have no doubt as to the success of the escape should it be attempted, and when I insisted upon the obstacles to be surmounted: 'Why, your Excellency,' he remarked, 'nothing could be simpler than to overcome them.'—'Easily said,' I retorted.—'No, easily done, and in all kinds of ways; supposing, for instance, that Napoleon were placed in one of the barrels that are sent to Longwood, full of provisions, and return to Jamestown every day without being inspected, do you believe it impossible to find a captain of a craft who, for a bribe of a million francs, would undertake to carry the barrel on board a vessel ready to set sail? I could mention other means still, if my position did not impose silence on me; besides, by now, the plot has succeeded or failed.'

"On considering the *supposition*, I thought it might well be the *reality*, and I await news from Saint Helena with impatience."²

Let us now sum up all the preceding quotations, namely, what Gourgaud said to Hudson Lowe, to Major Gorrequer, to Baron Sturmer, to the Under-Secretary of State, Henry Goulburn, and to the Marquis d'Osmond, and it will be seen that—

¹ French Foreign Office: *Mémoires et documents, France*, tome 1804, fol. 340 and 341.

² French Foreign Office: *Mémoires et documents, France*, tome 1804, fol. 344 and 345.

1st. Gourgaud compromised Captain Poppleton, Balcombe, and O'Meara, by revealing that the first had accepted a present from Napoleon, and that the two others had been privy to a prohibited correspondence—not to mention his accusation against O'Meara of having entirely fallen under the Emperor's influence and become his dupe.

2nd. He represented Napoleon as enjoying most excellent health, contrary to the reports of his doctor, a good climate and comfortable conditions of life, which in no way justified his complaints.

3rd. He described him as having at his disposal large sums of money at Saint Helena, and elsewhere unlimited credit on Prince Eugène and the other members of the Bonaparte family; as easily communicating with Europe by the medium of sailors and English travellers; and as able to escape whenever it pleased him, perhaps even on the point of doing so, Longwood and Saint Helena being badly guarded.

That is what Lord Rosebery, whose weakness for Gourgaud is excessive, regards in the *Last Phase* as harmless chatter.

This harmless chatter had the most serious consequences.

In November, 1818, it induced the Czar, at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, to demand increased severity against the captive of Saint Helena.

A Russian note to that effect was presented to the Congress. It alluded to Gourgaud in the following terms:—

“He has adopted an attitude of suspicious frankness, but has nevertheless revealed particulars which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the allies.

“According to him, Napoleon only creates the difficulties by which he worries the Governor, the better to hide his real designs; secret communications with Europe and monetary transactions take place on every available opportunity; a plan of escape has been discussed by the persons of his suite, and *could have been carried out*, had Napoleon not preferred to defer its execution.

“The moment for executing this plan was to have coincided with the withdrawal of the allied troops from French territory and the disturbances which were to ensue.

“Considering what is known of the hopes and agitation of the subsiding revolutionary elements, these facts deserve the attention of the Governments.

"The English Ministry has already taken more stringent precautions with regard to the prisoner of Saint Helena. Lord Bathurst, in his letter of September 1st to Sir Hudson Lowe, expresses his surprise that Bonaparte's familiars boast that his existence in the island is a mystery to all, and even to the Governor. Struck with this infringement of the prescribed regulations, the Minister has ordered the latter to assure himself at least twice a day of the captive's presence.

"Should the obligation arise of enforcing this operation *manu militari*, there is no reason why the Commissioners of the Great Powers should not be allowed access to Longwood, so as to ascertain the material existence of the prisoner; their right in this respect, stipulated by the treaties, cannot be contested. Since their credentials are not addressed to Bonaparte, they have no need of his consent to accomplish their mission; they have only to deal with the Governor, and should be furnished by him with the means of discharging their orders.

"Napoleon's duplicity and irritation are a constant source of annoyance to those whose duty it is to guard him. To superficial minds it only appears to affect the officials of Saint Helena and to remain a matter of local concern. But when one considers the political consequences that may ensue, the harm which the escape of such a man would inevitably cause to several parts of Europe, where it would interrupt the work of reorganisation only just started, then the question presents itself in all its gravity and full extent; and it is from this last standpoint that the sovereigns to whom it is now submitted must look at it. . . .

"If the Cabinet Ministers of the allied sovereigns share this opinion, the Russian envoys are prepared to join them so as to give the form of a protocol to their common decision, and to see to its complete execution at their court."

The proposed protocol was drawn up, and the remarks developed in the Russian note taken into consideration. A closer watch was kept in Europe over the members of the Bonaparte family, and at Saint Helena over Napoleon's communications with the outside world. The Emperor was henceforth even more isolated from the rest of the universe; his complaints had less effect in England, and the Opposition was less inclined to uphold them. Hudson Lowe tried to submit his prisoner to the humiliating obligation of showing himself twice a day to the orderly officer at

Longwood. Was that all? No. As a first result of Gourgaud's behaviour, Dr. O'Meara had been brutally removed from Napoleon. Stokoe, who replaced him for a while, fell into disgrace in his turn because he was bold enough to declare that the Emperor was ill. General Bonaparte ill! He, whom a Frenchman, one of his faithful supporters, who knew him well, described as having an iron constitution, and as likely to outlive all his companions in exile! Hudson Lowe and the English Ministers had now every reason for assuming scepticism. In vain, towards the end of the Captivity, did Count Bertrand write two letters to the Prime Minister, Lord Liverpool; in vain did Princess Borghèse and *Madame Mère* implore him. Downing Street contented itself, or pretended to content itself, with the information supplied by Gourgaud.

Consequently, Walter Scott was right, in 1827, to reproach him thus: "In representing the ex-Emperor's health as good, his finances as ample, his means of escape as easy and frequent, while he knew his condition to be the reverse in every particular, General Gourgaud must have been sensible that the deceptive views thus impressed on the British Ministers must have had the natural effect of adding to the rigours of his patron's confinement."

Attempts have been made recently in several quarters to clear Gourgaud's conduct.

It has been asserted that as he had been charged, on his departure from Longwood, with a secret mission of conferring with the Opposition party in England, of visiting several members of the Bonaparte family in Italy and Germany, of bearing a lock of the hair of Napoleon to Marie-Louise at Parma, and of attempting to see the Czar at St. Petersburg, he had been obliged to pose as the enemy of the Emperor and to appear to betray him, in order to obtain authorisation to stay for some time in London first, and to be allowed to travel freely on the Continent afterwards. Only, from the outset and even at Saint Helena, he had innocently surpassed his instructions, as is shown by a note from Count de Montholon, dated from Longwood, February 19th, 1818, and lately discovered, which contains the following sentence: "The Emperor considers, my dear Gourgaud, that you are over-acting your part." To sustain the same thesis, it has been thought suitable also to maintain that Gourgaud's *Journal*, which teems with awkward passages, had been arranged, altered in provision of the event of its falling into the hands of Hudson Lowe, and the better to deceive

the Governor as to the real sentiments of the author towards his companions in exile and the Emperor. Lastly, it has been triumphantly pointed out that a few months after his interviews with the Under-Secretary of State, Goulburn, and his conversations with the Marquis d'Osmond—conversations of which the terms, singularly enough, had not until recently aroused anybody's curiosity, and which were published for the first time in the French edition of this work—Gourgaud, casting aside his mask and re-appearing in his true character, had hastened to address letters in which he pleaded Napoleon's cause to Marie-Louise, the Emperor of Austria, and the Czar Alexander.

These letters—to begin the discussion of this apology with them—could have no effect after all Gourgaud's verbal statements. He writes to Marie-Louise that the man who is united to her by divine and human laws “is dying the most cruel death,” and he beseeches her to go to the Congress of Aix la Chapelle in order to implore the end of the Saint Helena martyrdom. Marie-Louise was in no way inclined to such a step, but had she been willing to take it, she would only have heard the reading at the Congress of the Russian note occasioned by the disclosures and the lies of Gourgaud.—He informs the Emperor of Austria: “Sire, the Emperor Napoleon is dying in frightful agony. The persecution to which he is subjected assails him both morally and physically, and he will certainly succumb to it before long. He himself desires it, and is glad to see the symptoms of his decline increasing daily in number. The total want of exercise which he inflicts upon himself rather than submit to the humiliations that are forced upon him, plays havoc with his constitution. His doctor has declared his life to be in danger, and soon nothing will remain of Napoleon but the memory of his deeds and misfortunes. Perhaps, Sire, there is still time to save him; the air of Europe might restore him to health, but in another year the attempt will be too late.”—Gourgaud lastly assures the Czar Alexander: “Sire, it is only too true that the man who has been delivered up to the mercy of his enemies after so many successes, is not treated by them as a great man betrayed by fortune should be, and not even as an ordinary prisoner of war has the right to expect from a civilised people. He is beset by measures of severity not necessary to the safety of his custody, the object of which appears to be merely to deprive him of all that might prevent him from succumbing to his sufferings by affording

him physical exercise and moral consolation. He has been placed under the surveillance of an official whose unique occupation is to invent every day some new restriction or humiliation. In conclusion, Sire, he who was only conquered by the combined force of Europe is being killed by pin-pricks. A state of things so painful to the sufferer, so barbarous on the part of the tormentor, and so revolting for those who will learn it one day in history, cannot last very long. Napoleon is wasting away; he is rapidly approaching the grave."

After what Gourgaud said in London about Napoleon's excellent health, the good climate of Saint Helena, and the kind behaviour of Hudson Lowe, could the Emperor of Austria and the Czar Alexander, who had been kept informed of these verbal statements, believe in written declarations so entirely different? They could not, indeed, and if Gourgaud thought fit to address letters to the two sovereigns, it was to mask his guilt; in other words, in his own interest, and not in that of Napoleon. Subsequent to his conversations with the Under-Secretary of State, Goulburn, and the Marquis d'Osmond, he had met various members of the English Opposition, who on hearing him vituperate his master, pointed out to him the odium and folly of his conduct: as a supporter and a champion of the Emperor, he was a personage in Europe; as his enemy, he would be nobody, and would lose public esteem. Now Gourgaud had innumerable failings, but he was an intelligent man; he understood what was told him, and changed his policy abruptly.

After Napoleon's death, his companions in exile thought it wise and decorous to pass a sponge over the shortcomings of Saint Helena; Gourgaud was forgiven, his faults were as far as possible effaced. This accounts for the presence in the General's portfolio of the above-mentioned note, dated February 19th, 1818, which tends to represent his conduct as the overacting of a part. There is no reason for refusing, with some, to admit that it is in the hand of Count de Montholon; perhaps the water-mark even bears a date corresponding to one of the years of Saint Helena: very likely, for the Count, who kept the records of Longwood, brought back a large quantity of blank paper. No less suspicious is that verbal and secret legacy which the Emperor, who had omitted to mention Gourgaud in his will and in his codicils, is reported to have left, according to the indulgent statement of Grand Marshal Bertrand and of Count de Montholon, in favour of the informer of

Goulburn and of the Marquis d'Osmond; in favour of the man who left Longwood uttering, as Henry records, the following threat: "J'écirai ce que je sais et ce que je ne sais pas," and carried out his threat so fully that he brought about O'Meara's disgrace, an increase of the severity of the Captivity, and authorised in England a complete scepticism as to Napoleon's hardships and ill-health.

All that can be said on behalf of Gourgaud, is that before Saint Helena he was a brave, active, and excellent artillery officer; that at Saint Helena he was a valuable companion and collaborator to the Emperor, on account of his conversational talent, his good general education and his knowledge of mathematics; and lastly, that his *Journal*—provided the reader keep well in view the author's character and his tendency to be biased, in his sketches, by his jealousy and natural malevolence—is the most interesting of the records of the Captivity. It is also the most complete as regards minute details. Let us only warn once more those who may wish to peruse it: Gourgaud is the realistic chronicler of Saint Helena . . . just as Las Cases is the romantic.

Page 199. As Napoleon remarked, the man who committed the offences was, in other respects, a loyal servant of his country: he would never have assisted an escape either actively or tacitly.

"O'Meara certainly does everything to increase our comfort," says the Emperor in Gourgaud's *Journal*, "he listens to our complaints, but will never betray his country." It is true—still according to the same *Journal*—that a little later Napoleon pronounces this judgment on the English physician: "It is only since I gave him my money that the doctor is so well disposed towards me. Ah! I can depend upon him!" But, even admitting that Gourgaud is always truthful, it would seem that the money in question was money entrusted to O'Meara to make various purchases at Jamestown, and perhaps at times not very judiciously spent by him. It must not be forgotten, besides, that Napoleon was occasionally, although not frequently, unjust and bitter in his remarks, owing to the tedium and sufferings of his life.

Page 200. On the 25th of July, 1818, Hudson Lowe received permission to dispose of his enemy.

He immediately issued orders for his arrest and for his removal from Longwood, without allowing him to take leave of Napoleon. In the hope of discovering compromising papers, he had his trunks examined and his desk broken open during his absence. In the course of the search, which led to no result, some jewels and valuables, presents from the Emperor, disappeared. . . . An inquiry took place for form's sake only, and the doctor never recovered his property.

See the account given by O'Meara of this singular affair, with the documentary evidence, in his first book: *An Exposition of some of the Transactions that have taken place at Saint Helena, since the Appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor of that Island*.

Forsyth, in spite of his desire, finds nothing, or hardly anything, to reply in his: *History of the Captivity of Napoleon at Saint Helena*.

Page 201. Some weeks before the departure of General Gourgaud, the *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, when waiting one evening on the Emperor at dinner, had been suddenly seized with intestinal pains so intense that they caused him to writhe on the floor and to utter frightful cries of agony. Two days later, on February 26th, he expired.

Henry gives the following account of his death:

"In the month of February, 1818, Bonaparte's *maître d'hôtel*, Cipriani, a faithful servant, who had followed all the vicissitudes of his fortune, was attacked with inflammation of the bowels. The symptoms having assumed a dangerous character, Mr. O'Meara requested me to see him. Accordingly, having obtained the Governor's permission, I repaired to Longwood and continued to attend the patient until his death, which took place on the 26th of February.

"This poor man suffered excruciating pain in the early stages of his disease. I had known him previous to his illness, and often had long conversations with him, when we chanced to meet in our

evening walks. Although Bonaparte's devoted servant, he was one of the most violent Republican Jacobins I ever met, and a person of a class that I had imagined had almost ceased to exist in France under the Imperial rule. M. Cipriani was very ferocious in his anti-religious sentiments; and although Voltaire was his Evangelist, and he had always a volume of his works in his pocket, he was no admirer of the tolerant principles of his great favourite, but declared 'war to the knife' against all Priests, all Kings—all Emperors (except his master), and all Religions. The horrid wish expressed by some hero of the Reign of Terror, whom I forget—that 'the last of Kings might be strangled by the bowels of the last of Priests,' tickled his fancy mightily, and he often told me he heartily concurred in it.

"M. Cipriani was buried in the Protestant burying-ground, by a Protestant clergyman; and it certainly required an ugly stretch of conscience to call him a dear brother in the Christian Faith, and to entertain a sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life: for the poor man laughed at Christianity and the Resurrection, and joined heartily in the wish of the Ferney Philosopher, as well as admired his formidable attempts, '*pour écraser l'infame*'—the Christian Religion. This may be called bigotry—I care not for the aspersion, since I speak the truth; and conceive that it is neither fit nor reasonable that a virulent scoffer and infidel should leave the world under false colours.

"But, leaving these serious matters, I am obliged to tell that in the course of my attendance at Longwood, I was not a little surprised to find that Napoleon had never visited his devoted servant during his last illness. No doubt but this piece of Imperial condescension would have been highly gratifying to the patient; yet it is a fact that no visit ever took place, although the sick man's chamber was under the Emperor's roof, and not 20 feet distant from his bath. I have reason to believe, however, that during the last evening of Cipriani's malady, and when he was in a state of delirious insensibility, his master proposed to see him, but was dissuaded by Mr. O'Meara, on the ground that the patient would not then be in a state to recognise the Emperor. With no small degree of absurd *charlatanerie*—if I may be forgiven for using the word with reference to such a man—Napoleon, on that occasion, expressed an opinion, that his presence might reanimate the expiring efforts of nature, as it had, he said, under

desperate circumstances, retrieved the almost fatal disorder of his army at Marengo, and some other of his battlefields.

"Some time after Cipriani's death, Mr. O'Meara called on me at Deadwood, with a smiling countenance, to tell me he was the bearer of good news, on which he offered me his congratulations. The Emperor, it appeared, had consulted him as to the propriety of giving a fee or a present to the English physician, who had attended his servant; and the result was that a present had been preferred. Mr. O'Meara added, that Napoleon had condescended to inquire the name of the English doctor, and whether he was married or single; and that the business had ended in an order having been given for a breakfast-service of plate to be sent for to Rundell & Bridges, Fleet Street, London.

"This was all very pleasing information, and it was not unnatural for me to felicitate myself on the prospect of such a present, coming from such a quarter. Waking visions, too, of the pride I should hereafter feel in exhibiting my tea-service, or in asking my friends to the first *déjeuner*, where it would be sported—might be forgiven; mixed with speculations, also, as to the probable pattern of the plate. Unfortunately the sequel proved, that, as there are many 'slips between the cup and the lip,' so an accident may occur sometimes between the teapot and the cup.

"A few days after this communication, Mr. O'Meara again called; but this time his countenance had no such riant expression as on the former occasion. A difficulty had occurred. A statute had passed in England lately, constituting the acceptance of any gift from Napoleon, or any of his suite in Saint Helena, a criminal act. It was therefore necessary, previous to any farther step, to ascertain how I felt disposed, and whether I would consent to accept the Emperor's present clandestinely, and without the knowledge of the Governor. This, it was now the object of Mr. O'Meara's visit to ascertain—the Emperor, he assured me, having an invincible repugnance to hold any conversation whatever with Sir Hudson Lowe; or, as he expressed it, to permit any gift from himself to be contaminated by passing through the hands of 'Cain,' as was his favourite nickname for the Governor.

"I took a little time to consult with my friends; more indeed, as a thing usual in such cases, than from any doubt as to what was proper to be done. Two hours after, Mr. O'Meara returned

to Longwood, with the information that all must be above-board, and nothing done illegally or clandestinely. I heard no more of my plate.

"The thing was plain enough—a palpable attempt at a bribe, to enlist even so humble an individual as myself *l'homme d'Empereur*, and to bind him down to future obedience by making him first commit himself in a wrong action. . . ."

This narrative is full of misrepresentations.

In order to render Napoleon odious for not having visited Cipriani during his illness, Henry conceals from his readers the rapidity of that illness; he carefully refrains from revealing its duration, but allows it to be thought that it was rather long.

"Cipriani," O'Meara more accurately relates in an entry of his journal, dated February 23rd, 1818, "Cipriani complained this day of inflammation of the bowels, which, from the moment he made it known to me, presented most formidable appearances. Recourse was had to all the vigorous remedies administered in such cases. Only temporary relief, however, was obtained, and the unfavourable symptoms returned with increased aggravation. It was soon evident that his life was in imminent danger; and other professional men were called in. All, however, was useless, and the complaint was rapidly hurrying him on to dissolution. Cipriani himself, although conscious of his danger, preserved the greatest composure. Napoleon, who had an affection for him as his countryman and a man wholly devoted to his service, was extremely anxious for his recovery and frequent in his inquiries. On the 25th, Napoleon, with whom I had been repeatedly during the day to report the state of the patient, sent for me at twelve o'clock at night. I mentioned that Cipriani was lying in a kind of stupor. 'I think,' said he, 'that my appearance before poor Cipriani would act as a stimulus to slumbering nature, and rouse her to make new efforts which may finally overcome the disease and save the patient.' He endeavoured to illustrate this by describing the electric effects which had been produced in many instances by his appearance on the field of battle at most critical moments and times. I replied that Cipriani was still sensible; and that I knew the love and veneration he had for his master to be so great that on his appearance before him he would make an effort to rise in his bed, which exertion, in the weak state in which he was, would probably produce syncope, during which his

soul would most probably take its departure. Napoleon acquiesced in my opinion that he should not try the experiment; observing that in such cases *les hommes de l'art* were the best judges.

"About four o'clock next day poor Cipriani was numbered with the dead."

Thus Cipriani complains of pains in the bowels on the 23rd of February. To judge by the scanty information we possess, it would appear that he nevertheless continued to fulfil his functions until the evening of the following day, the 24th, when he fell on the floor of the dining-room of Longwood during dinner. Throughout the 25th, Napoleon makes inquiries about his health; at midnight the Emperor is bent upon visiting his servant, and only abstains from doing so because he feels the justice of an objection made by O'Meara. On the 26th, doubtless sooner than is expected, death ensues.

Napoleon was greatly afflicted by the event: "The Corsican Cipriani," Count Balmain reports, "has just died of an inflammation of the bowels. Bonaparte is extremely affected, for he was greatly attached to him. 'Were he to be buried in my enclosure,' he said, 'I should have the consolation of being present at his funeral.'" "Bonaparte has just lost one of his most devoted servants . . ." writes Baron Sturmer. "He spent the day of his burial at Bertrand's house, walking up and down from one room to another, and appeared to be in a state of agitation."

Henry's artful way of misrepresenting facts is now clear. It would be useful to discuss and appreciate in the same way several further assertions of his which have not been mentioned in the present volume, but this would entail too much time.

By concealing the abruptness of Cipriani's death, Henry not only aims at showing Napoleon to be indifferent and heartless, but also allows his readers to imagine that his attendance on the sick man was assiduous and of long duration, whereas in reality it consisted simply of two or three visits at most. He is equally silent about the fact that another medical officer, Baxter, the Deputy-Inspector of Hospitals, whom he, a mere assistant-surgeon, probably only accompanied, was called in consultation by O'Meara. In short, Henry magnifies his part on the occasion, and overestimates the gratitude due to him.

Nevertheless, the Emperor was wrong not to order the tea-service from London. It is evident that Henry's deception was cruel, and

that he does not forgive it. A dozen silver cups would probably have considerably changed the appreciations of the author of *Events of a Military Life* on matters relating to the Captivity. But, in this circumstance, Napoleon did not anticipate the future memorialist whom he should have conciliated. He was not as generous with Henry as shrewd calculation demanded, through reluctance, it is true, to forward a present by the medium of Hudson Lowe, of whom he once said, "If my son or my wife were to come here, and be shown in to my presence by this Governor, I should refuse to receive them!"

Did the Emperor try to corrupt Henry? If so, he also tried to corrupt the Rev. Mr. Boys, who, given his character, does not seem, however, to have been a man easy to corrupt. As this clergyman had interred Cipriani, Napoleon sent him a gold snuff-box by O'Meara. The Rev. Mr. Boys thought, at first, that he could accept it without referring the matter to the Governor, but, on the advice of his colleague, Vernon, he afterwards restored it. The Emperor gave him in exchange the sum of £25, begging him to use it on behalf of a charitable institution. Very likely the gracious permission of Hudson Lowe was not required for this gift, and Henry would doubtless have received a similar monetary gratification, instead of his tea-service, had it been possible to do so under the same conditions.

Page 202. . . . The strange behaviour of Las Cases, who, when urged by Hudson Lowe to return to Longwood after his arrest, had refused to do so, giving the pompous but meagre reason, that having been stigmatised by despotic proceedings, he could not appear again in the Emperor's presence.

Not only did Las Cases refuse to return to Napoleon, but it will always be a question whether he had not contrived a plan to have himself removed from Longwood. For he had written two letters, without the Emperor's knowledge, one destined for Prince Lucien, the other for an Englishwoman, Lady Clavering; and although these letters were of very little importance, he applied to a mulatto to have them dispatched secretly. The mulatto denounced him. It appears probable that Las Cases had recourse to mysterious channels without any necessity, and merely in order to

be arrested, and to have a suitable excuse for leaving the Emperor. No doubt he felt an irresistible desire to regain Europe and begin there his publications on Saint Helena. It must also be said on his behalf, that his companions in exile, who called him "the Jesuit," and were jealous of him on account of Napoleon's preference for him, made his life at Longwood hard to bear, that his son Emmanuel seemed to be afflicted with a liver complaint, and that he himself suffered from ill-health.

Page 206. . . . Napoleon, never a great sleeper. . . .

Napoleon has sometimes been represented as having become a great sleeper at Saint Helena. Nothing could be more inaccurate. As has been seen in a preceding note, Gourgaud told Baron Sturmer that the Emperor never slept for several hours at a stretch. In spite of the distrust which all Gourgaud's remarks to the Commissioners, the Under-Secretary, Goulburn, and the Marquis d'Osmond, must necessarily inspire, there is no reason whatsoever to doubt this. The fact is, that Napoleon, idle, beset by tedium, and worn away by disease at Saint Helena, frequently took naps on his sofa. But these naps, though affording him but little rest in the day, increased his insomnia during the night.

Page 215. In 1859, for instance, Captain Masselin, of the French Engineers, was sent by his Government to Saint Helena, and stayed there two years. He has left a very sober, and, to all appearances, a very accurate account of his mission.

Sainte-Hélène, par E. Masselin (Paris, Plon, 1862). Captain Masselin restored Longwood House, which had become French property.

Page 227. He (*O'Meara*) has published two works.

The first is entitled: *An Exposition of the Transactions that have taken place at Saint Helena, since the Appointment of Sir Hudson Lowe as Governor of that Island* (London, 1819). The second—O'Meara's journal—bears the title: *Napoleon in Exile, or a Voice*

from *Saint Helena* (London, Jones, 1822). Re-edited by Richard Bentley, London, 1888.

A portion of the complete text of O'Meara's journal, in conformity with the original manuscript, has been published recently in *The Century Illustrated* for February, March, and April, 1900.

Page 230. One would do well to read the correspondence of the three foreign Commissioners and the inquiries to which he had the insolence to subject the Marquis de Montchenu, Count Balmain, and Baron Sturmer! O'Meara shows Hudson Lowe as often illogical, extravagant, and absurd in conversation. Again, one would do well to read the foreign Commissioners! O'Meara accuses Hudson Lowe of indulgence in vulgar expressions, in rude remarks, and in violent scenes. Once more, one would do well to read the Commissioners!

By way of example, this is what Sturmer reports to Prince Metternich in a letter, dated June 1st, 1818:—

“Over three weeks had elapsed without my seeing the Governor, so I paid him a visit on the 29th of last month to inquire from him, according to my custom, whether there was any news from Longwood that I might communicate to Your Highness. He received me in a disgraceful fashion. The conversation we had together took such an unpleasant turn, that I feel it my duty to give you an account of it verbatim. Your Highness will see the full extent of this man's extravagance and folly.

Myself. How is your health?

The Governor answers by a nod.

Myself. May I make so bold as to ask you whether there is a departure for Europe?

The Governor. Yes, on Sunday or Monday, not before.

Myself. Anything new at Longwood?

The Governor (discontentedly). I am completely ignorant about it.

Myself. How is Bonaparte?

No answer; the Governor lowers his head and stares fixedly at the ground. . . .

He offered me a chair and sat down himself at the other end of the room, where, with his arms crossed, he set about meditating upon what he was going to tell me. He spent at least twenty minutes in this attitude. Meanwhile I was on tenter-hooks, and at a loss what to do. Fortunately I discovered beside me a few newspapers that I glanced through.

The Governor suddenly rose and began striding up and down the room. He then said to me abruptly: 'I have nothing to tell when I am forestalled as regards information by the followers of Napoleon Bonaparte.'

Myself. I have not been to Longwood for a long time, and have seen nobody of Bonaparte's suite.

The Governor. But Count Balmain goes there.

Myself. That does not concern me.

The Governor. I shall tell you nothing without first knowing what Count Balmain said to you. . . . You certainly repeat to your colleague all you learn from me, and consequently I do not see why you make a mystery of what is confided to you by Count Balmain.

Myself. I do not make a mystery of it, but I am not in the habit of playing the part of informer; such a part is beneath me. I should be sorry to think you believe me capable of repeating what you impart to me in confidence.

The Governor (abruptly). I shall no longer ask you what Count Balmain tells you. . . . I had foreseen it. . . . This is what these meetings lead to. . . . They are contrary to the spirit of the regulations. I cannot authorise communications which are not made through my channel.

Myself. Conversations are not communications. I have had the honour of repeating to you verbally and in writing, that every time I should hear anything worthy of your attention, I should consider it my duty to inform you of it. I have frequently given you proof of the fact.

The Governor. The Marquis de Montchenu told me Count Bertrand had assured him that General Bonaparte would be glad to see the Commissioners. Is not that a communication?

Myself. That is nothing new. M. de Las Cases said the same thing sixteen months ago to any one who was willing to listen to him. We have never doubted that Bonaparte would be delighted to see us as private individuals, and it is only out of respect for you

that we have not availed ourselves of his favourable disposition. If you call that a communication, I foresee with regret that we shall never arrive at an understanding.

The Governor. I should greatly prefer you to be always with Napoleon Bonaparte, than to learn that you talk to the persons of his suite without my knowing exactly what they tell you; I should at all events be free from all responsibility.

Myself. Once more, Your Excellency, is it not enough for me to give you my word of honour to inform you of everything that may be of the slightest interest to you?

The Governor. They speak of me, I know.

Myself. Even supposing that be so, what harm can it do? Surely the invectives of Count Bertrand and Count de Montholon cannot disturb your peace of mind?

The Governor. I despise all that; I fear nothing. If my government is not satisfied with me, it has only to recall me.

Myself. When you told me that Bonaparte had an obstruction of the liver . . .

The Governor (gravely interrupting me). I told you that he had said he had an obstruction of the liver? No, Baron, I never told you that. I spoke to you of *incipient hepatitis*.

Myself. *Incipient hepatitis* means a beginning of inflammation of the liver.

The Governor. I spoke to you about a beginning of an obstruction, but not about an obstruction. The difference is extremely important. You were probably told that at Longwood. Really, I see that Bonaparte finds willing agents.

Myself. You are mistaken; we are not Napoleon Bonaparte's agents. We have all of us sufficient discernment to distinguish between the truth and what it is his interest to make us believe.

The Governor. You had better not go to Longwood.

Myself. I do not go there often; you cannot accuse me of indiscretion. In the space of seven months, I have only been there twice.

The Governor. Twice! You dare say that! (walking about in a state of agitation). Gorrequer! (addressing his aide-de-camp, who never fails to be present as a witness to conversations of this description). Is it not very extraordinary?—Then you were not there on the 10th of this month?

Myself. I do not recollect having been; but since you attach so

much importance to the matter, let us suppose that I have been there five times, and say no more about it.

The Governor. Then you were there perhaps on the 20th, and must know how Napoleon Bonaparte is?

Myself. To-day is the 29th. Many things have happened since. You have just told me you knew nothing of what was going on at Longwood, and yet you prevent us from finding out by ourselves. What do you expect us to write to our Courts?

The Governor. I see no necessity for your writing, when I myself as Governor of the island am on bad terms with those people.

Myself. I do not agree with you on that point. There are certain matters which I cannot keep back from my Court. For instance, I should be neglecting my duty were I not to inform it that Bonaparte was extremely ill on the night of the 20th, and I heard it merely by chance.

The Governor. Who told it you?

Myself. It was the talk of the town.

The Governor. That is impossible. Only Count Balmain can have spoken to you about it. I am quite certain no British officer would have dared tell it you.

Myself. I fail to see what harm there would be in a British officer speaking to me of Bonaparte's health if he knew something about it. We are not living in a dungeon, but in a free country. Everybody is at liberty to think and say what he pleases.

The Governor (ironically). In a dungeon! Why not a galley? That would be more in keeping with Napoleonic phraseology.

Myself. Allow me to remark that you are mistaken in imagining that what you do not reveal remains an impenetrable secret. Everything is known here. As the result of boredom and the complete absence of news, nothing can be hidden from the curiosity of the public. Pray reflect, besides, that there are people in the island whose interest it is to make everything public, and who are in *opposition* to you.

The Governor (furiously). There is no opposition here. Bonaparte is my prisoner. There is no opposition!

Myself. Do not fly into a passion. You have not grasped the meaning of the word *opposition*. When I say that the French are in opposition to you, I mean that between you and them there are differences of opinion, of principles, and of sentiments. I do

not intend to convey the impression that an authority exists here that can counterbalance your own. Permit me to speak openly to you. You are always in a rage, and have only yourself to blame, if one is reluctant to have explanations with you. Nobody cares to run the risk of listening to *sottises* (*de s'entendre dire des sottises*).

The Governor (completely losing his self-control). What! *Sottises!* (to his aide-de-camp) Gorrequer! Do you hear? I do stupid things!

Myself. Pray be calm! It never entered my head to tell you that you did stupid things. *Faire des sottises* and *dire des sottises* have altogether different meanings. *Faire des sottises* is to behave like a fool; *dire des sottises* to somebody means to insult him.

The Governor. When have I ever insulted you? Give me an instance!

Myself. A score, if you like. Thereupon I went over the various interviews during the last six weeks at which he had upbraided my colleagues or myself outrageously, repeating all he had told us and reminding him of the expressions and gestures with which he had accompanied his words. I could not help growing somewhat vehement in my speech, but did not, however, depart from the truth.

The Governor became more composed, and listened to me most attentively. When I had finished, he tried to turn back upon me the arguments of which I had made use. 'It is you,' he told me, 'who are getting heated now.'

Myself. That is not surprising; you have exasperated me.

The Governor. It is a squall.

Myself. It will abate. I have the honour of assuring you that my earnest desire is to be on good terms with you. I would willingly satisfy you in every respect in so far as it is in my power to do so; but abandon, I beg you, at our interviews, that menacing tone, that air of authority, and those fits of passion which can only embitter us. I have seen with regret that our relations were becoming strained; I knew that you bore Count Balmain a grudge for having avoided an explanation with you; I have done the contrary, I have told you frankly all I feel. I hope this may draw us together again and put an end to a scandalous breach, for all Europe would be scandalised at hearing that the Governor and the Commissioners are disunited. Our

cause is a common one, and we should work in concert to achieve it.

The Governor. Why are my regulations broken?

Myself. I defy you to prove that I have ever broken them since I came here. You attack my honour by reproaching me with it every instant. Allow me to ask you a categorical question: Have I broken them? Yes or no?

The Governor. No.

Myself. That suffices me. I shall write it to my Court, nothing more is required.

The Governor. I do not say no.

Myself. Then you say yes.

The Governor. I do not say yes. (I stood astounded at this answer.) It would be better to have an explanation in writing.

Myself. There is no use of further explanation; we have said all there is to be said. Besides, my Court has given me express instructions to avoid discussions in writing.

Thereupon I took my departure.

There is so much that is strange and improbable in this interview that I should not be surprised at being accused of exaggeration. I affirm on my honour and conscience, that it is the exact truth. . . ."

Page 235. No doubt, as they were well aware, Dr. Verling lived beside them, and was entirely at their disposal. But Napoleon would always refuse the aid of a surgeon designated by Hudson Lowe alone, and imposed upon him after the brutal expulsion of O'Meara. He intended to choose his own physician, one in whose zeal and character he could have confidence.

The Emperor only objected to Dr. Verling because he would have acted in his house as an informer to the Governor. In other respects, this army surgeon seems to have been considered a good physician at Longwood, and sometimes attended the Bertrands and the Montholons.

Page 271. The excursion to Sandy Bay was the last long outing of the Emperor.

According to Count de Montholon, Napoleon returned a little later and several times to Sandy Bay. But the *Récits de la Captivité* is a book containing many inaccuracies as regards facts and dates. Antommarchi, in *Les Derniers Moments de Napoleon*, only mentions the excursion of the 4th of October. It is true that he also is far from being a reliable memorialist. But the English watched the Emperor's movements very closely, and never failed to note them. The excursion of the 4th of October is the only one mentioned in their records. See Forsyth, *History of the Captivity*. See also the letters of Major Harrison to Sir George and Lady Bingham, published in the *Cornhill Magazine* of February 1901, under the title of "More Light on Saint Helena." See, lastly, the book by Brooke, *History of the Island of Saint Helena*, 2nd ed., 1824.

Page 277. The surgeon of the 20th, like too many people at Saint Helena, was full of scepticism as regards the illness for which his services were required, and at the outset he entirely failed to realise the gravity of the case.

Dr. Arnott is careful not to mention this scepticism in his pamphlet, and on the contrary makes himself out to have been alarmed about the state of Napoleon from the outset. With the praiseworthy intention of protecting the reputation of a colleague, he also conceals the conduct of Antommarchi and his frequent non-appearance at the visits paid to the sickroom during the thirty-five last days of the Emperor. Antommarchi does not prove very grateful for this delicate proceeding in his book, in which, on the other hand, he displays a propensity even greater than that of Arnott for relating all the facts to his credit.

Page 291. On the 26th, he (Napoleon) was seized with fever. . . . In the evening he talked with the Grand Marshal about his son. The Court of Vienna, he said, would endeavour, perhaps, to make a priest of him, a cardinal; the Duke of Reichstadt must never consent to this abdication; his French supporters should try to obtain intelligence about his education, and, if

necessary, exert themselves, as far as possible, to counteract the influence of the Austrian tutors.

In this conversation, Napoleon also said to Bertrand that *Madame Mère* ought to leave more to the Duke of Reichstadt than to any other of her grandchildren, and that Pauline and Cardinal Fesch should do the same (*Mémoires et correspondance politique du roi Joseph, publiés, annotés et mis en ordre par A. Du Casse*). See in the same work two other conversations, of the 22nd and the 24th of April, in which Napoleon traces to Bertrand the policy that the Bonaparte family is to follow after his death.

Page 301. The room in which the great captain has just expired is immediately filled with shrieks, with lamentations, and with tears.

"I conceive," Dr. Arnott says in his pamphlet, "it would be an injustice to those distinguished personages who composed Napoleon Bonaparte's family, Count and Countess Bertrand, and Count Montholon, as well as to Monsieur Marchand, his first valet, if I were not to mention here their unremitting care and attention to him in his last illness; no language of mine can sufficiently express the solicitude they evinced for his recovery, and how eagerly they vied with each other in administering those little attentions, more easily conceived than described, but so essential and soothing on a sick bed. The scene of sorrow Longwood House presented on the evening that great and extraordinary man breathed his last, will never be erased from my memory."

Page 303. The admissions contained in the official report on the post-mortem examination, and the fuller, private statement of Antommarchi. . . .

OFFICIAL REPORT.

On a superficial view the body appeared very fat, which state was confirmed by the first incision down its centre, where the fat was upwards of one inch thick over the sternum, and one inch and a half over the abdomen.

On cutting through the cartilages of the ribs, and exposing the cavity of the thorax, a trifling adhesion of the left pleura to the

pleura costalis was found ; about three ounces of reddish fluid were contained in the left cavity, and nearly eight ounces in the right.

The lungs were quite sound.

The pericardium was natural, and contained about an ounce of fluid.

The heart was of the natural size, but thickly covered with fat ; the auricles and ventricles exhibited nothing extraordinary, except that the muscular parts appeared rather paler than natural.

Upon opening the abdomen, the momentum was found remarkably fat, and on exposing the stomach, that viscus was found the seat of extensive disease ; strong adhesions connected the whole superior surface, particularly about the pyloric extremity, to the concave surface of the left lobe of the liver ; and on separating these, an ulcer, which penetrated the coats of the stomach, was discovered one inch from the pylorus, sufficient to allow the passage of the little finger. The internal surface of the stomach, to nearly its whole extent, was a mass of cancerous disease, or schirrous portions, advancing to cancer ; this was particularly noticed near the pylorus. The cardiac extremity, for a small space near the termination of the æsophagus, was the only part appearing in a healthy state. The stomach was found nearly filled with a large quantity of fluid, resembling coffee grounds.

The convex surface of the left lobe of the liver adhered to the diaphragm, but with the exception of the adhesions occasioned by the disease in the stomach, no unhealthy appearance presented itself in the liver.

The remainder of the abdominal viscera were in a healthy state.

A slight peculiarity in the formation of the left kidney was observed.

(Signed)

THOMAS SHORTT, Physician and P.M.O.

ARCH. ARNOTT, M.D., Surgeon 20th Regiment.

CHARLES MITCHELL, M.D., Surgeon *H.M.S. Vigo*.

FRANCIS BURTON, M.D., Surgeon 66th Regiment.

MATHEW LIVINGSTONE, Surgeon H.C. Service.

ANTOMMARCHI'S REPORT

1. The Emperor had grown considerably thinner since my arrival at Saint Helena : his bulk was not a fourth part of what it had been.

2. The face and body were pale, but free from alteration or a cadaverous aspect. The expression of the features was fine; the eyes were closed; and it might have been thought, not that the Emperor was dead, but that he was reposing in profound sleep. His mouth preserving a smiling expression, with the exception of a slight contraction of the left side, caused by the convulsive smile observed in his last moments.

3. The body exhibited the wound occasioned by an issue in the left arm, and several scars, namely, one on the head; three on the left leg, one of which was on the *malleolus externus*¹; one at the extremity of the *digitus annularis*² of the left hand, and several in the left thigh.

4. The entire height of the body from the top of the head to the heels was five feet two inches and four lines.³

5. The extent from the extremity of the middle finger of one hand to that of the other was five feet two inches.

6. From the *symphysis* of the *os pubis*, the length was two feet seven inches and four lines.

7. From the *os pubis* to the *calcaneum*,⁴ the length was two feet seven inches.

8. The length from the top of the head to the chin was seven inches and six lines.

9. The circumference of the head was twenty inches and ten lines. The forehead was high, the temples slightly depressed, the *sinciput*⁵ wide and very strongly defined.

10. Hair thin, and of a light chestnut colour.

11. Neck rather short, but tolerably well proportioned.

12. Chest wide and well formed.

13. Abdomen considerably swelled and voluminous.

14. Hands and feet rather small.

15. Limbs stiff and extended.

16. All the other parts of the body were nearly in the ordinary proportions. . . .

The corpse had now been lying more than twenty hours; and I therefore proceeded to the autopsy.

¹ Part of the ankle.

² The ring or fourth finger.

³ French measure, equal to 5 feet 6 $\frac{2}{3}$ inches.

⁴ Heel.

⁵ The fore part of the skull.

I first opened the chest, and the most remarkable appearances it exhibited were the following :—

The cartilages of the ribs were for the most part ossified.

The sac formed by the costal *pleura*¹ of the left side contained about a glass of fluid of a citrine colour.

A slight coat of coagulable lymph covered part of the surfaces of the costal and pulmonary *pleuræ* corresponding to the same side.

The left lung was slightly compressed by the effusion, and adhered by numerous threads to the posterior and lateral parts of the chest, and to the *pericardium*.² I carefully dissected it, and found the superior lobe covered with *tuberculæ*³ and some small tuberculous excavations.

A slight coat of coagulable lymph covered part of the surfaces of the costal and pulmonary *pleuræ* corresponding to that side.

The sac of the costal *pleura* on the right side contained about two glasses of fluid of a citrine colour.

The right lung was slightly compressed by effusion, but its *parenchyma*⁴ was in a healthy state. Both lungs were, generally speaking, firm (crepitans), and of their natural colour. The mucous membrane of the *trachea-arteria*⁵ and of the *bronchiæ*⁶ was tolerably red, and lined with a rather considerable quantity of pituitous matter, thick and viscous.

Many of the *ganglions*⁷ of the *bronchiæ*, and of the *mediastinum*,⁸ were rather enlarged, almost degenerated, and in a state of suppuration.

The *pericardium* was in a healthy state, and contained about an ounce of fluid of a citrine colour. The heart, which was rather larger than the fist of the subject, exhibited, though sound, a rather abundant proportion of fat at its base and on its ridges.

The spleen, and the liver, which was hardened, were very large and distended with blood. The texture of the liver, which was of

¹ A membrane which lines the internal surface of the thorax or chest, and covers its viscera.

² A membranous bag that surrounds the heart.

³ Small tumours.

⁴ Texture, or connecting medium of the substance of the lungs.

⁵ Wind-pipe.

⁶ Ramifications of the wind-pipe through the lungs.

⁷ Knot or protuberance.

⁸ A membrane occupying the middle of the thorax or chest, and dividing its cavity into two parts.

a brownish-red colour, did not, however, exhibit any remarkable alteration of structure. The *vesica fellis*¹ was filled and distended with very thick and clotted bile. The liver, which was affected by chronic hepatitis, closely adhered by its convex surface to the diaphragm;² the adhesion occupied the whole extent of that organ, and was strong, cellular, and of long existence.

The concave surface of the left lobe adhered closely and strongly to the corresponding part of the stomach, particularly along the small curve of that organ, and to the *epiploon*, *aorta*,³ and pulmonary ventricles,⁴ and the corresponding auricles⁴ were in a state of proper conformation, but pale, and contained no blood. The orifices did not exhibit the appearance of any material injury. The large arterial and venous vessels about the heart were likewise empty, although generally in a state of proper conformation.

The abdomen exhibited the following appearances:—

Distension of the *peritonæum*,⁵ produced by a great quantity of gas.

A soft, transparent, and diffuent exudation lining the whole extent of the internal surface of the *peritonæum*.

The *epiploon*⁶ was in a state of proper conformation.

At every point of contact the lobe was sensibly thickened, swelled, and hardened.

The stomach appeared, at first sight, in a perfectly healthy state; no trace of irritation or phlogosis,⁷ and the *peritonæal* membrane exhibited the most satisfactory appearance; but on examining that organ with care, I discovered on its anterior surface, near the small curve, and at the breadth of three fingers from the *pylorus*,⁸ a slight obstruction, apparently of a scirrhus nature, of little extent and exactly circumscribed. The stomach was perforated through and through in the centre of that small induration, the aperture of which was closed by the adhesion of that part to the left lobe of the liver.

The volume of the stomach was smaller than it is usually found.

On opening that organ along its large curve, I observed that

¹ Gall bladder.

² Or midriff, a muscle that separates the thorax from the abdomen.

³ One of the great arteries of the heart.

⁴ Cavities in or about the heart.

⁵ Membrane enclosing the bowels.

⁶ A thin membrane floating over part of the intestines.

⁷ Tumour with inflammation, heat, and pain.

⁸ The lower orifice of the stomach.

part of its capacity was filled with a considerable quantity of matters, slightly consistent, and mixed with a great quantity of glarious substances, very thick and of a colour resembling the sediment of coffee, and which exhaled an acrid and infectious odour. These substances being removed, the mucous membrane of the stomach was ascertained to be sound from the small to the large cavity of this organ, following the great curve. Almost the whole of the remainder of the internal surface of the stomach was occupied by a cancerous ulcer, the centre of which was in the upper part, along the small curve of the stomach, whilst the irregular digital and linguiform borders of its circumference extended both before and behind that internal surface, and from the orifice of the *cardia*¹ to within a good inch of the *pylorus*. Its rounded opening, obliquely cut in the shape of a basil at the expense of the internal surface of the organ, scarcely occupied a diameter of four or five lines inside, and at most two lines and a half outside. The circular border of that opening was extremely thin, slightly denticulated, blackish, and only formed by the peritonæal membrane of the stomach. An ulcerous, greyish, and smooth surface lined this kind of canal, which, but for the adhesion of the liver, would have established a communication between the cavity of the stomach and that of the abdomen. The right extremity of the stomach at the distance of an inch from the *pylorus* was in a perfect state. The lips of the ulcer exhibited remarkable fungous swellings, the bases of which were hard, thick, and in a scirrhus state, and extended also over the whole surface occupied by that cruel disease.

The little *epiploon* was contracted, swollen, very much hardened, and degenerated. The lymphatic glands of that peritonæal membrane, those placed along the curves of the stomach, as well as those near the pillars of the *diaphragm*, were in part tumefied and scirrhus, some even in a state of suppuration.

The digestive canal was distended by the presence of a great quantity of gas. I observed in the surface and in the sinuosities of the peritoneum, small specks and patches of a pale red colour, of various dimensions, and scattered at some distance from each other. The mucous membrane of this canal appeared to be in a sound state. The large intestines were covered with a substance of a blackish colour and extremely viscous.

¹ The upper orifice of the stomach.

The right kidney was sound; that on the left side was out of its place, being thrown back upon the lumbar vertebræ: it was longer and narrower than the other; in other respects it appeared sound.

The bladder, which was empty and much contracted, contained a certain quantity of gravel, mixed with some *calculi*.¹ Numerous red spots were scattered upon its mucous membrane, and the coats of the organ were in a diseased state.

Page 306. On the evening of the 7th of May, the body was placed in a triple coffin of tin, of lead, and of mahogany.

To be strictly accurate, the Emperor's body was placed in a first coffin of mahogany, lined inside with tin. This coffin was enclosed in a second, made of lead; and the latter in a third, of mahogany.

Page 308. On that day, in the presence of Prince de Joinville, sent by King Louis-Philippe, and of Marshal Bertrand, General Gourgaud, Baron Emmanuel de Las Cases and Marchand, who had returned to Saint Helena, the tomb was opened.

Saint-Denis, Noverraz, Pierron, Archambault, and Arthur Bertrand, one of the Grand Marshal's sons, had also returned to Saint Helena.

Gourgaud has left an account of this pilgrimage of 1840, which was published in the *Nouvelle Revue Rétrospective* of January 10th, 1898. He is seen there to be true to his character. Speaking of the first visit of the Frenchmen to the Emperor's tomb, after the disembarkation, he says: "I cannot express what I felt on finding myself near that extraordinary being, that giant of the human race, *to whom I had sacrificed all*, and to whom also I owed all I was." A little further we learn that he had a dispute with Captain Hernoux of the *Belle Poule* frigate, and that he picked a quarrel with Emmanuel Las Cases about a question of precedence.

¹ Stones.

This book must not be brought to a close without a word of thanks to one whose Napoleonic library—the most complete, perhaps, in existence—spirit of research, and extremely vast and accurate knowledge are known to all who are interested in the Imperial epoch. The author expresses his deep gratitude to his friend, François Castanié, who has procured for him several rare documents, and, for years, has communicated every piece of information he happened to discover that was connected, directly or remotely, with Saint Helena.

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